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## SELECT VESTRIES.

IN the constitution of the vestries in which the local affairs of its parishes are managed, England exhibits as much whimsical variety as France did in her provincial laws previously to their consolidation by Napoleon into one national code. Just as accident may determine it, these vestries will be found to be sometimes what is termed parish—at others, select. Select vestries may have their origin either in ancient usage or statutory enactment; and those originating in the latter again differ in their constitutions, according as they happen to be established in conformity to an act of parliament general in its application, or are regulated by those of a private and local character.

"Heretofore," says Tomlins, "the bishop and priests sat together in vestries to consult of the affairs of the church—in resemblance of which ancient custom the minister, churchwardens, and chief men do at this day make a parish vestry." A parish vestry, then, is nothing more than an assembly for parish purposes of the minister, churchwardens, and as many of the individuals assessed to the church-rate, or paying scot-and-lot, as like to attend. The votes of the majority constitute the voice of the meeting; but, by the 58 Geo. III., c. 69, due notice of every meeting is required to be given by publication on the church-door; and the number of votes to each individual rendered proportionate to the amount of his property assessed. The extreme number is, however, in every case, restricted to six.

Vestries of this last description are what the law terms of "common right;" but all select vestries, not originating under the provisions of an act of parliament, are at this day supportable only on the ground of long usage. In general, these are nothing more than an annual delegation of the management of the parish affairs to a body chosen by the parishioners. A custom allowing the vestrymen peculiarly to supply the vacancies in their own body, can be sustained only in ancient prescription.

The statutory provision, in virtue of which the rest exist, may now be considered as comprised under Mr. Sturges Bourne's act, the 59 Geo. III., c. 12, and the several local acts peculiar to each. By the former, a power is given to any parish in the kingdom, not regulated by private acts, to put its affairs under the management of a vestry, composed of the clergyman and the substantial householders of the parish, in numbers not exceeding twenty, nor less than five. By the provisions of the act, the office is

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merely annual—the election of the members is reposed in the inhabitants generally in vestry assembled—and before these a summary of the transactions, together with all the accounts of the vestry, is strictly required to be laid in the months of March and October of every year.

The constitutions of the latter—those which exist by local acts—(and with them it is we have to deal), of course, display some variety in their details; but the black-letter of close corporations is the character in which all are inscribed. Self-election, self-accountability, self-aggrandisement, are their prominent features; and, were the objects of their enactments to be collected from their results, the appropriate title of such would be—"An Act for encouraging the Mismanagement of Parish Affairs, and promoting sinister Interests in the Vestrymen."

Exposed to their almost indefinite taxation, in few instances have the parishioners the poor privilege of appointing the parties by whom they are to be taxed. Thus, by the 10 Ann., c. 11, s. 20, power having been given to the commissioners for the erection of fifty new churches in London and Westminster, appointed thereunder to convert into distinct parishes the district for each church, the appointment of the vestrymen for every such parish is delegated to *them*. It is true that a preliminary consent is required to the exercise of their power; but from whom will it be supposed this consent is to proceed? Absolutely, not from the parishioners, the management of whose own affairs is thus forced out of their hands; but from the *bishop* or *ordinary*, who, God knows, are too much occupied in collecting the revenues of the church to leave them much time to examine into the qualifications of vestrymen. Nor was it even intended that this sorry check should extend beyond the original constitution of the body. When once established, all power of future replenishment is quietly left to itself. Thus, again, with the Spitalfields Act, the 2d Geo. II., c. 10, the rector, churchwardens, overseers, and all other persons who have served or fined for those offices, are, so long as they continue householders within the parish and pay the poor-rate, declared to be vestrymen for the time being. "All other persons who have served or fined for those offices," undoubtedly sounds like an approximation to an open system. But it so happens that the original nomination to these offices lies only with the vestrymen; and as no man can serve who is not first nominated, and no man is like to be nominated who is not like to prove a *good vestryman*, it is obvious this leaves the power of self-perpetuation pretty nearly as perfect as it exists under the operation of the statute of Ann. It is necessary to add, that, when once appointed, they are generally appointed for life.

Thus, self-elected, these petty oligarchies are compelled to render no account of their government. An auditor of accounts does, indeed, sometimes figure as a part of the establishment; but the auditor, instead of being the accountable servant of the public, is simply a component member of the body. In rendering an account of their stewardship to him, the parties to account may indeed acquire the opportunity of placing before themselves, in a penitential review, the items of their own extravagance; but facilities in obtaining absolution conduce only to greater offences; and, indeed, if the course of one father confessor is to be taken as the sample of that of the rest, the confession is not conducted with the strictest regard to particularities; for, at a meeting of the parishioners of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, at which some most profligate articles of expenditure on the part of the select were dragged to light, the auditor himself admitted that he had audited the accounts in question,



but "only examined the *sum total*." Moreover, it seems even this most exquisite mode of accounting is liable to be altogether prevented by such slight occasional accidents as *the loss of the parish books*. The vestries of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and St. George's, Bloomsbury, having steadily resisted all demands for an inspection of their books, at a meeting of the parishioners, held at the Freemason's Tavern, 23d June, 1828, a motion was made by a Mr. Everard, and, we need hardly add, carried unanimously, "That we will unremittingly persist in our endeavours to discover the books of this parish, *which are stated to be mislaid*."

But not only is there an utter want of *express provision* for securing accountability to the public—vestrymen have even arrogated to themselves a kind of right to conduct all their affairs in secret. Vestry meetings thus become, for the most part, mere private meetings; and all attempt at public investigation is resisted as an impertinent intrusion on their sequestered privacy. Indeed, some of the vestrymen seem to treat the privilege of misrule as their personal freeholds; and the member for Middlesex, as one of them, did not scruple to oppose the Marylebone bill, as "an attempt to invade and overthrow established rights." Previously to the introduction of that bill, every attempt was made by the parishioners to secure, by amicable adjustment, their just representation in the vestry, and a control over the parish funds. "The hauteur of this self-appointed body," say the committee, in their Report, "founded, as your committee suppose, on the unconstitutional notion of vested rights, has been an insuperable barrier to the accomplishment of this desirable object." And, again, they complain that having, at a considerable time back, addressed to the vestry a respectful letter, requiring an answer, "from that time to the present, the vestry have not condescended to notice or even acknowledge its receipt;"—and they add, after alluding to a previous charge of some equal act of rudeness, "The committee, therefore, feel that the personal charge then made against the members of the vestry of *inattention to, and disregard of, the opinions and wishes of the parishioners*, has been fully justified; and they ought to bear in mind that acts of parliament do not exempt from courteous and gentlemanly conduct those whom they invest with petty authority or irresponsible power."

Absolutely without security for the mode of their exercise, the powers thus entrusted to the select are of no insignificant extent. With them lies the whole management of the parochial poor. To their superintendence frequently falls the erection of workhouses and infirmaries. Churches and chapels may almost be said to rise at their bidding, or become repaired in all the decorations of costly magnificence—land is sometimes bought and sold—streets laid out and paved—in a word, the entire parochial affairs of extensive districts are submitted to their absolute control. That the most ample provision of funds may be placed at their disposal, they are left to impose parochial rates, with no other check than the legal appeals of the individuals liable to their payment; and, when these cannot be strained into an adequate provision for their more magnificent undertakings, they often contrive to cajole parliament into large grants for their assistance out of the public money—the entire administration of which is left to themselves. To sum up our brief outline both of the functions of the select, and their complete irresponsibility in their exercise, with the apt illustration of Mr. Peel—"they are so many little parliaments, in their several parishes."

Founded, then, on principles proved, even to the demonstration of an axiom, to be vicious, select vestries of the class we have just described bear in their very establishment the sentence of their condemnation. With the development of those principles, we might here, therefore, close our case against them; but, beside that the evidence is too entertaining to be lost, the subject is of such importance that we proceed to point out some of the most prominent evils to which the system is exposed.

These may almost all be comprised in extravagance in the expenditure of the parish funds. Select vestrymen will doubtless dispute in what extravagance consists. We deem it, therefore, necessary to state that by extravagance we here mean the incurring of a single expense unwarranted by the strictest necessity, and the payment for a single article of one solitary shilling more than the sum at which the most unlimited competition has proved that it can be obtained. This is just, however, the very extravagance to which bodies constituted like select vestries are peculiarly exposed. From an almost unlimited command of funds (their own contribution to which is too small in relation to the aggregate to operate as a check), their whole expenditure is necessarily placed on the most lavish scale. But the members of corporations, be the description what it may, always fall into the most exaggerated notions of their own magnificence, and regulate, in consistence with this estimate, the whole scale of their expenditure. Corporation expenses, of course, we allude to—for the *corporate* and *private* expenses of the members of corporations are two very different things. In *corporation* expenditure, however, is frequently involved the promotion of the personal comfort of the members. This may be more or less direct, according to circumstances. Thus, if a London tradesman slip into an alderman's gown, and have to visit Greenwich on any such corporation business as that of eating white bait at the Ship, it is manifest that his comfort would be directly promoted by exchanging his quondam place on the outside of the Greenwich stage for a seat in some gilded civic barge. It is almost as obvious that his comfort would be remotely increased by his having to perform his Sunday devotions in a splendid church, decorated with altar-pieces, carvings, cloths of crimson, and all the *et cetera* of magnificence, rather than having to squat himself down in some plain, unadorned, meeting-house-looking kind of a chapel, where the seats were all hard, and the prayer-books all thumbed. It may be pretty well imagined that, in either case, with the requisite command of the funds, he would not be long in obtaining that which he would think no more than justly due to his dignity; and, even supposing him destitute of the usual quantity of selfishness, the latter is an expense into which a thousand other considerations might conspire to prompt him. As it is with other corporations, so is it with select vestrymen; and as we may assume that the infinitely greater proportion of all the various expenses to which these principles would give rise would be unwarranted by the occasion, the institution of select vestries, by multiplying the subjects of expense, affords a direct encouragement to extravagance. Now we do not know what may be the precise connecting link between vestry-feasting and church-jobbing; but, somehow or other, these are two *subjects* of expense in which the select have always shone most conspicuous. It appears, from a paper containing a statement of some of the earlier abuses of the select vestries of St. Martin's, St. Ann's, and St. Clement's, "that they went in pursuit of a wretched shoe-cleaner, by whom some miserable woman was illegitimately pregnant, for fear the woman and child should become chargeable to the

parish ; but, after three days close search, they lost their labours, though they went to *divers taverns* ; and the bill incurred, on this righteous occasion, came but to 43*l*.\* Money has assuredly fallen in value since that period ; but we have understood that the amount of the dinner bill in this transaction is not very far below the average of the sum at which parish officers are willing to take upon themselves the whole support of a bastard. The following extract from the parish-books of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, forced from the reluctant vestry, will shew that, after centuries of gorging, the appetites of vestrymen have not slackened :—

Mr. Richardson's dinner .....	£8	5	0
Messrs. Hodgson and Gann's Easter dinner.....	47	11	0
Mr. Joy's visitation dinner .....	25	8	0
Wine merchant .....	5	3	0
Hodgson and Gann's <i>venison feast</i> .....	30	3	0
Dinner on auditing accounts.....	11	4	0
Hodgson and Gann's dinner on auditing accounts...	40	4	0
Mr. Richardson's visitation dinner .....	22	7	0
Mr. Joy's St. Thomas's-Day's dinner .....	20	10	0

Venison feasts may strike our readers as somewhat singular for simple vestrymen. Venison, however, is perfectly in keeping with *rose-water*, which another party of select vestrymen seemed to fancy a necessary subject of expense on a visit they had to perform to a few pauper children at Norwood. At one of these feasts to the Marylebone vestry, the bill actually amounted to 452*l*.!—of which the *honest* vestrymen carried only 93*l*. to account, under its proper head:—the rest was amusingly distributed among the titles “paving-rate (paving the stomach, we presume), clothing and *provisions for the poor* !” Truly, the poor are likely to be clad in fine linen and sumptuously fed under the blessed vestry of Marylebone ! The thirst of vestrymen would seem to attend them even into the sacraments of religion. In his late measure for the regulation of the Irish “select,” Sir John Newport informed the House of one parish in which, from the year 1812 to the time at which he was speaking, from 21*l*. to 36*l*. had been annually charged for wine for the sacramental table.

Of the great itching for church jobbing displayed throughout the whole history of select vestries, the instances are so numerous that our only difficulty lies in the selection. The parish of St. Mary-le-bone, and one or two parishes in Ireland must serve us as samples. In the first, the present rectorial church was, in the year 1813, resolved to be built as a chapel, and was accordingly contracted for at 19,810*l*. It was completed to its cupola and vane, when it appears to have flashed across the imagination of some sagacious vestryman, that a church was the befitting thing instead of a chapel. Into a church it was accordingly voted it should be converted, and a church it became ; although to accomplish this a considerable part of the finished building was pulled down, and the cost, instead of amounting to nineteen thousand and odd pounds, just came to 72,850*l*. When completed no less an adornment would suit the magnificence of the vestrymen than a transparency, by West, at a cost of 800*l*., and a figure of Rossi at 300*l*. In their eagerness for a painting of the great artist, however, it seems to have been forgotten that transparencies required light, until when it came to be put up, it was discovered they had no place appropriated for it—from some

\* Considerations on Select Vestries, p. 13 ;—a small pamphlet, containing a collection of many of the abuses of select vestries.



cause or other the figure did not suit the fancies of the vestrymen. Both were accordingly removed, and the committee reported that at the moment they were sitting, the latter had been sent to some parish stone yard, and from all outward appearance, there it seemed likely to find "its long home." Other internal decorations were upon a scale of equal magnificence. There were actually expended for

Pulpit dressing .....	£321	0	0
Reading desk .....	139	0	0
Clerk's ditto .....	98	17	6
Altar, including <i>two chairs</i> , 213 <i>l.</i> !! .....	628	5	0
Curtains for organ gallery .....	92	14	0
Ditto for churchwardens and overseers pews .....	166	0	0

and, in 1826, 1650*l.* were spent in *further alterations* at this church!!

In the parish of St. George, Dublin, an estimate of 16,000*l.* for building a church was, under much the same system, swelled into 57,000*l.* "In another place," we quote from Sir John Newport, "the privileged and select made a tax to repair the bishop's throne, to provide a *clothes-horse* for his closet, and brushes, ewers, basons, &c.; and, indeed, *every species of article for the toilette of a finished gentleman.*" In another parish, a sum of one hundred guineas was voted out of the rates, to purchase a *piece of plate for the curate*; fifty pounds were also voted to the parish clerk, and the same to a vestry clerk, which was double the amount authorized by law. In another parish, where there was scarcely a congregation of a dozen persons, the organist received in ten years 850*l.*: and the *bellows blower* was also a pensioner, he had 15*l.* a year; and there was a vestrymaid at 20*l.* besides three servants to attend the church." What particular function in the vestry the maid performed, the vestrymen can tell better than ourselves. In some instances expenses have been incurred, not only without a pretence for justification, but under circumstances, which had they previously existed, afforded the most substantial ground for their discontinuance. Thus, in the town of Wexford, a sexton and beadle having discontinued the practice of bell-ringing, for want of a bell to ring, their salaries were immediately raised from 10*l.* to 20*l.*; and "in another case," says Sir J. Newport, "an increased salary was given to a parish clerk, and a compensation given to another clerk *for having been removed.*"

But while the *subjects* of expense become thus almost unlimited under the costly administration of the select, instead of every article being obtained at the cheapest rate, they seem to think that in the abundance of their wealth they can never sufficiently pay for what they do procure. It is pretty manifest that whenever any member of their body is, either in his own person or that of his friends, a dealer in any of those subjects, his claim for supplying it, is sure to be listened to by a class of individuals who may all in their turn have similar claims to prefer; and thus, instead of the supply being arranged on a *competition* price, monopoly is left to make its own charge for every thing. But the charge of monopoly has no other limit than the disposition of the purchasers; and as the purchasers in this case are certain to be the easiest dealers in the world, the price at which the parish will purchase every article of expense will be somewhere about the maximum of exorbitance. In Ireland we find accordingly parish carpenters allowed to charge *interest* on the repairs of their own houses, occupied by them in the character of clerks. In England we find the parish of St. Mary-le-bone



borrowing large sums of their own body at the rate of five per cent. when they could get it elsewhere for four and even three-and-a-half per cent. "In 1825," says the Report, "they purchased land illegally of a member of their own body for 4,000*l.* without having any use for it; and many years afterwards they appropriated it to uses not recognized by any local act." Proofs, the committee goes on to add, "were also given of other dealings with members of their own body and their nearest relations, the latter being in contravention of their own by-laws. No wonder then that debts should accumulate; and but for the fact being in evidence before the House of Commons, it might be doubted that since 1811, the enormous debt of 227,000*l.* has been incurred and still exists, against the parish, while the rates have been increased fifty and sixty per cent." No wonder, indeed, the committee may well say; and no wonder that, under a similar principle of management, we find in the vestry accounts of St. Paul's Covent Garden, such small items of overcharge as that of forty per cent. on iron bedsteads for the use of the paupers, and 153*l.* on a bill of 212*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* paid without a cavil to the parish surveyor. Nor let it be supposed that occurrences of this description are the mere result of accident. Again at work at the church, in the year 1822, the select vestry of Spitalfields caused estimates of the expense of certain proposed repairs to be delivered in to them. One sent by the surveyor fixed the cost at 24,000*l.* others, however, set it down at a lower amount, and among them one from a Mr. Benson, in which he offered to do all that was wanted for a sum not exceeding 19,000*l.*, and to give security to any amount for the due performance of his contract. "The committee, however," says the author of the "Considerations," &c. from which we have previously quoted, "went on without regard to either estimate, and finally expended the sum of 6,993*l.* 19*s.*, a sum they found themselves unable to raise sufficient money, by rates, to pay, consequently they borrowed the sum of 5000*l.* of themselves, at five per cent., when all the money lending world would have advanced the sum at four per cent." Thus much for our charge of extravagance. We apprehend it will be conceded to us that we have brought it home to the very letter of our definition.

Supposing, however, select vestrymen to be utterly devoid of any thing so anomalous in human nature as sinister interest, we should still contend that their administration is likely to be extremely inefficient to its purposes. The interests which they have involved in it, are far from being sufficient to insure activity in the exercise of their trust; and consequently their whole government becomes marked with the extreme of slovenliness. At a meeting of the parishioners of St. James, Westminster, touching the abuses of their vestry, at which Sir Francis Burdett presided, it appeared that there was one deficiency in the accounts of 15,158*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.*, and also several others amounting to upwards of 11,000*l.* Of none of these could any satisfactory explanation be given; and Mr. Byng was very indignant at the bare supposition that the vestrymen could have pocketed them. Whether Mr. Byng was justified in his indignation, we do not dare to say. We certainly do not imagine Mr. Byng to have been the thief, nor, indeed, could we put our finger on any other individual member of the body as the object of suspicion, any more than had we, before his apprehension, been simply told that an extensive forgery had been committed in Berners-street, we should have dreamed of walking into the bank there, and pointing out Mr. Henry Fauntleroy as the culprit. The justice of Mr. Byng's indignation is, however, little to our

purpose. We quote the illustration simply to show that general carelessness with which vestry affairs are managed, when to say nothing of the smaller deficiencies, a deficiency of upwards of 15,000*l.* actually escapes even the notice of its existence. With the best intentions in the world, it is impossible but that such slovenliness in the conduct of their affairs, should expose them to every species of imposition. In the accounts of the parish of St. Martin, for the year 1822, there occurs a charge of *eighty pounds* for carving the legs of a table; which are afterwards covered up in crimson velvet. Now, so wanton a piece of folly seems hardly capable of being accounted for on any other supposition than that of the vestrymen becoming the dupes of others.—Certain it is that the mode of management, inseparable, as we contend, from the system itself, is a premium upon every species of imposition and roguery whether from within or without.

As is usual in all rotten systems, the principles by which this select vestry system is supported, are, if possible, still more hollow than the system itself.

The whole proceed upon the general assumption that parishes are incapable of the management of their own affairs. To this general assumption we have only to oppose the demonstration again and again made manifest, that none other than lunatics and imbeciles are so incapable; and as parishes *en masse* (except in so far as after the publication of this our article they continue unresisting to this iniquitous system) are neither one or the other, so neither will they be found incompetent to the conduct of their own business. The best management is that of all interested in obtaining it—the worst, that in which those most liable to be affected by its results, are excluded from its participation.

But it by no means follows that because parishes get rid of their present vestry system, that they should not delegate the particular management of their concerns to individuals chosen by themselves, and officially accountable to them. Of course the most obvious method of securing the perfect dependence on themselves of their representatives, would be by the frequency of their election, and proper mode for accomplishing its perfect freedom. The paltry objection urged against annual elections, about its tendency to disturb the peace of parishes, is abundantly answered by fact. At one of the meetings at St. Mary-le-bone parish, at which this was started, Sir Francis Burdett stated it to be wholly refuted by the practical operation of a system of ballot election in the opulent and extensive parish adjoining; and we never yet heard that any of the elections in parishes which had placed themselves under the operation of Mr. Sturges Bourne's Act, had been characterized as engendering disorder. It must be remembered, however, that tranquillity may be purchased at too high a price; and we know few individuals who would not prefer a little struggling to a good deal of robbery. Undoubtedly with the requisite securities, parochial affairs may be better managed by individuals, than by the parishioners *en masse*; but the constitution of these securities is of all political problems the most difficult. The provisions of Mr. Sturges Bourne's Act undoubtedly go far to afford them; and, perhaps, vestries established in conformity with these, may be improvements even upon the open parish vestries we have described. But, at all events, it is sufficiently manifest, that of all systems hitherto devised, that of close vestries is the most cunningly framed to defeat the object for which it was established—the good administration of the affairs of a parish.

## THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA :

No. III.

*THE WHITE DEVIL; or, VITTORIA COROMBONA.*

IF nothing else were essential to the composition of a perfect drama of the high tragic class, but a grand and vigorous conception of character, and a clear and consistent development of it; a deep knowledge of the secret places of the human heart, and a subtle power of drawing thence and displaying the passions and affections that lurk there; a dramatic skill capable of constructing scenes in imitation of human life, in which all these shall be displayed in a manner to produce upon the reader or spectator all the (seeming) effect of actual reality; and, united to all these, an imaginative power of thought and of style capable of clothing them all in a poetical form, so as to lift above the level of our actual experience the mere circumstances with which they are connected, and thus cause the sympathy we feel with them to fall within the limits of pleasure;—if, we say, these things, and these alone, were sufficient to the composition of a perfect tragic drama, the one that we have chosen for the subject of this paper might be pointed to as one of the very finest in existence. But there is wanting, besides the qualities and powers above alluded to, that of so arranging every individual part of a composition of this nature, with reference to every *other* part respectively, and so uniting, and, as it were, *welding* together the whole, that an effect shall be produced which never was, nor can be produced by the contemplation of any real set of circumstances whatever. This, we imagine, is the great secret of producing a perfect dramatic work of the class in question; and the power which it refers to is what none—no not one—of our English dramatists ever did possess—or at least exercised—in a very high degree. Perhaps the possession of such a power in a very high degree, is incompatible with that of the other qualities before alluded to, and which our dramatists *have* possessed and exhibited more than any others that ever lived; we say, the *possession* of it; for the *exercise* of it, if possessed, would assuredly be compatible with the fullest possible exercise of all the others. We cannot pretend to determine how this may be; but thus much we will venture to assert, that the peculiar power in question has not been exercised to any thing like perfection, in any one drama that we possess; and further we will state, that (with the exception of Shakspeare's alone) it is the least evident, precisely in those dramas where all other dramatic powers are the most so. Finally, in connection with this point, it may perhaps be said that this peculiar, and most rare of all dramatic endowments, is exhibited in *Shakspeare's* plays, there precisely the most, where all others are the most exhibited also: for instance, in the *Hamlet*, the *Othello*, the *Macbeth*, and the *Romeo and Juliet*.

Turning at once to the, in many respects, splendid drama before us, we may safely state that, (still excepting the works of Shakspeare) there is nothing at once more grand and vigorous in conception, and more bold, spirited, and true in execution, than the chief character, Vittoria Corombona; and that out of no other character have more admirable and effective dramatic *scenes* been constructed; and further, that among *female* characters, there is nothing in our language comparable with this one, except the *Lady Macbeth*: and if *that* is upon the whole superior to the Vittoria in positive and permanent dramatic *effect* upon the imagina-



tion and memory of the reader, it is only because the former is much shorter and more simple, and consequently, from a less necessity for detailed development, makes its appeal more explicitly, and goes to its mark and hits it more palpably and openly. Ambition is in both cases the moving spring of action in these two characters; and in the case of Lady Macbeth, there is a grandeur and simplicity of moral purpose, added to a directness in the pursuance of that purpose, which produce a unity of effect on the reader altogether noble and complete. She *wills* to be a queen—she *wills*, and it is done: and, during the brief course of its accomplishment, we no more think of disputing that will, or carping at the mode or the means by which it acts, than we do at those of a supernaturally endowed being. Nay, we do not even feel morally shocked at her crimes; the very blood that is upon her does not shew like blood, but rather like a sacrificial offering that she stoops for, and scatters abroad, upon the altar of the great object of her adoration—mortal power. With Vittoria Corombona it is different: she, like Lady Macbeth, would be a queen; but she has not the resistless force of mind from which springs a resistless will. She has less of moral power in her composition, but infinitely more of passion.

But we must now revert to our plan, of letting that with which we would make the reader acquainted be in some sort its own exponent. In the present instance we shall confine the details of our examination almost entirely to the above-named character, and to the one (Isabella) which is introduced as a moral contrast to it: for the play is so overloaded with matter, that our limits would forbid our doing more than this, even if the nature of a great portion of the rest of the play did not make our so doing more than unnecessary. In fact, the *merits* of this drama, great and striking as they are, are for the most part included in these two characters, and one other—Flamineo.

At the opening of the play, Vittoria Corombona (the *White Devil*), is a Venetian lady of a high family and of great beauty, who is married to a foolish lord of the court (Camillo), whom she despises, without, however, feeling a passion for any one else; while Brachiano (reigning Duke of that place), is devoured by a guilty love for Vittoria, though he is married to the young and gentle Isabella. This latter is absent at the commencement of the drama, and during this absence, Brachiano plots with Flamineo (his secretary, and brother to Vittoria), to gain the love and the possession of Vittoria. The lady, urged by ambitious views alone, is soon found to be “nothing loath,” to the prospects of aggrandisement that seem opening to her; and the first act ends with an interview between her and the duke, in which the views of both seem pretty nearly to coincide, as to the immediate necessity of getting rid of the superfluous wife of the one party, and husband of the other. The lady (as, we are afraid it must be admitted, is the *natural* course in matters of this kind) is the first to see her way clearly in this particular, and the first who has the courage to point it out. With a mistaken view to heighten the dramatic effect of this otherwise finely-executed scene, there is a superfluous horror communicated to it, by making the virtuous mother of Vittoria a secret, and towards the end an open witness, of her daughter’s first but fatal step towards guilt. This we must look upon as an instance of that disposition to “o’er inform” and overload their scenes, which was among the most conspicuous faults of our best early dramatists; a fault, however, which we would not willingly have had them without; since it arises, in almost every instance, from an affluence of mind and of



resources, and often leads to most curious and interesting results. Without this disposition and habit we should have had a few better plays than any that we now possess, as dramatic compositions; but *en revanche*, we should have had incalculably less in amount of that wonderful display of dramatic power, and of poetic beauty, which may now be looked upon as the chief boast and glory of our national literature. Other nations may have approached or equalled us in other departments of literary wealth and achievement; but in this one we stand absolutely alone, and shall ever stand so; because no circumstances can, in the very nature of things, recur, to make such a display possible. We shall extract, from the fine scene above alluded to, the passage in which Vittoria first opens her true character, and the nature of her after views:—

*Vit.* To pass away the time, I'll tell your grace

A dream I had last night.

*Brach.* Most wishedly.

*Vit.* A foolish, idle dream:

Methought I walk'd, about the mid of night,  
Into a church-yard, where a goodly yew-tree  
Spread her large root in ground. Under that yew,  
As I sat sadly leaning on a grave,  
Chequered with cross-sticks, there came stealing in  
Your duchess and my husband; one of them  
A pick-axe bore, th' other a rusty spade;  
And in rough terms they 'gan to challenge me  
About this yew.

*Brach.* That tree?

*Vit.* This harmless yew.

They told me my intent was to root up  
That well-grown yew, and plant in its stead  
A wither'd black-thorn; and for that they vow'd  
To bury me alive. My husband straight  
With pick-axe 'gan to dig; and your fell duchess  
With shovel, like a fury, voided out  
The earth and scattered bones. Lord! how, methought,  
I trembled! And yet, for all this terror,  
I could not pray.

*Flam.* No! the devil was in your dream!

*Vit.* When to my rescue there arose, methought,

A whirlwind, which let fall a mighty arm  
From that strong plant;  
And both were struck down by that sacred yew  
Into that shallow grave, that was their due.

*Flam.* Excellent devil!

She hath taught him, in a dream,  
To make away his duchess and her husband.

*Brach.* Sweetly shall I interpret this your dream.

You are lodged within his arms that shall protect you  
From all the fevers of a jealous husband;  
From the poor envy of our phlegmatic duchess;  
I'll seat you above law, and above scandal;  
Give to your thoughts th' invention of delight,  
And the fruition; nor shall government  
Divide me from you longer than a care  
To keep you great. You shall to me at once  
Be dukedom, health, wife, children, friends and all.

Flamineo, who figures in this scene, is the most candid of younger brothers. Hear how he justifies himself to his mother for the part he is taking in bringing about the dishonour of his sister :—

*Flam.* I would fain know the mass of wealth  
Which you have hoarded for my maintenance,  
That I may bear my beard out of the level  
Of my lord's stirrup.

*Cor.* What ! because we are poor,  
Shall we be vicious ?

*Flam.* Pray, what means have you  
To keep me from the gallies or the gallows ?  
My father proved himself a gentleman,  
Sold all his land, and, like a fortunate fellow,  
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me up  
At Padua, I confess ; where, I protest,  
For want of means (the university judge me),  
I have been fain to heel my tutor's stockings  
At least seven years.

\* \* \* \* \*

And shall I,  
Having a path so open and so free  
To my preferment, *still retain your milk*  
*In my pale forehead ? No—this face of mine*  
*I'll arm and fortify with lusty wine,*  
*'Gainst shame and blushing.*

*Cor.* Oh, that I ne'er had borne thee !

*Flam.* So would I :  
I would the common'st courtesan in Rome  
Had been my mother rather than thyself.

\* \* \* \* \*

The duchess comes to court !—I like not that.  
We are engaged to mischief, and must on,  
As rivers, to find out the ocean,  
Flow with crooked windings beneath forced banks ;  
Or as we see, to aspire some mountain's top,  
The way ascends not straight, but imitates  
The subtle foldings of a winter snake.

This is the way in which our early dramatists dared to look upon the truth as it is in human nature ; and, looking upon it, dared to tell it. They, and they only, are the *wizards* alluded to by the greatest of their band, who, it was said, “ could almost read the *thoughts* of people.”

The second act opens with the arrival of the duchess, attended by her brother the Duke of Florence, and the Cardinal Monticelso, who are come to remonstrate with Brachiano against the treatment of his duchess, and his supposed guilty intimacy with Vittoria. Brachiano treats them all with indignant scorn ; and then, being left alone, Isabella (the duchess) enters. The scene which ensues is beautiful beyond description. We shall give it nearly entire. It is by the development of characters like that of Isabella, through the medium of scenes like this, that Webster, and the writers of his age, have given themselves the title to make those frightful exposures of human nature, one of which we have just quoted, and more of which will presently occur in this play. If they could have seen but one side of the picture (no matter which) they would not have ventured to expose that one, because they would not have felt the right to do so. But seeing both, they had not only a right, but were bound to shew the bad with the good.

Enter ISABELLA.

*Brach.* You have charm'd me.  
You are in health we see.

*Isa.* And above health,  
To see my lord so well.

*Brach.* So ! I much wonder  
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome ?

*Isa.* Devotion, my lord.

*Brach.* Devotion !

Is your soul charged with any grievous sin ?

*Isa.* 'Tis burthen'd with too many ; and, I think,  
The oftener that we cast our reckonings up,  
Our sleeps will be the sounder.

*Brach.* Take your chamber.

*Isa.* Nay, my dear lord, I will not have you angry :  
Doth not my absence from you, now two months,  
Merit one kiss ?

*Brach.* I do not use to kiss :  
If that will dispossess your jealousy,  
I'll swear it to you.

*Isa.* Oh, my loved lord,  
I do not come to chide ! My jealousy !  
I am to learn what that Italian means.  
You are as welcome to these longing arms  
As I to you a virgin.

*Brach.* O, your breath !  
Out upon sweetmeats and continued physics ;  
The plague is in them !

*Isa.* You have oft, for these two lips,  
Neglected cassia, or the natural sweets  
Of the spring violet. They are not much withered.  
My lord, I should be merry : these your frowns  
Shew in a helmet lovely ; but on me,  
In such a peaceful interview, methinks  
They are too roughly knit.

*Brach.* O, dissemblance !  
Do you bandy fashions with me ? have you learn'd  
The trick of impudent baseness, to complain  
Unto your kindred ?

*Isa.* Never, my dear lord.

*Brach.* Must I be hunted out ? or was't your trick  
To meet some amorous gallant here in Rome,  
That must supply our discontinuance ?

*Isa.* I pray, Sir, burst my heart ; and in my death  
Turn to your ancient pity, if not love.

*Brach.* \* \* \*

Now all the hellish furies rack his soul  
First made this match ! Accursed be the priest  
That sang the wedding-mass !—and even my issue——

*Isa.* O ! too, too far you've curst !

*Brach.* Your hand I'll kiss.  
This is the latest ceremony of my love.  
Henceforth I'll never lie with thee : by this—  
This wedding ring, I'll never more lie with thee.  
And this divorce shall be as truly kept,  
As if the judge had doom'd it. Fare you well !  
Our sleeps are severed.

*Isa.* Forbid it the sweet union

Of all things blessed ! Why, the saints in heaven  
Will knit their brows at that.

*Brach.* Let not thy love  
Make thee an unbeliever. This my vow  
Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied  
With my repentance. Let thy brother rage  
Beyond a horrid tempest or a sea-fight :  
My vow is fixed.

*Isa.* O, my winding-sheet !  
Now shall I need thee shortly. Dear, my lord,  
Let me hear once more what I would not hear.  
—Never ?

*Brach.* Never.

*Isa.* O, my unkind lord ! may your sins find mercy  
As I, upon a woful widow'd bed,  
Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes  
Upon your wretched wife and hopeful son,  
Yet that in time you'll fix them upon heaven.

*Brach.* No more ! Go—complain to the great duke.

*Isa.* No, my dear lord ; you shall have present witness  
How I'll work peace between you. I will make  
Myself the author of your cursed vow :  
I have some cause to do it—you have none.  
Conceal it, I beseech you, for the weal  
Of both your dukedoms, that *you* wrought the means  
Of such a separation. Let the fault  
Remain with my supposed jealousy ;  
And think with what a piteous and rent heart  
I shall perform this sad, ensuing part.

Accordingly, she does perform this part ; and the cruel duke permits her to do so ; and then she departs from Rome again, with these concluding words, which are the last we hear from her :—

“Unkindness, do thy office ! Poor heart, break !  
These are the killing griefs, which dare not speak !”

Brachiano now, through the agency of Flamineo, and other of his creatures, brings about the immediate death of his duchess and of Vittoria's husband ; but he cannot prevent the arraignment of his paramour, which takes place at the commencement of Act III. in presence of the Cardinal Monticelso, and the Duke of Florence, who act in the double and discordant capacities of her accusers and her judges too. This scene is a long, but most admirable one ; and the part which Vittoria plays in it is perhaps the finest specimen extant of “a bold bad women,” outfacing her enemies, and triumphing in spirit and effect, even in the midst of her conscious guilt. To hear her talk, you would suppose that she had a conscience white as innocence :—

“Condemn you me for that the duke did love me ?  
So may you blame some fair and crystal river  
For that some melancholic, distracted man  
Hath drowned himself therein. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*  
Sum up my faults, I pray, and you shall find  
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,  
And a good stomach to a feast, are all,  
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with.  
In faith, my lord, you might go pistol flies :  
The sport would be more noble.”



She is condemned to be confined in "a house of converts;" and then she breaks out into that towering passion which so well becomes her truly high and proud (for we will not call it masculine) spirit. Still, however, she sticks to her text of innocence, to the last:—

*Vit.* Instruct me, some good horse-leech, to speak treason!  
For, since you cannot take my life for deeds,  
Take it for words! O, woman's poor revenge,  
Which dwells but in the tongue! I will not weep.  
No—I do scorn to call up one poor tear  
To fawn on your injustice. Bear me hence,  
Unto this house of—what's your mitigating title?

*Mon.* Of converts.

*Vit.* It shall not be a house of converts.  
My mind shall make it honester to me  
Than the pope's palace, and more peaceable  
Than my own soul. Though thou art a cardinal,  
Know this—and let it sometimes raise your spite—  
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light.

This reverse in the fortunes of Vittoria is as brief as it was sudden and unlooked for. It seems to have been used by the poet, partly with the view of aggrandising her after rise to the highest pitch of her ambitious hopes; but chiefly as the means of shewing forth his own splendid powers of execution in the scene we have just described. It is followed by the immediate news of Isabella's death, and also of Camillo's; and by the secret determination of the Duke of Florence to work a full revenge upon Brachiano, who is more than suspected of their murder. The first step he takes towards this end, is not a very intelligible one; and, in fact, it is one of those instances which occur in almost all our old plays, of the absolute indifference which their authors felt, as to the construction of their plots. To serve a momentary end, they never scrupled to involve the whole web of their work in a seeming difficulty; because they knew that on any, or on no pretence of either propriety or necessity, they could in a moment bring matters right again. In the present instance, having got Vittoria into prison, for no very obvious end but that of producing *a scene*, he now makes Florence excite Brachiano's jealousy towards her, for much the same purpose. This scene is scarcely less admirable than the former; and it shews Vittoria in a new and still more striking point of view. In the first, we had little but a high and impenetrable boldness, standing in the place of all other qualities, and (for the moment) satisfactorily supplying them all. In the scene we are now alluding to, there is much of what was present in the former, and in addition, a passionate semblance of insulted and outraged affection, which lifts it to a pitch of true tragic dignity. We must not venture to extract from the scene alluded to, but proceed in our abstract of this portion of the play.

After this passionate and most spirited scene, the Duke and Vittoria are reconciled, and she is rescued from her confinement, and attains her highest aim by marrying him. The guilty great ones, having now, at the end of the fourth act, reached the haven of their hopes, the fifth act opens with preparations for that fall which, as may be supposed, is the catastrophe of the tragedy. The Duke of Florence, disguised as a Moor, arrives at the court of Brachiano, accompanied by two other conspirators, all of whom have sworn his death. In this last act there is a vast fund of extraneous matter, most of which we shall pass over, in conformity with our plan of considering and setting forth the character of Vittoria

Corombona almost exclusively, as that on which not only the whole interest of the action turns, but which connects and holds it together, and in some sort forms it into a consistent whole. The object of Florence and the conspirators is soon attained. They contrive a subtle poison, with which they sprinkle the helmet of Brachiano, just as he is arming himself to engage in a tournament ; and before the fight is over he rushes in and finds what has been done, and that death is upon him. There is an affluence of passion and of poetry in nearly all the remaining scenes of this play, which is prodigious. We must give a few extracts as we proceed. The whole of the death scene of Brachiano is full of rare and various beauty. The following are parts of it :—

*Brach.* Tear off my beaver !

*Flam.* Are you hurt, my lord ?

*Brach.* O, my brain's on fire !

*Enter Armourer.*

The helmet's poisoned.

*Armour.* My lord, upon my soul—

*Brach.* Away with him to torture !

There are some great ones that have hand in this,  
And near about me.

*Enter VITTORIA.*

*Vit.* O, my lov'd lord poisoned !

\* \* \* \* \*

*Enter Two Physicians.*

*Brach.* O, I am gone already ! The infection  
Flies to the brain and heart. O, thou strong heart,  
There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it,  
They're loath to break !

*Gio.* O, my most lov'd father !

*Brach.* Remove the boy away :  
Where's this good woman ? Had I infinite worlds,  
They were too little for thee. Must I leave thee ?  
What say ye, screech-owls ! is the venom mortal ?

*Phy.* Most deadly.

*Brach.* Most corrupted, politic hangman !  
You kill without book ; but your art to save  
Fails you as oft as great men's needy friends.  
I, that have given life to offending slaves  
And wretched murderers, have I not power  
To lengthen out mine own one twelvemonth ?  
Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee. *(To Vittoria.)*  
This unction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.

*Duke of F.* Sit, be of comfort.

*Brach.* O, thou soft, natural death ! that art joint twin  
To sweetest slumber ! no rough-bearded comet  
Stares on thy mild departure ; the dull owl  
Beats not against thy casement ; the hoarse wolf  
Scents not thy carrion. Pity winds thy corse :  
While horror waits on princes.

*Vit.* O, I am lost for ever !

*Brach.* How miserable a thing it is to die  
'Mongst women howling !—What are those ?

*Flam. Franciscans.*

They have brought the extreme unction.

*Brach. On pain of death let no man name death to me !  
It is a word most infinitely terrible.*

There is a terrible beauty in the passages marked in italics ; and the last of them includes one of the finest natural conceits (so to speak) that passion ever produced—" On pain of death let no man name death to me."

Brachiano now retires in agony to his chamber ; and the scene presently changes to that place, where he is lying on a bed distracted, attended by Vittoria and others, and by two of the conspirators, disguised as priests. There is an exquisite little passage here, which we must stop to give. The seeming priests present a crucifix to Brachiano in his extremity :—

*Lod. Pray give us leave : attente, domine, Brachiano.*

*Flam. See—see how firmly he doth fix his eye  
Upon the crucifix !*

*Vit. O, hold it constant.  
It settles his wild spirit ; and so his eyes  
Melt into tears.*

It is almost impossible for those who are acquainted with Kean's acting, to read this exquisite touch of natural pathos, without seeing (in imagination) that great artist embody it into a visible picture.

At length, as Brachiano draws near his end, the conspirators, in their adopted character of priests, require the royal patient to be left alone with them ; and then occurs one of those terrible scenes, of which there are several in the drama of this age, where revenge is made to pursue its victim even beyond the limits of life. All but the murderers having left the chamber, they rouse Brachiano from the momentary trance into which he has fallen, and triumphantly proclaim to him, with every species of outrage and indignity, *who* it is that has given him his death ; they then, on his unexpectedly crying out for help, strangle him at once, and all this portion of the catastrophe is at an end. It only remains now, to inflict " poetical justice" on Vittoria, and her still more guilty accomplice and brother, Flamineo. The character of this latter is brought out with infinite force and effect in this concluding act of the play ; so much so, that it merits particular attention and examination, and would have obtained them from us if our limits had permitted. Vittoria, having been appointed by Brachiano sole Regent of the Dukedom during the minority of his son, Flamineo determines on instantly ascertaining in what manner she means to reward his services, by which, chiefly, she has been lifted to her present state and station. After a momentary feeling of remorseful pity, called forth by the sight of his mad mother, and the corse of his brother, killed by him in a quarrel, he continues :—

" This night I'll know the utmost of my fate ;  
I'll be resolved what my rich sister means  
To assign me for my services. I have lived  
Riotously ill, like some that live in court ;  
And sometimes, when my face was full of smiles,  
Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast.  
Oft gay and honoured robes those tortures try :  
We think caged birds sing, when indeed they cry."

He then sees a vision, which (though stage directions are given for its appearance, &c.) should no doubt be regarded as a creation of his own diseased imagination. On its disappearance—that is to say, on his mind recovering its wonted state—he goes on—

“ He’s gone ! and see, the skull and earth are vanished !  
This is beyond melancholy : I do dare my fate  
To do its worst. Now to my sister’s lodging,  
And sum up all these horrors : the disgrace  
The prince threw on me ; next the piteous sight  
Of my dead brother ; and my mother’s dotage ;  
And last, this terrible vision : all these  
Shall with Vittoria’s bounty turn to good,  
Or I will drown this weapon in their blood.”

He then proceeds at once to the chamber of Vittoria, who receives him in the presence of her maid Zanche, a Moor. The two scenes which now ensue, are inferior to none which have preceded them, for force of passion, truth of character, and vigour and vividness of style. They are, in fact, written throughout with a wonderful degree of force and spirit ; and there is a vein of horrid lightness and jesting runs through them, which greatly adds to the effect as it proceeds, and adds a frightful horror to the catastrophe which ends the whole.

*VITTORIA and ZANCHE enter the chamber, followed by FLAMINEO. VITTORIA has a book in her hand.*

*Flam.* What ! are you at your prayers ? Give o’er.

*Vit.* How, ruffian ?

*Flam.* I come to you ’bout worldly business :

Sit down—sit down. Nay—stay, blouze ! you may hear it ;

*(To Zanche.)*

The doors are fast enough.

*Vit.* Ha ! are you drunk ?

*Flam.* Yes, yes—with wormwood water : you shall taste  
Some of it presently.

*Vit.* What intends the fury ?

*Flam.* You are my lord’s executrix, and I claim  
Reward for my long service.

*Vit.* For your service ?

*Flam.* Come, therefore ; here is pen and ink ; set down  
What you will give me.

*Vit.* There !

*(She writes.)*

*Flam.* Ha ! have you done already ?

’Tis a most short conveyance.

*Vit.* I will read it :

“ I give that portion to thee, and no other,

“ Which Cain groaned under, having slain his brother.”

On this a most extraordinary scene follows. Flamineo presents two cases of pistols, and pretends that his talk of worldly reward was a mere fetch, and that his real business with her is one of still more vital interest to both of them. He declares that Brachiano had obtained a vow from him, that Vittoria should not survive him ; and that he (Flamineo) had sworn not only to sacrifice her, but himself also, to the manes of their dead lord—and the rather, as it was little to be supposed that they would be allowed to live after their protector’s death—he himself not being able to escape the malice of his enemies, even in the bosom of his own court.



On this Vittoria seems to change, and declares that she is ready to make the great and final sacrifice. It is a fine trait of her character, that though this declaration is a mere pretence, the terms in which she makes it, rise to the highest pitch of poetical beauty and passion :—

“ I am now resolved. Farewell affliction !  
Behold, Brachiano ! I, that while you lived,  
Did make a flaming altar of my heart  
To sacrifice unto you, now am ready  
To sacrifice heart and all.”

So profound is the power of deceit in woman's heart, that she deceives even herself. She, and she alone, can “ lie like truth.” Vittoria in this instance knows—nay, she knows that the persons whom she is addressing know also—that Brachiano was never any more to her than a stepping-stone to her love of power and station : and yet she speaks of her love for him, as if it were a thing as much beyond measure as beyond dispute.

Vittoria professes her readiness to die, and only desires that (being “ the weaker vessel”) Flameneo shall set her the example, which she swears to follow on the instant. Flameneo, in his turn, seems to be deceived by her protestations, and gives the pistols to Zanche, desiring her to direct two of them at him, and reserve the others for her mistress and herself. The Moor eagerly executes her office, and Flameneo falls ; and the women instantly run and trample upon him—loading him, while he yet lives, and seems to writhe in death's agonies, with all the triumphant contempt that the seeming success of *their* trick over *his* entitles them to use :—

*Vit.* What ! are you dropt ?

*Flam.* I'm mix'd with earth already. As you're noble,  
Perform your vows, and bravely follow me.

*Vit.* Whither ?—to hell ?

*Zan.* To most assured damnation ?

*Vit.* O thou most cursed devil !

*Zan.* Thou art caught—

*Vit.* In thine own engine. I tread the fire out  
That would have been my ruin.

Think whither thou art going !

*Zan.* And remember what villanies thou hast acted !

*Vit.* This thy death

Shall make me, like a blazing, ominous star,  
Look up and tremble.

*Flam.* O, I am caught with a springe !

This kind of colloquy goes on a little longer, and then suddenly Flameneo starts up, and it appears that *he* is the successful tricker after all :—

*Flam.* O cunning devils ! Now I've tried your love,  
And doubled all your reaches ! I am not wounded.  
The pistols held no bullets : 'twas a plot  
To prove your kindness to me ; and I live  
To punish your ingratitude. I knew,  
One time or other, you would find a way  
To give me a strong potion. O men

That lie upon your death-beds, and are haunted  
 With howling wives, ne'er trust them ; they'll re-marry,  
 Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet—ere the spider  
 Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs !

What Flamineo's further projects were, either of revenge or aggrandisement, does not now appear ; for the final catastrophe is at hand ; and there is no disputing that the characters, both of Vittoria and of Flamineo, rise higher as it falls on them, and that they do not quit the scene without leaving upon us a sort of fearful respect, mixed with the horror that their accumulated guilt excites. In the midst of the scene just described, Ludovico and Gasparo, the murderers of Brachiano, enter the chamber by force, and immediately proceed to accomplish their bloody errand. They begin by naming the name of Isabella, which instantly exposes who they are. At first, while their object and determination seem uncertain, Vittoria quails before them ; but the instant she finds that her death is at hand, she meets it as a queen and a bride. They first bind Flamineo to a pillar, and then proceed to their work of slaughter, as coolly and deliberately as it is pursued in the shambles. The effect of this on the reader is prodigious ; for the merely horrible and painful nature of it is in a great measure counteracted, by the mode in which all parties comport themselves. Ludovico, the chief agent throughout all this business of revenge, is (it should have been mentioned before) a desperate man, of good family, and once of good fortune, who had loved Isabella before she was wedded to Brachiano. This, and the insults that his misconduct and misfortunes have brought upon him, are the incentives to his conduct :—

*Lud.* Sirrah ! you once did strike me : I'll strike you  
 To the centre.

*Flam.* Thou'lt do it like a hangman—a base hangman—  
 Not like a noble fellow ; for thou see'st  
 I cannot strike again.

*Lud.* Dost laugh ?

*Flam.* Wou'dst have me die as I was born—in whining ?

*Gas.* Recommend yourself to heaven.

*Flam.* No ; I will carry my own commendations thither.

*Lud.* O, I could kill you forty times a-day,  
 And use't four years together !—'twere too little.

Nought grieves, but that you're too few to feed  
 The famine of our vengeance. What dost think on ?

*Flam.* Nothing—of nothing. Leave your idle questions ;  
 I'm i' the way to study a long silence.

To prate were idle : I remember nothing :

There's nothing of so infinite vexation  
 As man's own thoughts.

*Lud.* O, thou glorious strumpet !

( To Vittoria. )

Could I divide thy breath from this pure air  
 When't leaves thy body, I would suck it up,  
 And breathe't upon a dung-hill.

*Vit.* You my death's man !

Methinks thou dost not look horrid enough ;  
 Thou hast too good a face to be a hangman.  
 If thou be, do thy office in right form :

Fall down upon thy knees, and ask forgiveness.

*Lud.* O, thou hast been a most prodigious comet !

But I'll cut off your train. Kill the Moor first.

*Vit.* You shall not kill her first. Behold my breast ;

I will be waited on in death ; my servant  
 Shall never go before me.

*Gas.* Are you so brave?

*Vit.* Yes; I shall welcome death

As princes do some great ambassador:

I'll meet thy weapon half way.

*Lud.* Thou dost tremble.

Methinks fear should dissolve thee into air.

*Vit.* O, thou art deceived; I am too true a woman:

Conceit can never kill me. I'll tell thee what—

I will not in my death shed one base tear;

Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear.

Almost immediately after this, they receive their death at the hands of Ludovico and Gasparo; and there is nothing finer in its way than the manner in which they severally entertain it. Both falter for an instant, as the blood flows from them, and may be supposed to carry with it that which supports their great spirits; but Flamineo recovers again the next instant, and dies as he has lived; while Vittoria so meets her end, that we are compelled to remember who and what she is: still beautiful, young, and a woman; and therefore, capable of *living* in a perpetual triumph over her guilt, but not of *dying* so:—"My soul!" (she exclaims)—

"My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,

Is tost I know not whither."

But with Flamineo it is different. All his ambitious hopes of greatness are dead within him; and why, therefore, should he look on death itself, in any other light than as a relief from life?

*Flam.* I recover, like a spent

Taper, for a flash, and instantly go out.

'Tis well yet there's some goodness in my death:

My life was a black charnel. I have caught

An everlasting cold: I have lost my voice

Most irrecoverably! Farewell, glorious villains!

This busy trade of life appears most vain,

Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain.

Let no harsh flattering bells resound my knell—

Strike, thunder, and strike loud, to my farewell!

(*He dies.*)

In closing our notice of this play, we should not leave a just impression of it upon the reader's mind, if we did not recur, for a moment, to its glaring and manifold faults; faults, however, which are, for the most part, those of a man of genius. It is overloaded with matter, so as to be in many parts confused, and almost unintelligible. However admirable in separate scenes and characters, it is ill digested in the plot and general construction, so that it leaves little distinct impression as a consistent whole. And finally, there is an off-hand indifference and carelessness, the frequent result of conscious natural powers and accumulated resources, which unhappily prevents the employment of those powers and resources to that noble end which they might have attained. We are very apt to close a work of this description under feelings which, however the manifestation of them might have satisfied the author, are any thing but gratifying to those who experience them. Instead of receiving with delight and gratitude that which he has done for us, and resting content with the contemplation of *that*, we presently put aside what *is*, altogether, and dwell only upon what we imagine *might have been*, but is *not*. Having conquered for us a noble province in the realms of mind, we complain that it is not a kingdom; and if it had been a kingdom, we should have been equally dissatisfied because it was not a world.

## TRUE STORY OF A STORM AT SEA.

It is a vulgar error, but a very common one, to connect in the imagination the dangers and horrors of storms and shipwrecks with distant parts of the great ocean, and with large vessels alone; whereas more disasters of this kind happen in sight of our own coast than in all the rest of the world put together, and these chiefly to vessels scarcely bigger than those we are accustomed to see on our own inland waters.

Again,—nothing is looked upon as more fearful in its nature, and excites a more general and intense interest, than an authentic relation of an event of this kind, provided it be but connected with sufficiently distant and imposing objects; but to talk of a storm and a steam-boat together, seems likely to excite ideas of the ridiculous. And yet the truth probably is, that those who would witness the utmost horrors and miseries which a scene of this nature is capable of exhibiting, must seek them under those very circumstances, in connection with which no one ever thinks of looking for them. Seamen on board a man-of-war as much expect storms as they do battles, and it is as much their duty to brave the dangers of the one as of the other; and they *do* brave them, gallantly and cheerfully. It is a part of their business: they are paid to do it, and they do it. The truth is, that what *we* (“who live at home at ease”) regard the mere imagination of with fear and trembling, *they* make a joke of in the very height of its reality. They think of it as nothing; and, therefore, to them it is nothing:—or even if there happen to be one among them disposed, by nature or habit (or rather the want of habit), to make much of the circumstances in which he is placed—or, indeed, to see them in their true light—he cannot do it if he would. Cowardice and courage—or, in other words, fear and bravery—are absolutely incompatible with each other; so much so, that they cannot even exist in each other's presence; but that of which there is the greatest sum present will inevitably convert the other into its like for the time being. Man is your only true chameleon, in respect of changing his appearance according to that with which he is in contact. There is scarcely an instance on record of the merest raw recruit running away from his fellows, even in his first battle; and, on the other hand, there are as few instances of the bravest standing their ground alone. The mere cry of “*Sauve qui peut!*” lost Buonaparte the battle of Waterloo and his throne.

The account that I am now to lay before the reader, I offer to him as a simple narrative of facts, as far as it relates to others; and of feelings, as it regards myself. It is on its unembellished truth that the interest of my description must depend; for as a fiction it would possess none at all. If the reader will look upon the circumstances to be such as may not improbably happen, or might have happened, to himself, he will read the account of them without any feeling of their being impertinent at least,—which, if they were offered as a fiction, he could scarcely do; since the writer has not felt himself justified in availing himself of any of those privileges of addition or embellishment which a writer of fiction has at his command, and has a right to use in the manner that may best suit his purpose.

In the latter part of the autumn of the year 1822, I was at Paris, and had twice taken my place to come by the public conveyance to Calais, on my return to London, and was twice induced to forego it by the most



trifling circumstances. I mention this to shew on what mere threads our personal safety hangs. Laying in bed half an hour too late one morning, and waiting half an hour for a friend the next, had nearly cost me my life.

As it was during the prevalence of the equinoctial gales, I had intended to wait a day or two at Calais, if it seemed necessary, in order to judge of the weather, and not go unless it seemed likely to be favourable. But these delays at Paris induced me to determine on leaving Calais by the very first vessel that should quit the port after my arrival. This happened to be the Lord Melville steam-boat, which went direct to London,—leaving Calais at midnight of the day on which I had reached it.

The reader must know that I am, to a certain extent, a believer in presentiments and warnings; that is to say, I believe that such things happen—that we feel them, and feel that they have some connexion with future events. That they *have* any such connexion, is another matter, and one on which I shall not presume to determine even for myself. I *believe* that I do *not* believe them to have any such connexion; but this is the utmost I can be sure of: and this, like most other beliefs, is not very operative upon our feelings, whatever it may be on our actions. I once performed a journey of some thousand miles, in the teeth of what the elderly ladies of my acquaintance insisted were three distinct warnings that I ought not to undertake it: and nothing untoward happened. But I did not forget the warnings, nevertheless, until I got safe home. In like manner, I had a strong presentiment that I ought not to have left Calais that night of which I am now to speak. In the first place, I have an utter abhorrence of a steam-boat, as a matter of taste; though I am perfectly satisfied as to the invention being one of great utility, in the common acceptation of the term. But it could, in this instance, be of no utility to me; therefore, I ought not to have run myself headlong against one of my strongest prejudices.—Secondly, it was *Sunday* night, and a very boisterous one, to boot; and though I admit that Sunday is, in this country at least, the most eligible day for travelling of every kind, yet I never feel that it is so *safe* to travel on that day as any other! The “why?” I leave to be determined as the taste of the reader may direct.—In the third place—and this was the only unequivocal *warning* I received on this occasion—after I had got on board the vessel, and had begun to feel a very palpable uneasiness at the appearance of the weather (but without its having ever entered into my thoughts that, now I was once on board, it was possible to change my mind about going, or practicable not to go if I had), a young man suddenly rushed into the cabin where I was, evidently in great haste and confusion, and insisted on some of the people getting him his luggage out of the hold, as he could not go that night. The sailors assured him that it was impossible to get at it, as it was stowed away quite at the farther end of the hold, under hundreds of other trunks, &c. He clamoured and insisted to no purpose, however, till he pulled out his purse; and then the case seemed altered. They took up the floor of the cabin; got out what he wanted, after much trouble and searching; and he laid hands on it in the greatest delight, and disappeared immediately. During the whole of this process, which I was watching attentively, I felt certain that this person had received an intimation of the kind of weather we were likely to have, and had determined not to go accordingly. I was as sure of this as if I had been

told it ; but, notwithstanding the information (for I felt it act upon me in the light of actual knowledge), I could not make up my mind to act upon it. I felt that it would look so *ridiculous* not to go, now that I had determined to go, that I preferred risking my life (as I now unequivocally felt that I was doing) rather than appear to be *afraid* of risking it ; for I judged of what others would feel with respect to me by what I felt with respect to the person of whom I have been speaking. This may appear to some an instance of courage and determination ; but to me it seems directly the reverse. I had probably as strong a feeling of the danger I was about to encounter as the other person, who had acquired what he considered to be positive knowledge respecting it ; but I felt that, at all events, it was distant and uncertain ; whereas the ridicule that I felt I should be making myself the subject of, by changing my mind and seeming to fear to go, was immediate and certain : and I therefore chose to *risk* the one, rather than *bear* the other. Now the true courage, if I mistake not, consisted in undergoing the certain evil, rather than risking the uncertain one ; just as, contrary to the common opinion, self-destruction (when not committed under the influence of insanity) is the strongest possible proof of personal courage, since it braves a certain evil, and that the most dreadful of all that is attendant on mortality, rather than risk what is at all events distant, and may possibly never be nearer : for I hold that self-destruction is never committed in order to escape from present pain, but only to avoid future. No man ever thought of destroying himself in order to get rid of the most acute *bodily* torture ; and no one can doubt that bodily torture, while it lasts, is infinitely beyond mental.—But I am departing from my intended course of mere narration, and am also anticipating that, in part.

The Lord Melville was to start at midnight precisely ; but it was necessary to be on board much earlier than that time, in order to procure even a sitting in the cabin—as there were about eighty passengers expected ; and the prospect of any of them passing the night on the deck was out of the question, as it had been raining and blowing the whole evening, and was “ pitch dark,” as the phrase is—so much so, that we could not find our way down to the quay without a lantern. I was on board by eleven, watching quietly, “ as is my wont,” all that was passing, with the feelings of a spectator, rather than a partaker in the scene ; and though I have been present at a great number of scenes of this kind, I never witnessed one that bore the least resemblance to this. It seemed as if the storm and confusion that took place afterwards were to be typified beforehand in this singular scene. After passing silently through the sleeping town, crossing the Grand Place, passing the gate and draw-bridge, all silently—listening, all the while, with a *prospective* ear, to the winds whistling through the narrow streets, and the rains beating upon the pavement—and thinking what a fool I must be to think of crossing the channel in such a night—and yet thinking, all the time, that, if it were ten times worse, I should not have the resolution to change my mind, and *not* cross it,—I arrived at the spot where the vessel was moored, and found myself suddenly, and without knowing how I had come there, in the midst of a scene, that put the winds and the rains to silence in a moment, with its confusion of strange noises, and motions, and sights ; for by the dim light of half-a-dozen lanterns, which seemed to flit here and there of themselves, as if instinct with motion, you could half distinguish all that was passing. To describe this scene of confu-

sion with any distinctness, would be to prove that it was *not* a scene of confusion ; but the many who have witnessed the same kind of scene by daylight may gain some notion of *this*, by fancying every particular of the confusion " worse confounded," and the whole rendered ten times more perplexing and indescribable, by the absence of light, and the consequent necessity of every passenger to undergo, three or four times over, an examination as to his *permission d'embarquer*, his charges for ladder-men, commissionnaires, &c.

Tired of waiting in the pouring rain to watch the progress of what seemed to make no progress at all, I had just passed through my ordeal, and taken my seat quietly in the cabin, to see what was going forward *there*, when I heard an increased shouting over-head, and a splashing in the water, as if some one had fallen in ; and, on going to ascertain the cause, I found that two French sailors had fallen over the side of the quay, and were struggling for their lives in the deep water ; while the scene connected with the embarking of the remaining passengers seemed to be not at all affected by this accident—the *douanniers* gabbling forth their demands for the pass-tickets ; the commissionnaires trying to extract their ten-sous-pieces twice over, in virtue of the darkness ; and the English sailors sitting on the sides of their vessel till it came to their turn to work, as if nothing extraordinary had happened : and, a few minutes afterwards, on a lady asking one of the latter (who had come and seated himself quietly on the stairs of the cabin, out of the rain) what was the matter above, and whether any body had fallen into the water ? he said " No, it was only two Frenchman !"

As a proof that the true *sang froid* is not confined to us, of the north, it may be worth mentioning, that, a few minutes after the above-named accident had happened, one of the two men who had been the subject of it came down into the cabin, dripping wet as he was, and peered about among the passengers till he found out one who, he said, had not paid him his ten-sous-piece ; and, after getting his claim satisfied, he walked away, and stood on the side of the quay till the vessel left it, as if nothing particular had happened.

We had scarcely left the port before it was easy to see that the prospect before us was any thing rather than favourable ; and, in an hour's time, the wind had increased to a hurricane, and the rain fell in torrents. I believe I was the first among the passengers to discover the situation we were in,—probably in virtue of my before-named *presentiment* on the subject ; for it was an hour after this before any symptoms of fear were shewn, even among the females. There was an almost dead silence preserved in the cabin ; probably from a natural disinclination to hear our own insignificant voices mingle with any of the really awful and impressive sounds of external nature : the most determined of Parisian prattlers will scarcely be found venting his gay nothings beneath the solemn aisles of a wind-swept fir-grove, or beside the ever-sounding ocean. But still there was no appearance of actual fear. There was an uneasy, anxious look on the countenances of all present ; as if they felt an indistinct notion that there was *something* wrong ; but they did not seem capable of trusting themselves to think *what* it was. That they were actually in the open sea at midnight, in a storm, was a thing not be thought of. They were, however, very soon to learn that this was nothing more than the truth. It is curious to observe the manner in which we are affected by slight circumstances, when great ones seem too



great to come near, or be comprehended by us. They had heard, for an hour past, the winds roar, with a sound, or convocation of sounds, that they could none of them before have formed a conception of. They had felt the vessel pitch about upon the water like a shell, and the water knock against her sides as if it would beat them together. But *these* kind of effects they had been prepared for, from seeing, when they came on board, that it was "a rough night." They saw nothing to *frighten* them in all this. But when, by a sudden blow of a wave on a particular part of the vessel, they heard and saw the *crockery-ware*, from the steward's room, come rattling about their ears, I shall never forget the effect that took place. There was not one—man, woman, or child—that did not start from their places, and utter some exclamation; some of pure fright and horror—some of anxious and eager inquiry—and some of indistinct fear, disguised under the form of an attempt at joke. From this moment the whole scene was totally changed, and all saw, or fancied they saw, the danger that awaited them. There was no more silence; for the feeling of imminent danger destroys or counteracts all the impressiveness of the sounds or sights that may be connected with it. Before, they had listened with a silent, though unconscious homage, to the voice of nature, shouting in the winds, and thundering in the waves; because they did not feel that those sounds were fraught with peril. But now, their own personal safety was at stake; and all other feelings, conscious or unconscious, were in a moment merged in that. If a water-spout had been passing, or an eruption of Mount Etna had been in sight, they would not have moved from their places to witness it. It was two hours after this before I was at all *satisfied* of the danger we were in; for, though I knew that the passage from Calais to the mouth of the river was an extremely dangerous one in bad weather, yet I could not discover any thing particularly suspicious in the looks of the captain and sailors—though I could observe a good deal of whispering between them, and a restless and anxious air about the former, that was not exactly calculated to put one's fears at rest. Meanwhile, the wind and rain seemed to increase, if possible; and I had retired to my place in the cabin, close to the bottom of the steps, that I might occasionally go on deck,—when the captain came down, in rather a hurried manner, with the binnacle-lamp in his hand—which had been extinguished;—and, while he was lighting it in the steward's room, I had an opportunity of hearing part of what passed between them; which had the effect of completely setting my fears *at rest*; that is to say, satisfying them that they were not without good reason on their side—which before I had very much doubted, and, consequently, had not permitted them to take any hold of me at all, but merely to flutter restlessly about me. What I learned from the talk between the steward and the captain was this:—that we were not far from the Goodwin Sands—that the wind was right in our teeth, and prevented the engine from making a yard of way against it—and that it would not do to go on;—that, accordingly, the captain had determined to abandon his course to London—turn the vessel's head—and make for Dover instead. For the captain of a packet (and he a Scotchman) to determine on giving up the profits of seventy or eighty passengers, at two-and-thirty shillings each, and try to land them at Dover instead of London, where he could only demand half-a-guinea, was a very satisfying proof of the state of things!

It is perhaps worth remarking, that this certain information as to our



danger (for such I considered it), so far from increasing the uneasiness that I had felt for the last two or three hours, completely set it at rest. Until now, I had been hampered between an indistinct and phantom-like apparition of danger, and a feeling that nothing of the kind existed; and my mind was kept floating about, backwards and forwards, between the two, without being able to dwell with either. But now, I knew what I had to expect, and felt that the best thing I could do was to prepare for the worst; and, accordingly, I did so, as coolly as ever I did any thing in my life. Whether there actually *was* imminent danger, or not, is not the question; I felt sure that there was, and was prepared to meet the consequences of it as collectedly as if there had been nothing terrible in them. That death was at hand, I believed as firmly as any one can believe it who is in good health, and does not see the blow of the executioner actually impending over him; but, instead of being stirred and agitated by this belief, I was entirely calmed by it, and will confidently say that I never felt, much less uttered, a single impatient murmur. I was prepared (much more fully than I had been before) to watch for, and make use of, any means of safety that might offer themselves when it came to the worst; and, in default of these, I was prepared to bear that worst as I might. I was prepared, also, in the mean time, to watch all that was taking place before me, with the eye of a mere spectator; and I *did* this, nearly in the same manner that I should if I had not been involved in the consequences. I noted the words and countenances of all present, and endeavoured to trace there what was passing in their minds, as if I had been looking at a picture; and I more than once remember to have congratulated myself on having been thrown into such remarkable circumstances—partly as a matter of experience and curiosity—but chiefly from a feeling of self-respect at the manner in which I found that I was capable of conducting myself under them. I had often thought—"What would I give to be in a storm at sea, but without the danger attending it!"—And here I was, *in* one at last—not without the danger, it is true—but I did not choose to think of that at the moment; and besides, it might pass away. But the fact of my being actually in a storm was, at all events, certain; and I remember sophisticating with myself in this way, till I was more than half pleased at what had happened. Let me not forget to state, however, that for *one* moment, when I thought death was really at hand, I did feel a pang not to be forgotten, but not to be described. The storm was at its height, when, at a momentary interval of silence in the great cabin, and just as I was looking towards the folding-doors of a smaller inner cabin, where a few beds were placed, and which was entirely occupied by female passengers, a sudden shout and scream was heard in that part of the vessel; and, one of the folding-doors bursting open, the female attendant of the vessel rushed out in apparent terror, and exclaimed—"The dead lights! the dead lights!"

I shall never forget the effect of these portentous sounds (for they were, indeed, under the circumstances, nothing less,) on all who heard them without knowing their import, and even on some who did know it. I, for one, if I had given myself a moment to think, should have known that the "dead lights" meant nothing more than those wooden shutters which they place outside the cabin-windows, to preserve them when a rough sea is likely to beat against them. But I recollected *nothing* but the sounds themselves—not their import; and, preceded as

they were by a universal scream of terror from the spot whence they issued, I confess that they struck upon my senses like a death-warrant.—"The dead lights!"—I thought the woman was kindly giving us notice that our time was come, by letting us know either that some frightful *signal* had been hoisted on the shore, to warn us that we were on the point of going on the rocks; or else that the captain had ordered a signal of distress to be hoisted on board the vessel; and that, in either case, the signal in question was called "the dead lights."

Enough, however, of my own feelings for the present; and let me endeavour to describe a few of the indications by which I was enabled to judge of those of others. And, first, let me speak of one of the sweetest visions of beauty that ever presented itself to a waking, or even a dreaming fancy. It appeared that the occasion of the female attendant having called for these "dead lights," was that a sea had burst in the window of the little cabin where the five or six beds were, and had nearly filled the place with water; and the occupiers of this place now, for the first time, made their appearance in our part of the vessel. The woman had scarcely uttered these words, which caused so much consternation among us, than the other folding-door at which she stood flew open, and in rushed half-a-dozen females, drenched with wet, and apparently half dead with fear and illness. I shall not particularly describe any of these, for terror is, at its best, the most humiliating and ungainly of passions; and, when it is acting at its height, on common minds in common persons, produces effects no less disgusting than painful. But there was one person—not among them, but following them—the sight of whom displaced for a time all other objects and thoughts from my mind. It was a young creature, apparently about fourteen years of age, who came drooping out from the inner cabin, and looking, as I have thought ever since, like an angel dropped by accident from some other sphere; or still more, perhaps, like the vision of Margaret, moving among the horrors of the Hartz mountains, in the *Faust* of Goëthe. I think, in the "*History of Peter Wilkins*," there is a description of one of the skyey creatures that he becomes acquainted with, who falls into the sea, and is rescued by him. She reminded me partly of this, too; and also of Kailyal, when she is rescued by her father from the river, into which she had fallen in endeavouring to escape from the persecuting rage of Kehama. Her clothes clung to her sylph-like form, as if they were a part of it; and the water dripped from her hair upon the ground as she walked. She was alone, with no one near her; and, passing gently along to a vacant place which some one in their terror had left open for her, she seated herself, without saying a word, and looked—as I never saw any one look before, and as I shall not pretend to describe, except by negatives. Her face seemed no more capable of expressing fear, or pain, or impatience, than a flower can; but, like a plucked flower, she merely drooped, and grew paler and paler, and hung down her sweet head, and seemed to be fading and fading away, as if she was slipping, willingly and imperceptibly, from life into death. There she sat, on the same spot, without moving or speaking, during nearly all the rest of the storm; and there I sat, nearly opposite to her, turning every now and then from the sights of pitiful and yet pitiable weakness and terror that were about me, to drink in a draught of that calm composure which seemed to breathe from her like a halo; and which I can compare to nothing but that air of silent, solemn sweetness, which seems to pour, like an emanation, from some of

the old monumental statues that are placed on tombs, to represent the heavenly repose of the inhabitant beneath.

The only other persons whose conduct, on that (to me) memorable night, I can recur to the recollection of, without calling up mingled feelings of grief and shame for the weakness and folly of poor human nature, were a new married couple (such at least I judged them to be), who occupied a situation close to that where I was placed during the greater part of the night; and even of these the husband would, I confess, have excited little or no interest in me, but for that which was, as it were, reflected on him from the wife: for in himself he appeared to be little better than a cold, lifeless statue, awakened into something of an artificial existence by the warmth of *her* love for him. Not that he did not seem to feel for her all the love that he was capable of feeling for any thing; but his cold, still, statue-like, yet intense expression of face, seemed to indicate that in him "passion had raved itself to rest." About himself, and all things but her, he seemed totally indifferent; and even his feelings towards her seemed to be so entirely under his own command—at least so far as regarded any outward manifestation of them—that, in speculating on the probable conduct of the different persons about me, in case of the worst, I had said to myself—"That man evidently loves his wife better than any thing else in the world, or than all things else; and yet he will see her sink into the deep with an unmoved countenance, and hear the last gasping sound of her voice without uttering an answering exclamation; and, supposing the spot where we are to be lost should be one from which there is no hope of rescue or escape, he will yield her up without an effort to save her, and will wait till it is his turn to follow her, with the same unmoved look that he would follow her funeral to the grave." Luckily, I had no means of verifying this prediction: we will, therefore, turn at once to the lady.

Though altogether different in appearance from the young girl I have described above, she was scarcely less beautiful, and even more interesting, on account of the circumstances which were acting upon her. She appeared to be in an extremely delicate state of health, and was reclining at her full-length on one of the black horse-hair mattresses provided for the purpose—for there were no beds any where but in the small inner cabin I before named. Her husband was seated on the same mattress, at her feet; and in this position (except that the husband two or three times went up the cabin-stairs for a moment to look at the weather) they remained the whole night. But what I would more particularly wish to describe (if I were able) was the face of this lady; for if ever the poetry of true passion was written on a human countenance in characters not to be passed over or mistaken, it was there. I must insist that

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— "there is a skill

To read the mind's observance in the face ;"

or, rather, there is an instinctive feeling that supersedes the necessity of skill, and that nothing but artificial circumstances can destroy, or render dormant. For those who are susceptible of natural impressions, to look upon this lady's face was to see delineated there the history and the prophecy blended of an all-absorbing passion—a passion that had been the one moving principle of her past life, and was to remain so through the future, in spite of all chance or change in other things—a passion



capable, as all true and deeply-seated passion is, of turning all things to food and nutriment, and yet, in the absence of all things, of sustaining itself alone and undieted. The effect of it, in the present instance, was most singular, and not to be understood or believed but by those who have penetrated into some of the recesses, and fathomed the depths, of that mystery of mysteries—the human heart, as it exists in the female bosom. Her face was “as a book, where you might read strange matters;” but matters scarcely at all connected with the strange scene and circumstances about her: or, rather, it was as a glass, where you might see reflected, not what was before it—which *any* glass could have reflected—but things which itself alone was capable of detecting. She looked in her husband’s face; and as *that* was, such was her’s: not as that might have seemed to others, but as the piercing glance of passion enabled *her* to see it, through the external mask which it wore. The raving of the winds—the beating of the rains—the heaving of the waters—above all, the scene immediately about her—the wretched, terror-stricken inmates of the cabin—all this was as nothing to her; except that, now and then, she would turn round her sweet, calm face, to speak a word of comfort (which she did not feel) to a poor creature who lay near her, weeping, praying, and raving by turns, in the very madness of womanish fear. The tempest and its terrors were (directly and in themselves) indifferent things to her. Even the “dead lights” moved her not at all: she alone, of all those who heard the sound, did not speak, or move from her place; she only turned, with a more than usually eager and inquiring look, to the face of her husband; and, finding nothing there to increase her fears, she placed her hand in that which he just then offered to her, listened silently to something that he said, and resumed her look and air of entire trust and dependence on him. It was of him alone that she thought, and of herself only as connected with him. I verily believe that she thought death was at hand, and not to be avoided; but death was to her a word that had hitherto meant nothing but *separation from him*; and if it was now to come, and *not* separate her from him, it was as nothing. If *he* did not dread it, why should she?—and, if they were to die together, what was death but a consummation of life? So entire an absence did there seem to be of all fear, but that of parting from him, that, when the apparently increased cause of terror to which I have just alluded presented itself, and he in consequence held out his hand for her to place her’s within it, a faint smile passed all over her pale face (seeming to rise out of the soft depth of her eyes, and spread itself all about, till it faded away round her still, patient mouth), which seemed to say, in the very spirit of the doating Moor, “If it were now to die, ’twere now to be most happy!” I was confirmed in this view of her feelings by what happened shortly afterwards. The husband, as I have said above, had two or three times left his place at her side for a moment, to go on deck, but had almost instantly returned; but, just after the consternation caused by the “dead lights” had in some degree ceased, he went up again, and did not return for perhaps a quarter of an hour. At first, she took no notice of his stay—merely directing her look to the spot where she would first see him on his return; but, when he had stayed two or three minutes, she began to look anxious and restless; then, as his stay was prolonged, her countenance put on an expression of disturbed eagerness, which I had scarcely thought it capable of; and, at length, her hitherto tranquil demeanour was entirely thrown aside. She rose from



where she was lying—called loudly and impatiently on the “steward”—and, when he came to her, desired him to “see for her husband;” and, on the man professing not to know which was “her husband,” she in an instant gave a description of him, which enabled the man to go on deck, and seek him out among many more who were there. I have ever since thought this a fine example of the power of passion. It had rendered one image so exclusively present to her imagination, that, in the midst of her terrors, she could strike off a picture of it that an utter stranger could not fail to recognize the moment he compared it with the original. The husband now returned, and, at the same instant, the terror and agitation that had possessed her during his absence vanished; a half-smiling confidence once more spread itself over her features; and all was as before.

But I must draw this long narrative to a close. For two hours before what I have just described took place, we had been beating off Dover harbour, immediately before its mouth, but with too little water to think of attempting to enter. The day now broke; but the wind remained unabated, and blew directly off the land. Here we remained, beating up against it, by means of the steam, for two hours longer, but without daring to attempt an entrance. The shore was, even at this early hour, lined with the inhabitants, watching (as we thought) the event of any assistance that might be needed by us; and we every moment expected to see some of their pilot-boats put off for that purpose. Alas! we little knew the habits of feeling that are engendered by commercial speculation—especially among the inhabitants of a sea-port town. We shortly after (thanks to our steam!) entered the harbour, and landed safely; and, on my way to town the next day, I learned (from the very best authority—for it was one of the *interested* parties), what the reader will scarcely believe to be true (and what I should not dare to assert on any ground but the avowal of it to my own ears)—that the inhabitants of Dover were actually watching our fate from their shore, anxiously expecting—not to say hoping—that we should have gone down before their eyes! And my informant candidly confessed to me (on my inquiring why they did not send out boats to us), that it was probable, *had* we gone down, the last sounds we should have heard would have been shouts of exultation from the shore!! Does the reader divine—why?—*Because we were in a London steam-boat!* And nothing could be more natural, as it seemed, to my informant, the stage-coachman who drove me to town. “Send out boats to your assistance! Why, Sir, the new steamers between London and Calais take above four hundred pounds a month from the coach-masters alone on this road!” This was unanswerable; so I said no more—but silently blessed my stars that I had been in a steamer, and determined never to set my foot in one again; since, though it had in fact saved us, by keeping us off the rocks (which I firmly believe nothing else would), yet it *might* have lost us, by depriving us, in case we had needed it, of that assistance which we should otherwise have had offered to us at the risk of the offerers’ lives.

## A NIGHT AT VENICE.

THOSE who have been at Venice in the month of September, know tolerably well that it is not, on many accounts, to be then desired as a place of residence. The season is changeful and gloomy, the theatres are poor, the gaities feebly supported; but these are not the arguments that weigh most with an experienced man.

I was at the Leone Bianco, in most respects a well-appointed inn, and furnished with comforts not always to be met with by the continental traveller. If the "Osservazione" be credible, which one may read in monotonous succession in the "Libro dei Forestieri," the accommodations are excellent, the waiters attentive, the charges moderate, &c. &c. &c.; but being a plain man, I had only my English notions about me, and found these encomiums rather too broad. It cannot justly be said wherein the defect lay: some may imagine the cookery to have been meagre; some will find a flaw in the civility; but I am fanciful, and object to other matters.

I went to my repose on the first night of my arrival, half intoxicated with the romance of the place. The music of the gondoliers, and splashing of their oars, lulled me into a pleasant sleep, and nothing was in my head but the glory of her doges, the beauty of her daughters, galleys, painters, Tasso, Lord Byron, and Kean's Shylock. Here were the elements of a dozen good dreams at least; but even one was denied to me. I thought that I was gliding along the serpentine canals of this great city, which somehow or other were nothing else all the while than my own blood vessels. I paddled away, dexterously turning the corners of my sharp bones, and wondering, as I went, at the fair edifices of muscle in the foreground. Methought mine own left ear was built by Palladio, and I construed my "innocent nose" into the bridge of sighs. I heard some music. Was it a stanza of the Gerusalemme? No, 'tis too regular; or a Barcarola? No, 'tis too dull. Still it follows, and becomes at each stroke of the oar shriller and nearer. I cannot escape it; the drawling sound sings close beside me; yes, even within my reach! I started up, and killed a mosquito just settling on my cheek.

Comforted now, at any rate, with the assurance that my enemy was foiled, it was with but a single exclamation of ill-humour that I turned myself round, and dosed once more.

Methought I was Doge Foscari, at the siege of Constantinople. It struck me as particularly odd, that I should find myself there, and I did not at all enjoy it. Why I was blind, I could not guess; nor saw I any reason for fighting. There was plenty of carnage on all sides, and I was quite enthusiastic. I rushed up the wall, hallooing and cheering my men; but I could not conceive how it all came about; and speculating in my own proper person, I thought the Venetian senate very weak to put me at the head of their affairs. What execution I did with my sabre! How I astonished the Moslemites, and myself too, by my intrepidity! I kicked, plunged, and tumbled into the very midst of my enemies, and in a particular explosion of my fury, found myself rolling on the ground, with a dozen of the same winged persecutors buzzing about my nose!

Now, for the first time, was I struck with the real cause of my afflictions. There was no mosquito-net to my bed. Unused to such matters, I had neglected to select one so defended, and thus had the prospect of a long night to be passed in a similar state of suffering. In vain were

the most approved expedients adopted. I smothered myself first under my sheet, then under my silk handkerchief. I drew my night-cap over my entire visage, then ensconced my upper part under a band-box; but it was of no avail. I arose weary and feverish, and walked towards the window, which the sagacious servant had closed at sunset, as a sure specific against the entrance of these owl-light visitors. In my way to open it, my ear was caught by a heavy smash, as of crockery or glass, in the adjoining apartment. This was followed by a loud and unequivocal oath, uttered in broad English. In sympathy of suffering, I meekly asked what might be the matter? upon which a voice exclaimed in answer, "What the deuce! You are at that door now, are you? And you want to know what's the matter? Allow me to ask you the same question, for I'm getting impatient at all this clatter of yours?"

I answered the stranger, and my fellow-lodger—for such he was—that I could not guess to what he alluded.

"What!" cried he, "then wasn't it you who thumped at the other door just now; and so, dragged me from my bed, to the eternal destruction of this crockery-ware, and damage of my shin?"

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Then," said he, "the devil, or some of his imps, are abroad to-night, destroying my peace and the king's, by the most wanton clamour I ever swore at in my life." And these words were no sooner uttered, than a gentle tap was distinctly heard—even by myself—at the outer door of the stranger's room. Our chambers had a common wall, and door of communication, and the unexplained noise was on the farther side, along which ran a corridor. My neighbour challenged the disturber, without effect, and his nerves began to be a little shaken. A conference was then proposed, and having got into his room through the common door, I recommended admission of the visitor, and a trial of his character in proper presence. My new friend seemed sore puzzled how to receive this proposal. There was much hemming and haughting, but at length, with a mutual determination to stand by each other, the door was opened. What sight greeted us then! By the feeble light of a night-lamp carried in our visitor's hand, we could discern the figure of a female, clothed apparently in nothing beyond her bedroom garments, save as to her head, which was covered with a bonnet and long black veil. We started with much surprise and something like terror. Irritated and excited as I had been by my broken sleep, it was no wonder that my spirits had lost some little of their robustness; and my companion had made up his mind to a guest of so opposite a description, as to be even more startled than myself by the apparition. She put her finger slowly to her lips, and pointing along the corridor, advanced two or three steps from the door-way. We stood in amazement, and our hesitation seemed to disappoint her, for returning to her original post, she laid her hand, it might be rather forcibly, on my friend's arm, and urged him on in the direction she had pointed out. A thousand times more forcibly did he grasp my wrist, determined at any rate to have a sharer in his perils; for my own part I could not conjecture the secret springs of this mystery. At times I thought our guide was a bodiless phantom, then I feared she might be a maniac, but more often I made it out to be entirely a dream, and that her whole existence was the fabrication of a mind teased and stimulated by the agency of some pestiferous mosquito. I rubbed my eyes stoutly, and was convinced of my being awake. Upon this, I was proceeding to address the



stranger, when my attention was arrested by an admonitory kick from my nervous fellow-martyr, who had now no other instrument left to him. After this piece of counsel, we followed the spirit, and paced along one or two passages, and, I think, descended a flight of stairs, when, on a sudden, the dusky cavalcade stopped at a door numbered—(good genius! how had I courage to read!)—numbered 26. It was opened by the shadowy thing in a chemise, and courteously thrown back, till her two silent companions were fairly within it. Then, putting down her lamp, she closed and locked the door, took out the key, and arranging a couple of chairs, indicated to us that they were to be occupied by ourselves. We mutely sat down, and the mysterious personage, as if satisfied by our obedience, drew aside the curtain of a large bed that almost filled the room, and without more ado, getting between the bed-clothes, withdrew herself from our sight, by closing the curtain as before.

We were left in a very considerable dilemma. Sitting side by side in a strange apartment, ourselves strangers, and in a costume not much adapted to an introductory interview, two more perplexed men did not exist. What could this goblin be? Or was it *no* goblin, but a mere imagination. I gently smacked my cheek, but no mosquito was there. Then whatever it might be, how were we to escape? We stared at each other in mute dismay, and I suppose I must have looked like an especial fool, if my companion's countenance bore any likeness to my own. We were oscillating between the absurdity and the suspense of our situation, and though we dared not move or talk, or even breathe stoutly, we could not but smile at the idea, that heroes of such a romance should be *sans-culottes*. The state was not one to be long endured. No sound disturbed the quiet of that sanctuary into which the spirit had entered. Occasionally, indeed, a stirring, as of mortal breathing, or a displaced coverlid, awed us into good behaviour, and checked our plans for self-emancipation. But for the most part, all was still and awful as a churchyard. We looked at each other wistfully, and at last one had the courage to incline his head towards effecting a closer neighbourhood. This was followed by sundry indistinct sounds—the attempt to dwindle a whisper down to its lowest possible minuteness, and these ventures being made with impunity, four distinct syllables were at length out-breathed:—

“What shall we do?”

This effort was succeeded by a “hush!” and a long pause; but our little tricks being innocent or unnoticed, we took the heart to commune still farther on the subject.

“Is she a ghost?”

“Can't be, sure.”

“Did you see her face?”

“No.”

“What do you think of her?”

“What do you?”

This question was tormenting. It could not be answered in a word, and we had not many to throw away. The next matter of doubt was considered.

“Do we stay here all night?”

“I hope not.”

“But how get away?”

“Is the door fast?”

“She has the key.”



"Humph!"

"Humph!"

A pause again.

Still no noise disturbed the current of our counsels. The curtains fell firmly to the ground, and the gleams from the night-lamp darted steadily on the various furniture of the room. But yet it was very long before the only method which could ensure our retreat was agreed upon. I am persuaded that an entire hour had passed away before we could resolve on seeking for the key where we thought it was to be found. At last the resolution was taken. We left our seats, and advancing on tiptoe, stole towards the bed. The light was flickering, and almost exhausted; we had to grope our way, and, caught by some obstacle, the foot of my companion slid noisily along the floor. A gentle voice instantly called out in most melodious Italian, and hastily inquired who was there. Somewhat assured by this hearing, I answered that there were indeed persons in the chamber, but most anxious to get out of it; that they would never have entered it, had they dared to stay away, nor have remained an instant, had they been permitted to depart.

The same voice, but in more timid accents, again asked what prevented our leaving the room?

We answered that the door was fastened.

"Who can have done so?" cried she, impatiently.

"I know not," I replied, "unless, indeed, it were yourself, lady?"

"Do not sport with me, Sir," returned the gentle voice; "but tell me truly, how long you may have been here?"

"Somewhere between one and two hours."

"And wherefore did you come?"

"Because we were compelled—that is, induced by some one, whose name or description we cannot give you, inasmuch as we do not know it."

"And I pray you, Sir, what then became of your conductor?"

"Why, to tell the plain truth, she, or it, withdrew behind that bed-curtain, and, to the best of our belief, there remained: so that you see, lady, there was an excuse for the conjecture that you might possibly know something about this matter."

"Sirs," answered she, "you are trifling with me; as you are gentlemen, I beseech you leave the room, or be assured I will wake up the house without farther loss of time."

"Madam," I rejoined, in as persuasive a tone as possible, "nothing can be more serious than I am, when I assure you that the person by whom we were guided thither, retired into that bed, after having locked us up in this apartment, very much against our inclination. And if you want a farther testimony, you will, I doubt not, find there the very key of that very door, the possession of which we at this moment so intensely covet."

We heard the lady turn round, and utter a half-subdued exclamation. She then threw something on the floor, at the same time addressing us with a more confirmed tone, in the following words:—

"Gentlemen, you are right. I ask your pardon for having doubted your assertions. There is the key, and I entreat you, as you are men of honour, not to divulge this story while you remain in Venice; for busy tongues would make it scandalous, and no one would believe that my poor sister was subject to sleep-walking."

ÆVAH.

## SLANG DICTIONARIES.

OF slang dictionaries, more than of any other kind of work, it may be said, that their glory is transitory. If we know that, in language in general, many words are born, many revive, many decay, many entirely die, how much more true is it of those repositories of the current phraseology of a society which, in its own generation, is obscure, and in the next is forgotten. The language of the vulgar perishes as speedily as the fashions of the great, and the succeeding Slang-whanger, as our transatlantic relations call the proficient in this dialect, looks upon the quips and quiddities of his predecessor with as much contempt as the ton leader of to-day looks upon the cut of the coat or the tie of the cravat, that ten years before conferred renown upon the *ci-devant* king of the dandies.

Yet, it is worth while to look over these books, little available as they are for literary purposes. We have heard the study of their dialect commended, on the ground of its advantage in understanding the colloquial expressions of our dramatic writings, or the occasional escapades of our classical authors, in prose and verse; but we fear that its merits here are not very important. The language of Nym, &c. in Shakspeare, of the heroes of the *Beggar's Bush*, a few stray sentences in Fielding or Smollett, and, of late years, some half dozen in Moore or Byron, would be found to exhaust the passages in which we should feel any necessity to look into a canting dictionary. A glossary of a couple of pages would amply suffice to explain the "terms of art," in this list. We must defend it upon other grounds. In the first place, these dictionaries can be so managed as to be the vehicles of much wit and humour; and, secondly, they frequently afford no small assistance to the antiquary in tracing out habits or manners of the lower orders, or the dissipated wits of former times. The etymologist even may not be unamused at trying the potency of his art on their whimsical vocables, and may, (as could be proved, if the inquiry were worth the trouble) glean out of this lowest class of literature, if we may venture so to profane the word, every now and then a canon which may serve as a guide, or a confirmation, to his more serious inquiries.

Among ourselves there has been no dearth of these books. In Harrison's *Description of England* (which is prefixed to Hollinshed's *Chronicle*) we are informed, while speaking of gipsies, &c., "It is not yet fifty years sith (since) this have began; but how it hath prospered sithens (since) that time it is easy so judge; for they are now supposed, of one sexe and another, to amount to above ten thousand persons, as I have harde reported. Moreover, in counterfeiting the Egyptian rogues, they have devised a language among themselves, which they name canting, but others Pedlar's French, a speech compact, thirty years ago, of English, and a great number of odd words of their own deriving, without all order or reason; and yet such it is, as none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck, as a just reward, no doubt, for his desartes, and a common end to all of that profession.

"A gentleman (Mr. Thomas Harman) also of late hath taken great pains to search out the secret practises of this ungracious rabble; and, among other things, he setteth down and describeth twenty-two sorts of them, whose names it shall not be amisse to remember, whereby each one may gather what wicked people they are, and what villainy remaineth in them."

The list gathered by worthy Mr. Harman, which thus excites the anger of Mr. Harrison, has been often reprinted. The ungracious rogues are carefully divided into fourteen classes of men, and nine of women. This Linnæan distribution consists of—1. Rufflers.—2. Upright men.—3. Hookers and anglers.—4. Rogues.—5. Wild rogues.—6. Priggers of prancers.—7. Palliades.—8. Fraters.—9. Jarkmen or Patricoes.—10. Fresh-water mariners, or whip-jackets.—11. Drummerers.—12. Drunken tinkers.—13. Swadlers, or pedlars; and, 14. Abrams. The ladies are,—1. Demanders for glimmer (fire).—2. Baskets.—3. Morts.—4. Autem morts.—5. Walking morts.—6. Doxies.—7. Delles. 8. Kinching morts; and, 9. Kinching coes.

Hollinshed's Chronicles appeared in 1577; and thirty-three years before that brings us to about the time of the suppression of the monasteries. These institutions fed multitudes of the poor, who, until the establishment of the poor laws, were left wholly destitute. It is no wonder then that there should be a more than usual spread of pauperism over the country, which those laws were intended to remedy. The harsh and reckless way in which King Henry the Eighth turned out the friars themselves, giving himself, in many instances, very little trouble to inquire how they were to be provided for, added to the mendicants. Hence, perhaps, the name "fraters" for the eighth class in the above list. In an etymological point of view, we can easily account for the springing up of a new dialect among the lower orders about that time, without attributing it altogether to their roguish propensities. The language of England—we speak of the people emphatically—at all times after the conquest, had been Saxon; that of the Normans, and those who in after times represented them, French. These languages had been for a long time approaching to a complete amalgamation, but their final union was considerably hastened by the civil wars, which imposed upon the great a necessity of cultivating an acquaintance with all the various dialects of different parts of the country. The bringing together of the inhabitants of the north, south, east, and west of England, as was continually the case in these wars, of itself produced a *lingua Franca*; and Mr. Harman himself would perhaps have been not a little astonished to find that many of the words which he, in all probability, would have stigmatized as the casual inventions of rogues, for the purpose of casting a veil over their mal-practices, were more solidly English, than the picked phraseology of the gallants of the court.

The Egyptians, of whom he speaks, drew their vocabulary from a very different origin. They had, about this time, made their appearance in Europe, where, until their knaveries exposed them, they were, in general, most favourably received. There exists a document, signed by our James I., while he was only King of Scotland, granting certain privileges to John Fa, Duke of Little Egypt, and other very sonorous titles, and his lordship over his gipsies was acknowledged with all feudal nicety of detail. But they soon got a very ill repute, and the statute, which made it felony, without benefit of clergy, to be one hour in their company, has been repealed only in our times. They are now generally supposed to have been a Hindoo tribe; and the researches of Indian scholars have succeeded in identifying their patter with one of the dialects of Hindostan.

This collection of Mr. Harman's appears to have been the first attempt to make a dictionary of the vulgar tongue. He called it "A Caveat for



Common Cursitors, commonly called Vagabones, set forth by Thomas Harman, Esq., for the Utilitye and Proffyt of his Natural Country." It was published in 1567, and has been often described in books of English bibliography.

In 1608, "The Bellman of London," and, in 1615, "Thieves falling out, True Men come by their own," were published. These books contain the slang language then in vogue. In 1638, their contents were incorporated with many additions in "English Villanies," seven several times prest to death by the Printers, &c. At the end of which is a "Canting Dictionary," to teach that language, with songs in the dialect. Its author assures us, in his title-page, which is rather too voluminous to copy, that it is "a booke to make gentlemen merrie, citizens warie, countrymen carefull; fit for justices to reade over, because it is a pilot by whom they may make strange discoveries." We are sorry to say that the wit of the book is rather of the thinnest, and that the gentlemen, whom it was calculated to make merry, were easily satisfied.

As, however, it is not our intention to write a bibliographical account of these works, we refer the curious in such matters to the preface of Jon Bee's whimsical Slang Dictionary, of which two editions have been published. Jon is the only author we know of, who ventures on an etymology of the word "slang." He derives it, with what truth we cannot tell, from a Newgate onomatopœia. The clashing of the irons, with which the inhabitants of Whittington's College (as a book entitled "Hell upon Earth," published in 1703, calls Newgate) are ornamented, it seems, utter, as the prisoners walk, the sound of *sling-slang*, as church bells have, from time immemorial, said "ding-dong." Hence, by a natural transition, the voice of the irons was applied to the language of their wearers; the nature of which it is rather unnecessary to describe. Neither Johnson nor Todd contain the word at all, though, as the writer of the very clever preface to Robinson's late reprint of Johnson justly remarks, the reverend gentleman has supplied the words which it signifies in sufficient abundance. We vouch not, however, for the accuracy of Mr. Bee's etymology.

It was merely our intention to have given a few specimens of the only real wit among our English lexicographers of this class, Francis Grose, but we found it necessary to say what we have just written as a preface. Grose was indeed a droll fellow: a fat, round, oily man, and full of glee. In size and good humour he rivalled Falstaff; he might have rivalled him in wit, too, if that of Falstaff had not been supplied by Shakspeare. His very picture, in the poorest engraving, is redolent of fun. The honest face, the loose-girt paunch, the stick firmly planted in the ground, all speak his character. He lived in jollity, and he died of laughing. It was a fine illustration of his mode of life, that when he was paymaster of the Jersey Militia, he kept but two account-books—and those were his right and left-hand breeches pockets—the one being the debtor and the other the creditor pocket. It is said that the pecuniary consequences of this mode of doing business, were what first set him on deriving money from the productions of his pencil—all of which are too well known to require further notice here. He died in Ireland, to which country he had gone for the purpose of sketching its antiquities. A joke (tradition says not a very cleanly one) so tickled his fancy, that he was seized with a fit of laughing, so immoderate, as

to occasion the rupture of a blood-vessel, of which he died, in the year 1791. He was then in his sixtieth year, having been born in 1731, at Richmond, where his father was a jeweller. Every one knows the verses which Burns addressed to him, and which the author of "Waverley" has taken as the motto of his "Tales of my Landlord,"—"Hear, land o'cakes, and brither Scots," &c. In that poem there is a capital description of Grose's person:—

If in your bounds ye chance to light  
Upon a fine, fat, fodge wight,  
O' stature short, but genius bright,  
That's he—mark weel.  
And wow! he has an unco slight  
O' cauk and keel.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,  
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled,  
But now he's quit the spurtle-blade  
And dog-skin wallet,  
And ta'en the antiquarian trade,  
I think they call it.

But wad ye see him in his glee,  
(For meikle glee and fun hath he)  
Then set him down, and twa or three  
Gude fellows wi' him,  
And *port O! port!* shin thou a wee,  
And then ye'll see him.

Now, by the pow'rs of verse and prose,  
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose;  
Whae'er o'thee shall ill suppose,  
They sair misca' thee.  
I'll tak' the rascal by the nose—  
Wad say—shame fa' thee.

His classical dictionary of the vulgar tongue is a curious production. It was suggested to him, he tells us, by the satirical and burlesque dictionary of M. Le Roux—a singular book, in its way, of which we may take notice hereafter. To make it complete, he consulted all the printed authorities, including those which we have above enumerated, and several others; but he did not rely solely upon books. He informs us that "the second part, or burlesque terms, have been drawn from the most classical authorities; such as soldiers on the long march; seamen at the capstern; ladies disposing of their fish, and the colloquies of a Gravesend boat. Many heroic sentences, expressing and inculcating a contempt of death, have been caught from the mouths of the applauding populace, attending those triumphal processions up Holborn Hill, with which many an unfortunate hero till lately finished his course; and various choice flowers have been collected at executions, as well those authorized by the sentence of the law, and performed under the direction of the sheriff, as those inflicted under the authority and inspection of that impartial and summary tribunal—the mob, upon pick-pockets, informers, and other unpopular criminals."

Even in a jocular dictionary the prevailing bent of the mind must break out, and the antiquary cannot avoid telling us that, "in the course of this work many ludicrous games and customs are explained,

which are not to be met with in any other book; the sacrifices of the finishers of the law, the abolition of the triumph or ovation of Holborn Hill, with the introduction of the present mode of execution at Newgate, chronologically ascertained;—points of great importance to both the present and future compilers of the Tyburn Chronicle.”

To this praise the work is deservedly entitled. In no language, we believe, does there exist so copious a collection of synonymes for the last finisher of the law. Nor, when we consider the vast number of offences which are visited with the penalty of death among us, can this be wondered at. It is too common not to have become sometimes more an object of jest than of awe—particularly if we consider that many of the crimes so punished can never be looked upon by the populace at least as deserving of such an infliction. Nor is Grose confined solely to hanging—for his work abounds in allusions to every sort of punishment inflicted with or without law. We shall extract a dozen or so at random.

What is an anabaptist, gentle reader? You will probably think of John of Leyden, and the gentlemen in Munster, in all their altitudes—or of a grave, argumentative, and long-faced disputant, in a Geneva cloak. Grose will set you on a different scent. *His* anabaptist is—“a pickpocket caught in the fact, and ducked in the next horse-pond.”

Air and exercise may probably call up novel ideas in the sentimental mind, or, in the hypochondriac, may suggest the nature of the doctor and his ultimatum. Here the sense is rather different, and somewhat disagreeable in practice; for air and exercise, it seems, is but the softened manner of expressing “a whipping at the cart’s-tail.” Another article informs us, that a gentleman who enjoys this diversion is said to be “fly-flapped.”

“Babes in the wood,” we all know, are people in the stocks or the pillory; but it is not perhaps as generally suspected that “puzzling-sticks” are the triangles at which culprits are whipped, or that a “spread-eagle” is a soldier tied up to undergo that operation.

To “kiss the gunner’s daughter,” is certainly not an amatory feat comparable to the ceremony of embracing the maiden in former days; but when we learn that it is being tied to a gun, and flogged upon the seat of honour, we must admit that the lady’s embrace is not delightful. An infliction on the same part, of a different kind, recurs in the name of “cobbing,” which is—

“A punishment used by the seamen for petty offences or irregularities among themselves: it consists in bastonading the offender on the sitting part with a cobbing stick, or pike staff; the number usually inflicted is a dozen. At the first stroke the executioner repeats the word *watch*, on which all persons present are to take off their hats, on pain of like punishment: the last stroke is always given as hard as possible, and is called *the purse*. Ashore, among soldiers, where this punishment is sometimes adopted, *watch* and *the purse* are not included in the number, but given over and above, or, in the vulgar phrase, free gratis for nothing. This piece of discipline is also inflicted in Ireland, by the school-boys, on persons coming into the school without taking off their hats; it is there called school butter.”

But, without dwelling on the minor punishments, hanging, as Grose premises, cuts a most prominent figure in his book. Its synonymes are endless. It is known by the name of “riding the horse foaled by an acorn;”—“mounting the three-legged mare,” a term that, we are carefully told, is now inappropriate, since the invention of that *elegant*



(Grose's word) contrivance, the new drop, which invention, he informs us, was first employed for a peer ;—" going to bed up a ladder ;"—" dancing at Beilby's ball," but who Mr. Beilby was, our lexicographer says, must remain with the quadrature of the circle, the discovery of the philosopher's stone, and divers other desiderata, yet undiscovered ;—" crying cockles" (perhaps from the noise made while strangling) :—" croaking" (for the same reason) :—" dancing upon nothing ;"—" dangling in the sheriff's picture-frame ;"—" picking the deadly never-green, that bears fruit all the year round ;"—" chanting the dismal ditty ;"—" riding backwards up Holborn-hill," on which we have the following history :—

" The way to Tyburn, the place of execution for criminals condemned in London, was up Holborn-hill. Criminals going to suffer, always ride backwards, as some conceive, to increase the ignominy, but more probably to prevent them being shocked with a distant view of the gallows ; as, in amputations, surgeons conceal the instruments with which they are going to operate. The last execution at Tyburn, and, consequently, the last of this procession, was in the year 1784, since which the criminals have been executed near Newgate."

—" Kicking the clouds before the hotel-door ;"—" going off with the fall of the leaf," which is a piece of Irish wit, and the people of Ireland ought to be well acquainted with all the minutiae of hanging.

" Cum multes aliis quæ nunc perscriben losqua."

The very names of the hangmen have honourable mention made of them: *ex. gr.*

" DERRICK. The name of the finisher of the law, or hangman, about the year 1608.—' for he rides his circuit with the devil, and Derrick must be his host, and Tiburne the inne at which he will lighte.' *Vide* Bellman of London, in art. PRIGGIN LAW.—' At the gallows, where I leave them, as to the haven at which they must all cast anchor, if Derrick's cables do but hold.'" *Ibid.*

Dun was hangman, it appears, *temp.* Henry VIII. But we must give the article on Ketch :—

" KETCH. Jack Ketch ; a general name for the finishers of the law, or hangmen, ever since the year 1682, when the office was filled by a famous practitioner of that name, of whom his wife said, that any bungler might put a man to death, but only her husband knew how to make a gentleman die sweetly. This officer is mentioned in Butler's Ghost, page 54, published about 1682, in the following lines :

' Till Ketch, observing he was chous'd,  
And in his profits much abus'd,  
In open hall the tribute dunn'd,  
To do his office, or refund.'

Mr. Ketch had not long been elevated to his office ; for the name of his predecessor, Dun, occurs in the former part of this poem, page 39 :

' For you yourself to act squire Dun,  
Such ignominy ne'er saw the sun.'

The addition of 'squire,' with which Mr. Dun is here dignified, is a mark that he had beheaded some state criminal for high treason ; an operation which, according to custom, for time out of mind, has always entitled the operator to that distinction. The predecessor of Dun was Gregory-Brandon, from whom the gallows was called the Gregorian tree ; by which name it is

mentioned in the prologue to *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, tragi-comedy, acted at Paris, &c. 1641

‘This trembles under the black rod, and he  
Doth fear his fate from the Gregorian-tree.’

“Gregory Brandon succeeded Derrick.”

Our partibularian taste has, we perceive, made us extract on that favourite topic so largely, as to preclude us from taking notice of the marvellous contents of Grose’s book on other points—to which, therefore, we refer the curious reader. We fear that we cannot, however, recommend it to the unrestrained perusal of virgins and boys, although we have the following assurance from Grose himself:—

“To prevent any charge of immorality being brought against this work, the Editor begs leave to observe, that, when an indelicate or immodest word has obtruded itself for explanation, he has endeavoured to get rid of it in the most decent manner possible; and none have been admitted, but such as either could not be left out, without rendering the work incomplete, or in some measure compensate by their wit for the trespass committed on decorum. Indeed, respecting this matter, he can, with great truth, make the same defence that Falstaff ludicrously urges in behalf of one engaged in rebellion, viz., that he did not seek them, but that, like rebellion in the case instanced, they lay in his way, and he found them.”

In spite of this, there are many articles which are more amusing than calculated to edify; and though succeeding editions have been, in some degree, pruned, yet enough remains behind to whisper whence he stole his balmy spoils. We suppose that those who enjoy the woodcock must enjoy the trail also, and, without doubt, the squeamishness of those who do such business by halves is rather ridiculous. The Bowdlers of literature should not do the work of the Lord negligently. It is a whimsical fact that some foreign dictionaries, particularly German ones, have copied some of the grossest of the words with the most amusing gravity, considering them as necessary and well-established phrases of the English language.

The last editor of Grose was Mr. Pierce Egan—a gentleman totally unfitted for the task. Grose’s slang is wit—he laughs at and despises those who use it in earnest. Pierce Egan’s is sheer vulgarity, and he evidently considers those who employ these words as persons of no small mark. Grose mixed among gentlemen—Pierce Egan among boxers. Accordingly, the words which he has added come exclusively from the witless people of the ring; and, page after page, we are sickened with quotations from “Randall’s Diary,” and articles indicating the most intimate acquaintance with the robbers and ruffians who pick pockets by prize-fighting. Naturally enough imagining that Grose, whose humour he is quite incapable of appreciating, must have been enamoured of mere vulgarity, he, in the memoir prefixed, favours us with an account of his supposed peregrinations in Wapping and St. Giles’s. In short, even the couple of wood-cuts which he gives are from his own “Life in London;” and that is, we suppose, saying enough upon the subject. So stupid a farrago of vulgar nonsense—so miserable an attempt at wit and humour—never was produced. The engravings floated the lumber. In the present case, Mr. Egan has not the pencil of Cruikshank to assist him; and, accordingly, all *his* part of the new edition of Grose is dull and disgusting.

## FRIAR BACON'S KEY:

" THERE are two modes, in the present day, by which any one may get the name of a liberal man, and in the lottery of good things, I know few reputations more profitable. Be what you please, or do what you please, it matters little, so long as you have a character for generosity. This single virtue, or, what will do just as well, the appearance of it, will stand you in stead of all the other virtues; it is a cloak to cover the inward nakedness, an umbrella to keep off the pitiless pelting of the storm when it is pouring somewhat too freely on the head of unworthiness. In short, what is it not, in the way of profit or defence, to the fortunate possessor? Nor is the obtaining of it, by any means, as I have said, a difficult task to him who has a purse, the roads to it being an hundred fold—among the best, say, subscribing to some fund, where the money is not wanted; or purchasing, at an enormous price, some works of art that you don't understand or care about, and setting up a museum. As to your children or relations, if you happen to have any, you need not waste a thought upon them; for, as all you may do on their account is no more than what you *ought* to do, it cannot redound to the praise of your liberality; and, therefore, you may as well leave it undone."

Such was the advice of my friend Dives; and, as it happened to chime in with my own notions of the truth, I resolved to send my poor relations to the devil, or to any one else who might think proper to take them in; while, in the meantime, I opened my "collecting" campaign in a celebrated auction-room at the west-end of the town. The object I had selected for the foundation of my new character as a "patronizing man," was a Venus or a Hercules, that Mr. C—— had to sell: the antiquarians could not decide which of the two characters above named properly belonged to it; and no wonder, seeing that the god or goddess had been by time and accidents so reduced and shorn of its original properties, as to bear no bad resemblance to a mile-stone—saving only in its material, which, I can vouch, without being a connoisseur, to have been genuine marble. Such as it was, however, the fame of this mutilated sculpture had roused the whole body of antiquarians, equestrian and pedestrian, amateurs and professors. Anxious, at least, to be able to say I had bid for such a rarity, even though I should fail to win it, for want of that species of courage which, I opine, is the highest of all courage, namely, the courage to part with one's money, I hurried to the auction-room at an early hour, and found the orator already risen, and holding forth, with much eloquence and learning, upon a very equivocal as well as humble article. What that article was, I must not venture to say; wanting the speaker's exquisite powers of periphrasis, which enabled him at once to veil and ennoble that subject, which, to say the truth, stood in need both of one assistance and the other. Indeed, as my friend Dives remarked to me in a whisper, the dapper, smooth-chinned gentleman, with his starched collar, his oily tongue, and still more oily face, looked the very genius of crockery, the born Apollo of Delft and China-ware. But my mind was bent on higher matters, namely, on the Venus or Hercules, and I soon grew heartily sick of the tropes and similes that buzzed about my ears like so many May-chaffers on a warm summer's evening. All the bidding and battling previous to the struggle for the precious statue,



appeared as so much tedious prologue to the grand drama, or skirmishing, by way of prelude, to the grand engagement. But still, in spite of my disregard or contempt, I grew out of patience as the delay continued. First I tried my snuff-box—next I beat the devil's tattoo with my feet—next I grew hot—then hotter—then boiling hot—then red-hot—till by the time the orator had come to lot ninety-seven, *an antique key*, the fever had exhausted itself, and with itself, exhausted me; and the previous tension of the nerves was succeeded by a gentle inclination to drowsiness, which was only at all resisted or kept back by the unaccountable interest I all at once seemed to take in this old key. It was only a key, and old, and green as the copper sheathing of a vessel after a twelvemonth's voyage;—nothing more than an old-fashioned massive key with a sliding ring in place of the fixed one that crowns the modern handle. But for all this I could not help listening, as the price rose, and what was worse, bidding, though every "I thank you, Sir," of the auctioneer, sounded in my ears marvellously like, "well nibbled, gudgeon; take another snap, fool; the hook is not well in your gullet yet!"

"Gentleman," said the orator, "this key is—a key—I mean a key katerochen—that is, ladies, *par excellence*,—the key of keys,—it can be traced up into the possession of the celebrated Friar Bacon, the inventor of gunpowder. Look at it, ladies and gentlemen,—smell it,—taste it." Here Mr. Fudge suited the action to the word, and, licking his lips, went on with an air of ineffable relish.—"Excellent! I protest it has the true antique relish—none of your modern rust, but the genuine tinge of the olden time. No one can be deceived in that matter."

"But are you quite sure it belonged to Friar Bacon?" asked a little, limping antiquarian, who looked amongst men much as a turnspit does amongst dogs.—"But are you quite sure?"

"*Terque quaterque*," replied the orator.

"Because I don't buy for myself; I am only the lion's jackall, you know.—Ha! ha!"

"His jack-ass, rather," muttered a young man, who stood between me and the limping querist.

"You may rely upon its being genuine," continued the orator, seeing the little man still hesitate, though half convinced by the Latin which he did not understand, and by his own joke of the jackall.—"You may rely upon its being genuine.—Allow me to say five guineas, just to begin with, though, I trust, we shall not stop short of a hundred."

The little man nodded.

"Thank you, Sir," said the orator, bowing.—"Five guineas, gentlemen, is bid for this rare piece of antiquity, this gem that has existed almost three hundred years."

"Nearer six," cried my young neighbour,—"that is, if it belonged, as you say it did, to Roger Bacon, the monk of Brazen-nose."

Mr. Fudge coloured up to his eyes at this unsolicited correction of his chronology; but, as it was his business to buy golden opinions of all men, he replied, with a bow and a smile—the two usual adjuncts, by the way, of all his replies—"Much obliged to you, Sir, for the correction.—Six hundred years old.—Will no lady or gentleman say any thing?—Going for five guineas.—Really it is a mere giving away of this valuable relic.—'Six,'—Thank you, Sir,—'Eight,—Ten,—Twenty.—Twenty-five. Twenty-five guineas are bid for Friar Bacon's key.—Going,—going,—going for

only twenty-five guineas, and the treasure perfectly unique!—a rarity that has not its parallel!—We may suppose that this was the key of the monk's sanctum,—why should it not be?—of that celebrated chamber, of which the legend says it is to stand till entered by a greater scholar than Bacon, when it is to fall on the devoted head of the student, and crush it for too much learning."

"Egad! Fudge goes beyond himself to-day," whispered Dives. "Was not that last a glorious bit of the sublime?"

"Magnificent!" I said, and so loudly that the orator overheard me, and replied to the compliment, as if to a bidding, with his customary, "Much obliged, Sir.—Twenty-five guineas.—Going, for the last time, and the relic six hundred years old! Here is a gentleman vouches for its being six hundred years old."

"I vouch for no such thing," said my young neighbour, "I only answer for the friar's having been dead that time."

"Thank you, Sir,—much obliged for the correction," replied the smooth Mr. Fudge, who seemed as little able to travel out of his set phrases, as a horse to step beyond his tether.—"Thirty,—forty,—fifty,—pray, be speedy, gentlemen, for we have a host of treasures to get through.—In one minute, *jacta est alea*, the die is cast.—Going for fifty guineas—gone—."

It was to myself that the key was knocked down at this enormous price, though why I had bid so much, or why I had bid for it at all, was a mystery past my own comprehension. I seemed to be acting under the power of some influence from without, independent of my own thoughts or my own volition. The key, however, was mine, and, being mine, I resolved to put a good face on the business, and elevate its worth in the eyes of others, whatever I might think of it myself. Accordingly I handled my bargain with as much reverence as if it had been the purest gold instead of an old piece of iron eaten up with rust and verdigris, throwing into my face a certain imposing air of mystery, which seemed to say, "there is more in this, my merry masters, than you have the wit to fancy." Whether I succeeded or not in persuading any one else by this manœuvre, is more than I can pretend to say, but that I persuaded myself of it—strange as this will appear—is quite certain. The longer I examined my prize, the deeper became my conviction that there was something in it, if I could only find out what that something was. But *there* was the difficulty, the *pons asinorum*, or asses' bridge, which I could not contrive to get over, turn it which way I would. In short, I was much in the same plight with my friar's key that a savage of Otaheite would be, or rather would have been some years ago—he is wiser now—with a magic lantern, or a Dolland's microscope—good things enough in their way, if you only happen to know how to use them.

I fancy what I felt upon this occasion must have been expressed in my face, for the young man at my left hand, who had been at such pains to correct the orator's chronology, adding three hundred and odd years to the time since Roger Bacon had flourished at Brazen Nose, now stepped up to enlighten me.

"You have got a prize, Sir," he said, "though you must excuse me if I suspect you are not acquainted with its value."

"That is to say," I replied, "you think yourself the better antiquarian."

"I do not profess to be an antiquarian at all," said the young man, "and, if your purchase had no other value than its age, it would be, in my eyes, but a sorry bargain."

"And what other value can it have?" I exclaimed. "Why, if the old friar himself were alive again, with all his art and magic to help him, I doubt if he could find any thing in this key beyond a piece of rusty iron."

"Why then, Sir, your bargain has been a sorry one. But you are wrong. The key has an intrinsic value, such as no antiquarian would have discovered, had he pored over it for a hundred years in the way he usually considers such things. If you will dine with me when all is over,—for this is not the fittest place to talk of these matters,—I will show you how this little piece of iron, if wisely used, may be worth to you more gold——"

"More than I have paid?"

"More than is in the exchequer of princes."

Being somewhat of a saturnine temper, I have an antipathy to all jokes, whether practical or otherwise, and this wore the face of a very impudent one, yet I actually accepted his invitation. It is true, the young man had not the appearance of a joker; on the contrary, his aspect, both from its longitude and lugubriousness was such as a professional mourner (where such artists are in request) would have deemed a fortune. And this, with a strong mixture of curiosity on my part, determined me to run all the peril of a hoax; the thing on earth I usually most dreaded, even beyond a mad dog or a lawyer.

I pass over the rest of the auction, which had now little interest for me, not excepting even the Venus, for a Venus Mr. Fudge pronounced the stone to be; and, if some people were right in their surmises, he had better reason than any one to be positive on the subject, having himself, as they said, superintended the manufacture of the deity. I thought no longer of any thing but my meeting with the young man at the coffee-house he had named, and explanation to grow out of it. When the time *did* come—Heaven and earth! how tedious did the dinner seem! It appeared to my fancy as if it would never be over, so monstrous was the appetite of my host or guest, or so enormous my impatience conceived it. But as all earthly things must have an end, so had our meal. The last plate was cleared away, the last crumb swept from the cloth, the cloth itself borne off under the arm of the waiter, and a magnum of port wine placed between us with the remains of a bottle of sherry from the dinner. Now it was that I ventured to speak out plainly on the subject, to which hitherto he had not made the slightest allusion; and, at my first question, "What were the hidden virtues of the key he had so much vaunted?" the whole man was immediately changed, as if I had touched him with the rod of Aaron!

"Sir," he said, "I am here to answer your question, and I will answer it; but it is right I warn you beforehand, that my discourse will include things scarcely credible to men of this unbelieving age."

"Why, truly," I replied, "we have not such an excellent capacity of belief as our forefathers had, but still we can do pretty well too upon occasion."

"Yes," said my guest, with a sneer; "you do not believe in ghosts—scarcely in a devil—but you do believe that a man's mental and moral qualities are regulated by the bumps on his skull—you do believe that



ice ceases to be ice at the pole, and are even beginning to doubt shrewdly, whether you have souls; thus voluntarily abasing yourself from your high ranks, as things of immortal life, to the level of the brute beast—but let that pass, it concerns me not—and let me tell you in what consists the real value of that seemingly so worthless piece of iron.”

“You would oblige me,” I replied, “beyond measure. I am all impatience to hear the secret; and, as to the matter of belief, you will not, I fancy, find me a very hard customer, provided your goods wear any thing like the market stamp upon them.”

“But it is strange,” said my guest, in that low, emphatic tone, which strikes with such miraculous distinctness on the tympanum of an eager listener, “It is strange, beyond the strangest wonder, that science or history has yet recorded.”

I was ready to burst with curiosity!

“This little piece of green rusty iron,” he went on, “that, to judge from outward appearance, is hardly worth the trouble of picking from the ground, is—”

He paused again, and sipped his wine. In my heart I wished the port could be changed to salt and water; but I took care not to offend him by communicating this opinion.

“This key—and there are others, though not many, like it—commands the entrance to the central gardens of the earth; for this world is not quite what philosophers in their conceit have imagined it to be. If you have the courage to dare so far, in one hour you may be where gold and diamonds grow as thickly, aye, ten times more thickly, than the daisies in a summer meadow.”

Here he paused again, with a look that seemed to say—“Do you believe me?” and for my part I did not see any occasion to tell him it was a lie; it would not have been polite to one who carried, as he did, a stout oak cudgel, and looked as if he knew how to use it. So I contented myself with observing—“If this story be true—and I don’t take upon myself to say it is not—there must be some devilry at the bottom of it—some old signing of bonds in one’s own blood—conveying a soul or so over to the old gentleman in black.”

“You are a fool,” replied my guest, tartly; “nothing more is required to the great end than courage to gain, and industry to gather. If you have these, you have all, and nothing will be demanded of you in return, though you should carry off a cart-load of treasure.”

“But, my worthy counsellor in the art diabolic—for I must yet affirm, in spite of all you say, this has a strong relish of diabolus in it—”

“I tell you, no!” interrupted my guest, vehemently.

“Don’t be angry for the matter,” I said, “it is not worth it. But you must yourself own, that, if this key were the key of Paradise, it would be of marvellous little use to me, unless I knew where to find the gate it was intended to open.”

“You speak well,” he replied, pushing aside his glass, and taking out his watch. “The very time! day has just began there.—Follow me.”

“You forget our account here—let us ring for the waiter first.”

“It is not needed; he is paid already.”

“If that be the case, there is nothing more to be said; and I am at your service.”

And off we set, arm-in-arm, diving through sundry blind alleys and crooked lanes, conspicuous alike for dirt and ragged children, till we at

last emerged upon a wide street, that was as strange to me as if it had been one of the highways of antient Babylon. In the middle stood a solitary hackney-coach, with a pair of huge grey horses, or rather living skeletons of horses, for the celebrated "*anatomie vivante*" had not a better claim to the title than those semi-transparent animals; it was a marvel to me how they held together at all, and still more how they contrived to carry such long, handsome tails, which might have become the charger of a life-guardsmen. On the box of the said coach sat a tall lean negro, well worthy to be the driver of such cattle. He had on a high, steeple-crowned hat, like those worn by the members of "*Praise-God-Barebone's* parliament, grey boots, grey pantaloons, that, to use the hostler's phrase, were spick and span new, and his beard, too, was grey,—not as in old age, with a silver tint, but approaching the colour of ashes,—and, that nothing might be wanting to make a complete grey man of him, he wore a cloak of the same complexion. In my life I had never seen a more droll-looking Jehu.

"Co-ach-man!—co-ach-man!" called my new friend, dwelling on every syllable as if he had got the asthma—"Co-ach-man!"

The grey man flourished his whip with a knowing wink, and a nod of the head, as much as to say, "I understand," and drove up to us in grand style, not leaving a hair's-breadth between his wheel and the curb-stone. In a second he had dismounted; slap went down the steps, and I found myself handed into the carriage almost before I was aware of it.

"Good evening, and a lucky journey to you," said my friend; "though you will find it morning where you are going."

The grey man hastily packed up the steps again, and slammed the door to.

"But, my excellent monitor," I exclaimed, "will not you,—stop, coachman—stop, I tell you." The rascal had one foot on the wheel already—"but, my very worthy counsellor, are not you going with me?"

"No occasion," he replied; "old Harry knows where to drive you to. He has gone with many before on the same road."

"Aye, aye, master," said the grey man; "I know the road well enough. It's a half-crown fare when I carry a mean one; and a good four shillings-worth when a gentleman steps into my coach."

I would have protested against venturing upon so singular a journey, unless accompanied by the proposer of it, but all my remonstrances were effectually drowned in the clatter of the coach, which now set off at a rate that I had not expected from the lean condition of the cattle. The pavement struck a continued stream of fire from their shoes, as we flew along through street after street, all apparently deserted, and all equally unknown to me, though, till this time, I had flattered myself there was not a single corner of London with which I was not as well acquainted as the horse of a doctor in high practice. A four-shilling fare!—the grey man had done himself less than justice; we had already travelled over ground to three times that amount, and were now clear of the city, clattering, like mad, down a steep hill, that led, of course, somewhere, though where I could not imagine. The farther we went, the higher grew the walls of earth on either side of the road, till at last, their height was such as to completely exclude the light of day. Before and behind me was night, yet still we flew on,—on,—on,—on,—till I began to think I had realized, in my own person, the idea

of perpetual motion, and was destined to whirl along for the rest of my life like a comet revolving in its orbit. But herein I was happily mistaken. We did at last stop before an immense pair of folding-doors, of brass or some heavy metal, let into the solid rock, which latter was scraped out into the form of an arch. Above this stood two colossal figures, each holding in its brazen grasp a chafing dish, full of live embers, that threw a lurid light for a few yards round, just sufficient to show the inscription over it—"CARPE DIEM."

This little memorandum gave me no particular encouragement to proceed, but the grey man was not a person to allow any one too much time for reflection. With his usual expedition, he had handed me out of the coach, received his fare, and again mounted his box, before I had well made up my mind what to do.

"Stop a moment, coachman," I exclaimed, as he took up his whip, and was about to give it the preparatory flourish—"Just stop for a minute or so: Stop! I say,—I have a mind to go back with you."

"But I have no mind that you should. Tschick! tschick—gee-up, ho, lads!" He was gone.

What was to be done now? I might as well go on, since it seemed there was no way of getting back,—at least for the present,—so I applied my rusty old key to the ponderous lock before me, not a little doubtful, though, of the result; when, to my great surprise, it not only fitted exactly, but at the first touch of it the bolt shot from its fastening. The doors then swung slowly on their hinges, as if impelled by some invisible hand, and showed me a spacious hall of white marble, supported by columns of the same, and with windows, that, from the light streaming upon the pavement, must open into day, though all behind me, for many a mile, was utter darkness. I had little hesitation in entering a place of such fair promise, when the gates again closed after me, as they had opened, of their own accord: but this gave me little trouble, as I had carefully retained the key, and had, therefore, no occasion to fear the being detained against my will.

Boldly passing on through this noble hall, I suddenly found myself in a world,—for I may call a space so limitless a world,—that fairly struck me dumb with wonder. Above me was a chrystal sky, brilliant with excess of light, although it had neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor any other visible source of so much splendour. Before me, and on both sides, as far as the eye could reach, was hill after hill, valley after valley, the soil of which was gold-dust, the rocks gold, and the stones thickly set in it, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and all those gems to which the fancy of man has given an estimation. Thousands of human beings were busy, in all directions, with shovel and pick-axe, sweeping up the yellow dust, or rending the jewels from their beds of gold; and, indeed, the work must have been carried on for ages, for the ground was full of immense cavities, that appeared to have resulted from the mining after the treasures imbedded in it. Of the multitudes thus employed, some were young, and others old, but by far the greater part were no less burthened by their years than by the riches they had collected and stowed away in their pockets, to the great increase of their persons. What was still more singular, the aged were infinitely the most industrious. They scarcely allowed themselves time to eat or drink, so intent were they in adding to their loads, even when they were sinking under them; but the young, with a few exceptions only, took



the matter much more easily; they would frequently leave a ruby or a sapphire ungathered, after they had nearly detached it from the rock, and leave some crafty old fellow to reap the benefit of their labour, while they stepped aside for no other purpose than to pluck some new flower that grew near them, or to indulge in the fruit, which, it must be owned, looked most deliciously.

While I was admiring this novel sight, with no little inclination to join in a labour so agreeable, I was accosted by a dark, portly man, who in dress and figure strongly resembled a Dutch burgomaster, when Holland was under the rule of Spaniards. In his right hand he carried a substantial cane, headed with ivory, such as rich men of a certain age are in the habit of carrying, more as a prop to their dignity than to their limbs. Though not so fat as a London alderman in full perfection, he yet had a waste of comfortable dimensions, which, as he was of the tallest, did not show so much amiss; and, indeed, he had no want of dignity, though it was not precisely of that kind which assimilates with the received notions of a king or a hero. He was too homely for the one character, and too fat for the other; for, notwithstanding the example of Napoleon, there is something peculiarly incongruous in the idea of a great waste and a great man. His complexion, however, was all that a novelist could wish for his hero, being so dark that it might well be called olive, and his dress was a rich, but sober-coloured Spanish habit; so that, altogether, he had the appearance of a merchant of the olden time when merchants were princes.

"Well, Sir," said this portly figure, laying his hand condescendingly upon my shoulder,—“you are come, like the rest of them, to see what you can pick up in my gardens.”

I thought it best not to tell a lie for the matter—that is, not a direct lie—for he had a terrible eye under his bushy brows; so I treated his question half in joke, half in earnest, saying that I might, perhaps, be tempted to pick up a few handfuls of dust, or some half-score of jewels, if I could be well assured that there were no steel traps or spring-guns set in his premises.

“For what do you take me?” said the portly gentleman, frowning.

“For the owner of this splendid estate,” I replied, with a conciliatory bow.

“You are right,” he said, “I am so, and if it were only for that word, you may gather a cart-load of diamonds, or gold, or whatever else happens best to tickle your fancy. How say you, friend: have you a mind to this gem?”

“Nothing,” I replied, “would please me better—though—” for I did not yet feel convinced he was in earnest—“though I can hardly reconcile it to my conscience to rob you of such precious treasures.”

“Treasures, quotha! Aye, that is one of the many fancies of you simple folks of the upper earth. But think so still for me; I shall the sooner get rid of the rubbish, which lies more thickly on the land than is like to be good for my fruit trees. Here, Gobliner.”

The being thus summoned, and who hastened to us at the call, was, as I imagined, a gnome, and this the kingdom of the gnomes, though, I must confess, the appearance of the portly gentleman was not that of a ruler of spirits. Gobliner, however, with his yellow face and long muscular arms, fully justified my suspicion.

“Gobliner,” said the portly gentleman, “give this honest man a spade

and pick-axe ; he has taken a fancy to help in clearing off the stones for you."

"I am glad to hear it, master," said the gnome, "for they lie thicker this year than ever; for my part, I think they must grow like the carrots and turnips, only it may be not quite so fast."

"Bad philosophy, Gobliner," replied his master ; "but give my friend here his tools, and e'en let him set to work as soon as he pleases."

I was accordingly furnished with the requisite implements, and was trotting off in a violent hurry to a very promising mass of rock, in which the diamonds were stuck like pins in a toilette cushion, when the portly gentleman again laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Hark ye a moment, mine honest friend—there is yet one thing for you to learn—one little condition, before you begin your operations, for I like to deal on the square with the folks who come here."

My countenance fell in an instant. I thought directly of the devil and his old tricks, and had scarcely courage to falter out,—“Pray, Sir, what is this condition?”

"Oh, no great matter; it is only that folks are allowed but a single day in my grounds. Work away, therefore, as hard as you please till nightfall; dig gold and diamonds, or gather the fruits from the trees, or sit still without doing any thing, just as you think proper; it is all the same to me. But, remember, when you see the chrystal above you clouded with a grey tint, as if a veil had been drawn over it, then is our twilight, and, hard upon that, follows darkness, when you are like to be turned out, if you stay so long, with certain disagreeable accompaniments. I tell you this, that you may make the best use of your time, and not blame me afterwards if you should find your labour has been great and your pleasure little."

Thus saying, the portly gentleman strode off, with a patronizing nod, followed by Gobliner, who turned back from time to time, mocking at me with his long yellow hands, and chuckling with delight, as if he had some pleasant piece of mischief in view—pleasant, I mean, to himself—for I did not suspect him of too much good-nature. I had, however, little leisure to think of him. There were diamonds to be dug, and fruit to be gathered, for my mind was made up to neglect neither; though, as a prudent man, I resolved not to tickle my appetite till I had collected an ample supply of gold and precious stones. Even if this should occupy the day, what would that matter? When the twilight came on, it would be time enough to think of indulging myself—though, truth to say, the fruit looked tempting beyond measure, and the single taste I ventured on, by way of experiment, had a surpassing relish with it, that almost upset my resolution.

Such was the profusion of precious stones, glittering from the rocks on all sides, that I calculated on digging out as many as I could possibly want long before the darkness. But this was a grievous mistake, as I soon found out when I actually set to work. The greater part of the diamonds grew on the steep sides of precipices, not to be climbed without infinite peril to my neck; and those that were more within reach lay imbedded in rock that was harder than the hardest granite. Not that these difficulties deterred me from the labour; so far from it, I toiled with unabated diligence hour after hour, neglecting the delicious fruits which seemed ready to drop into my mouth, and, by the time of twilight, had got together a tolerable parcel of the largest diamonds—not to speak of

topazes, emeralds, and gold-dust. Even then I thought I might as well continue my work a little longer. The evening had, it is true, thrown a grey veil over the crystal sky ; but who could say how long such a twilight would last ? It might, for aught I knew, endure for hours ; so that there would be still time to sit down and enjoy myself. On, therefore, I went, most gallantly, with spade and pick-axe, digging and hammering, rending and gathering, till I could absolutely work no longer ; indeed, I could scarcely move hand or foot : the sky, too, grew darker and darker ; and I began to think it would be as well to rest contented with what I had got, and enjoy myself while there was any twilight remaining. But here again I had reckoned without my host, or rather my passion for gold and diamonds had blinded me to all other considerations. Having wasted the day in such excessive toil, I was almost too weary to gather the fruit ; and when I did reach any, the same feeling of fatigue rendered me incapable of enjoying it.

Night now unfolded her wings, and sank down in darkness upon the earth, like a vulture overshadowing the prey it has struck ; and a deep bell, that seemed to be tolled in the very centre of the earth, sent a heavy summons to all that the day was over. At this signal, the plains and hills suddenly swarmed with gnomes, in face and figure the exact prototypes of Gobliner, if indeed they did not—many of them, at least—deserve the palm of superior ugliness. These ferocious monsters were armed with whips, which they cracked with high glee about the ears of those who, like myself, had loitered to this late hour, driving us forward, as if we had been a flock of sheep, to the great hall. Wearied as I was, and with such beagles close upon my heels, it is no wonder that by degrees I lost the whole of the precious burthen I had toiled so hard for. Diamond dropped after diamond, emerald after emerald, and, if I paused for an instant to pick up the fallen treasure, the lash of the gnomes soon reminded me that time was no longer at my own disposal. Indeed, I was often glad, when we came on the more broken parts of the ground, to fling away a portion of my load, dear as it was to me, that I might get on the more easily ; and thus, in one way or the other, by the time I reached the hall, I had not a single sample left of all my treasure.

There was no occasion for the key to let me out : the great folding-doors now stood wide open, the gnomes smacking their whips behind us, and the road before us being covered with vehicles of all kinds, from the proud coach and six, through all the intermediate degree of carriages and pair, demi-fortune, and gig, down to the humble hackney. Vexed beyond measure at my own folly in having thus wasted the whole day in fruitless toil, instead of enjoying myself, I jumped into the first vacant coach, and, holding out a crown-piece to the driver, bade him drive like fury. He took me at my word. Off we set at full gallop, with as little regard to our necks as might be ; and as many of my neighbours, probably under the influence of the same feelings, were going at the same rate, I had no right to wonder at our vehicles coming in collision. Off flew the wheel—down smashed the coach ; and I was thrown upon the hard road with so much violence that—awoke me ! I was still in the auction-room, where, thanks to the eloquence of Mr. Fudge, I had been comfortably asleep for the last two hours. The Venus or Hercules was going.—“ Nine hundred and eighty guineas are bid for this magnificent torso.”—“ One thousand ! ” I cried.—“ Thank you, Sir.—Going for one thousand guineas—gone ! ”

G. S.



## PORTUGAL ILLUSTRATED.\*

THE author of the work before us, sets out in his labours with an intimation, that his design in visiting Portugal was "to bring back reminiscences of the feelings, manners, and customs of its inhabitants, which might make the people of England better acquainted with the peculiar features of Portugal, than are even the inhabitants themselves." Our readers in general will agree that this is a somewhat hardy (however highly laudable) proposition; and we are afraid it would be little better than flattery if we were to encourage the writer to believe that he has succeeded to any thing like the full extent of it. Indeed, however little—as it seems to be agreed by travellers generally—the natives of countries are in the habit of being acquainted with their own affairs, we are sometimes, on reading continental tours, visited with a suspicion, that the foreigners who speak upon a six weeks' residence, know still less about them. A gentleman, for instance, perhaps, but superficially informed, even as far as the intelligence of previous voyagers can go, of the condition of a country like Spain or Portugal; wholly ignorant of its laws, its home resources, and civil institutions; acquainted with its foreign and commercial interests and relations, only just in such a degree as qualifies him to make mistakes about them; and totally unacquainted—for this is the case three times out of four—even with the language of the people upon whom he is to observe, and among whom he is moving; such an individual, necessarily incompetent, upon forty-nine points out of fifty that come before him, even to distinguish between cause and effect; with no test to decide by between right and wrong, but that which has been formed for another state of existence and almost in another hemisphere;—such an individual goes forth, and after a term of six months travel, which may perhaps have afforded him a week in each considerable city, and a fortnight in the capital, returns ready to pronounce a full and dispassionate opinion upon the general statistics, the military and political strength, the morals, prospects, arts, religion, literature, and general cultivation of the country which he has visited!

Now let any reasonable person take the trouble to consider what would be the condition of an Italian or Frenchman, who should attempt to perform this sort of exploit in England? who should propose, after travelling by stage-coach from Essex to Anglesea one way, and from Kent to Northumberland the other, to give his countrymen a "better notion" of England than the English have themselves—or even any notion of England at all? And yet this work would be a trifle—a mere juggler's trick—compared with the performance of a similar task in Spain or Portugal; where, it is true, the field for inquiry would be less varied, but where no sources of information—no aids for satisfying inquiry—exist at all. In England, let a stranger but have the power to read, and knowledge forces itself upon him on every side. There is scarcely a subject or a question of any general, or even temporary importance, to which he may not find a manual in almost every shop window. Our climate, geology, topography, is all measured, and set down; we have a survey of our land almost by inches, in the very road books, and the children's primers. Our books of science, law, statistics, in three years are useless and gone by; new interests have arisen; new changes have

\* Portugal Illustrated; By the Rev. W. M. Kinsey, of Trinity College, Oxford, B.D., with a Map, Plates, Vignettes, &c. &c., Treuttel and Würtz, London.

followed ; and new works have been published, carrying information up to the very hour. Every branch of our trading interest, every circumstance, good or bad, of our political system, forms the subjects of daily and hourly canvass and discussion. The mass of the people comprehend and speak of these matters ; writers, almost numberless, devote their whole lives to the analysing and watching over them. The periodical press of London—nay, one three weeks file only of the Times newspaper—will convey more information to a stranger upon the affairs and position of England, than the study of twice as many years, unaided by the same facilities, would enable him to arrive at.

But, in Spain or Portugal, the first circumstances of novelty that surprises the English traveller, is the absence, not only of his accustomed sources, but of all sources—of every description—of information. He is travelling in a strange region without a guide. He is learning a new language, without a tutor. He lands in the country ; and “ his eyes,” as Shylock tells Lancelot Gobbo, may be “ his judge ;” for other means or aid to judgment he finds none. Books—unless at the bookseller’s shop—are things unheard of ; and when he finds any, they are sure to contain every thing rather than discussion or information as to the country in which he stands. The newspaper is a rag so worthless, that he casts it down in anger. For books ! the author of the work before us says, that in Elvas, the chief fortified town of Portugal, containing 10,000 inhabitants and a garrison of 5,000 men, there is not a single bookseller’s shop. The wonder, indeed, would be if there were. In the course of a three years’ residence in various provinces of Portugal—certainly it was in a time of war, not, perhaps, exactly the most favourable period for study—but we never recollect, in any one instance, to have seen a book in the hands of a Portuguese gentleman—except some manual of prayer, or missal. We can take our corporal oath that there was not (at that time) a book-stall from one end of Lisbon to the other. In society, the conversation—with a very few exceptions, and those chiefly among the ecclesiastics—exhibits the same ignorance of, and, by consequence, the same apathy to, all that is passing in the kingdom. As there seems to be no help, there is no interest ; and, for internal intercourse, or communication, no man knows that the Grand Turk is not in arms within fifty miles of him. The inhabitant of Lisbon hears and knows nothing, except once a year by a family letter, of the affairs of the resident at Coimbra. Some intercourse exists between Lisbon and Oporto, but this is confined almost entirely to the inhabitants, and in great measure to the English. The little remaining correspondence that exists in the country, is entirely in the hands of the government and of the clergy ; and the people, by habit, acquire an indifference even to the consideration of topics or matters, which it is known to be not always prudent or safe to talk about, and which they are aware they very imperfectly and indistinctly understand.

Under such circumstances, with all the ordinary avenues to knowledge closed against him ; with but slender opportunities for consideration, and none at all for acquiring any thing like what might be termed experience, the sort of “ Illustrations” likely to be produced—even from the ablest summer tourist—of Spain or Portugal, would hardly be of very high authority ; and, in fact, the books which have appeared, have in general been of very moderate value. Almost the only one worth

consulting (we put the military works out of the question here) is that of the German writer, Link. Spain and Portugal are not new countries, nor countries newly thrown open to English inspection, from which the most crude results of a traveller's observation are valuable or interesting. We have superficial descriptions, in abundance, of all quarters of the Peninsula. The dirty streets and the mongrel dogs, and the number of the frairs, and the vigour of the fleas, and the mountainous roads, and the mule-drivers' inns, and all the economy of the convent disciplines and the religious processions, have had the changes rung upon them again and again. It is just possible for strongly humorous or poetic description to give force and interest even to details so frequently already dwelt upon; but in the way of information as to such matters, nothing new, we believe, is likely to be supplied. If any book upon the state of Portugal were to have value at the present moment, it could only be the work of some writer of an informed and philosophical mind, whose long residence in, and familiarity with the country, should have afforded him an intimate knowledge of the constitution, dispositions, powers, and intelligence of its inhabitants; and thus enabled him to draw a conclusion, or to supply his readers with the means of drawing such conclusion, by the facts presented to them, as to what position the country may be likely to maintain in the future distribution of power in Europe—or how to acquit itself under the circumstances of disorder and difficulty under which it is at present labouring.

Now Mr. Kinsey's book we wish to look at with every favourable disposition; but it certainly is not quite a work of this character. It tells us little more, as far as we can perceive, in the main, about Portugal, than that which every body knew before; or, where originality is attempted, it falls very frequently into incorrect inference and error. The style too, of the work, is not such as we can commend: and we are justified in taking this exception to the production of a traveller, who travels professedly to make a book, and who is a scholar by profession, and the fellow of a college. It is frequently obscure, and ungrammatical; generally disposed to be pedantic; and most unfortunately overloaded with attempts at sprightliness and humour, such as—as we wish to avoid all severity—we shall not trust ourselves to characterise. With these faults, and the still farther one of being lengthened to a needless extent, by the extract, not only of whole pages, but almost of whole chapters, from every work upon Portugal that the author can lay his hands on, the best fortune we are afraid, the book can expect is to be voted, not quite unreadable, nor without a claim to passing consideration: it can hardly hope to reach the library, but may have a chance of some popularity in the drawing-room or on the work-table. We shall proceed, however, to give some specimens both of the more worthy and more culpable portions of its contents: premising that, beginning where the author begins, we shall begin with those points in which he shews to least advantage.

The Rev. Mr. Kinsey embarks from England, at some time—exact date not mentioned—in the year 1827; (it might have been more convenient if the month had been given, as the fact of time become a key to the season during which the traveller pursues his researches); and, after having been deeply gratified in the course of a Sunday passed on board the packet, by perceiving that every sailor on board attended his (the author's) performance of church service, and that “not a



man out of the whole number but possessed his bible and prayer book," he arrives without meeting any mischance—or making any discovery—in his fifty-sixth quarto page, at Lisbon. Here, on landing, he is a good deal surprised and displeased (as a travelling gentleman no doubt ought to be) with all the useless mummerly of passport comparison, and custom-house examination; "they manage these things far better under the pure constitutional atmosphere of dear old England." After a time, however, he consoles himself by the patriotic reflection, that these impertinencies, taking place while the British troops (General Clinton's force) are actually stationed in Lisbon, form a triumphant answer to the French insinuation of British influence prevailing in the Portuguese councils; and, being on shore, "after two or three trips and stumbles in consequence of the bad state of the packet stairs," is conducted to his hotel in the Rua do Prior; in his way to which, he encounters "heaps of disgusting filth," "friars," "dogs," and "the carcase of a horse which had fallen down [on] the preceding night, and was already exhibiting proofs of the rapid way in which the Egyptian plague of flies effects its work" in Portugal. In the same early stage of his progress too, it is his fortune to be made aware of the truth of the relations of former tourists, "with respect to the *horrifying exposure* in the crowded streets, by beggars, of limbs in every stage and under every character of disease;" and on asking for "flowers to refresh his offended senses," under such circumstances, receives an immediate proof of the poverty of the land, for none are to be procured. After which preliminary details, come the traveller's "Illustrations" of the city of Lisbon; which begin (we hardly know whether from the novelty or the importance of the topic) with an account of a visit to "the theatres." Almost all that is done here is trite and bad. The observer seems to set out with the false impression, that it will be right for him to blame every thing—which it is neither reasonable nor necessary (upon five minutes acquaintance) that he should do: and that "effect" is to be produced, by ridiculing every thing—which he is wholly devoid of the power to do. Moreover, he changes his style of description awkwardly and needlessly every ten minutes from the "I" to the "we," and *vice versa*: speaks very far too frequently upon slender, and often upon mere hearsay information: and, upon almost every point worth dwelling for three lines upon, favours the reader with three pages from the work of some previous writer; whose observations may, perhaps, be well deserving attention, but whose work is *before the public*—in print—already; and as well known to the world as the "Illustrations of Portugal" are likely to be. To begin, however—as we have premised—with the visit to the theatres:—

"We have visited the two national theatres, the one denominated 'do Salitre,' and the other, which is of larger dimensions, and of an oblong shape, in the 'Rua dos Condes,' both of which are dark from filth and neglect, and in neither did we consider the pieces represented, to be at all above the lowest degree of mediocrity; while the frequent obscenity of the allusions made, gave us no very favourable opinion of the delicacy and purity of the Portuguese drama. In the neighbourhood of the first theatre there is a walk, planted with rows of trees, which, by the bye, at this season, are obliged to be trenched around, and watered every morning and evening to preserve their verdure from the burning rays of the sun; but it is both small and confined, and in no respect would serve as an agreeable place of resort, even did the retiring habits of the Portuguese permit them to indulge in the taste for a public promenade.

"The opera-house is a fine building, with a handsome portico, situated in the square, from which it takes its name. It required only five months for its erection in 1793. The corridors throughout are vaulted, as the staircases also, which lead to the several tiers of boxes; while the vomitories are so numerous and so skilfully distributed, that the interior of the theatre, in case of fire, can be instantaneously cleared.

"The royal box occupies the entire segment of the circle, cutting perpendicularly the five tiers of boxes, which gives it an elevated and imposing appearance. There are one hundred and twenty boxes; and the pit here, as at Paris and elsewhere, reserved for the accommodation of male spectators, may contain about seven hundred persons; the price of admission being to this part of the theatre half a crusado novo, and for a box on the lower and principal tier, sufficiently capacious to contain five or six chairs, half a moidore, or about ten shillings. The operas are given on the nights of Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday,—generally commencing about half past eight, and concluding before twelve. The ladies appear not to dress for the opera, excepting upon the appearance of some new actor, or at the representation of a novel piece. The custom of the actors stopping to acknowledge the applause of the audience, even in the delivery of an heroic speech, quite destroys the illusion of the whole scene."

These details are something meagre, which is not very surprising; inasmuch as the author (if we understand him rightly in another place) was not acquainted with the language in which the performances were carried on. Near the first mentioned house, the Salitre, which is a sort of "Minor" institution, equal to our own Circus or Sadler's Wells, stands the amphitheatre for the Bull Fights, which are exhibited on the Sunday afternoon. This national entertainment our traveller thought it right *not to see*.—"The cruelty of the sports," he says, "and the *sacred character of the day*, are quite sufficient for English travellers to leave Portuguese taste in the full and undisturbed enjoyment of all its pleasures."

The native Portuguese of the higher classes, are not so fortunate as to be agreeable to Mr. Kinsey in their personal appearance. It is true that they are not (in all probability) the immediate descendants of Adonis; but the following description strikes us strained and extravagant, rather than ludicrous:—

"And what, you will demand, of these said lords of the creation at Lisbon?—Why, the fact is, that if the English gentleman who once received from a stranger in London a gold snuff-box, in acknowledgment of his greater nasal pretensions, which he was to transfer to the honour of any proboscis more red, ugly, and extensive than his own, that he might casually chance to meet, had come off straightway to Lisbon, the said box he must in justice have resigned upon the first step of the abominable packet-stairs.

"Of all animals in creation, the Lisbon dandy, or fashionable Lusitanian swell, is by far the lowest in the scale of mere existence. I have been haunted in my dreams by visions of ugliness since the first time I beheld a small, squat, puffy figure,—what was it? could it be of a man?—incased within a large pack-saddle, upon the back of a lean, high-boned, straw-fed, cream-coloured nag, with an enormously flowing tail, whose length and breadth would appear to be each night guarded from discoloration by careful involution above the hocks. Taken, from his gridiron spurs and long pointed boots, up his broad blue-striped pantaloons, *à la Cossaque*, to the thrice folded piece of white linen on which he is seated in cool repose; thence by his cable chain, bearing seals as large as a warming-pan, and a key like an anchor; then a little higher, to the figured waistcoat of early British manufacture, and the sack-shaped coat, up to the narrow-brim sugar-loaf hat on his head,—where can be found his equal? Nor does he want a nose, as big as the gnomon

of a dial-plate; and two flanks of impenetrably deep black brushwood, extending under either ear, and almost concealing the countenance, to complete the singular contour of his features.

"The lower classes are infinitely superior in dignity of appearance, and in manly beauty, to those of the higher order. For instance, turn round and look at that finely-formed, athletic, patient, and hard-working water-carrier, with his barrel of many devices upon his shoulder; how nobly and gracefully does the honest mountaineer trip along under his burden! Though only half clothed, he has more about him of the dignity of human nature, much as he is unjustly despised, than all the classes of those who deal out to him no treatment but contumely and contempt. By the hard sweat of his brow he is enabled, though with difficulty, to earn about sixpence a day, the moiety of which serves to procure him his bread, his fried sardinha from a neighbouring cook's stall, and a little light wine, perhaps, on holidays,—water being his general beverage,—nay, one might almost say, his element. A mat in a large upper room, shared between him and several brethren of the same avocation, serves him in winter as a place of repose for the night; but during the summer he frequently sleeps out in the open air, making his filled water-barrel his pillow, ready in an instant to start, in case of fire, at the call of the captain of his gang, and to perform the only public duty exacted from him."

The red noses of the Portuguese gentry, we apprehend, are of recent growth—or importation. Certainly, in the course of our own experience in this country, we never recollect to have encountered one of them. Indeed, the habits of the people, which are temperate and abstemious in the extreme, are quite ill-calculated to favour the production of any such excrescence. We conclude that they must be imported; probably from the neighbourhoods of Leadenhall-street and Whitechapel, in part payment of the port wine consumed in those regions. The chief fault of the "Lisbon dandy's" dress seems to be, that it is the same which was fashionable some years since in this country, and is now so no longer. And Mr. Kinsey's pursuits have probably not led him much into the consideration of horse equipment; or he would be aware that the principle of the Portuguese saddle, is the same which—after much obstinacy, and exhibition of prejudice, and mischief arising from delay—has been adopted in the cavalry furniture of our own country.\* The paragraph

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\* It is a singular fact, that with all the excellent horsemanship, and admittedly admirable cavalry discipline, which has so long distinguished the English, our horse-harness was, until within the last ten years, and in many points still is, perhaps the very worst in Europe. The ordinary English saddle seems constructed with the especial design of affording neither support, nor what is technically termed "seat" to the rider. It is low both behind and before; stuffed to a comfortable rotundity; and covered with a smooth hard leather, which acquires a polish equal to enamel from use; and the nether garment chosen to be placed in contact with this glossy level, is constructed of some soft, pliant, material—wash leather, or fine woollen cloth—between which, and such a double varnished surface, there can be no more disposition to adherence, than between the feet of an old lady in pattens, and a "slide" on the London pavement down hill, in December. The old dragoon saddles, in use (contemporary with the cocked hats) in the beginning of the Peninsular war—some remnants of which, we believe, may still be found in the dépôts of the artillery—were perfect curiosities, considered as machines which men were to sit, and fight upon. From constant and arduous friction (in the way of cleaning) with some oily or saponaceous compound, they attained the smoothness and lustre of glass; and men would have gained just as much assistance from saddles built out of that material. To render the impossibility of any natural hold the more complete too, the men, in several of the heavy dragoon regiments, were dressed in plush [cotton-velvet] small-clothes. The dragoon harness, as far as concerns the saddle, now is pretty generally improved among us; and the demi pique shape, high before and behind, is introduced, covered with a schabrack of sheep-skin, with the wool outwards; upon which, with a dressing of cloth trowsers, a firm and steady seat (without the incessant exertion of muscular strength) can be maintained. The old saddle, however, still remains in ordinary use out of the army. And our stirrups continue to be



that follows is singularly unlucky in both its facts and inferences. For the "superior dignity" of the lower classes of the Portuguese, it happens unluckily that the Gallegos referred to for the proof, are all *Spaniards*, from the province of Galicia; indeed, the author himself states this fact, we believe, in the ensuing page. For the "gracefulness with which they *trip* under their burthens," we confess it is a circumstance that had escaped us; it may be that we were less alive to the beauties of form and movement than our author. But at all events we have great pleasure in assuring him that it is an exceeding error to imagine that these poor people "earn with difficulty about sixpence a day;" on the contrary, like most irregular artizans in capital cities, they gain a very competent livelihood: and if ever Mr. Kinsey had occasion to employ one of them for half an hour, we can hardly understand how he has fallen into such a mistake.

The following description of a dinner entertainment in Portugal, affords another instance of the haste with which our author jumps to conclusions; as well as (we think) of the infelicity of his efforts to be *piquant* or satirical:—

"A Portuguese economist appears to have attained to the valuable art of feeding the largest given proportion of human beings with the smallest conceivable quantity of sustentation matter.

"In fact," says the Rambler, 'the habits of life among the two people' (speaking of Portuguese and English society) 'are so different, that the intrusion of a stranger would perhaps involve a greater disturbance of the usual routine of existence, than it is fair to expect they should incur upon the claim of a common letter of recommendation.' A dish of yellow-looking bacalhao, the worst supposable specimen of our saltings in Newfoundland; a platter of compact, black, greasy, dirty-looking rice; a pound, if so much, of poor half-fed meat; a certain proportion of hard-boiled beef, that has never seen the salting-pan, having already yielded all its nutritious qualities to a swinging tureen of Spartan soup, and now requiring the accompaniment of a satellite tongue, or friendly slice of Lamego bacon, to impart a small relish to it; potatoes of leaden continuity; dumplings of adamantine contexture, that Carthaginian vinegar itself might fail to dissolve; with offensive vegetables, and a something in a round shape, said to be imported from Holland, and called cheese, but more like the unyielding rock of flint in the tenacity of its impenetrable substance; a small quantity of *very small* wine; abundance of water; and an awful army of red ants, probably imported from the Brasils in the wood of which the chairs and tables are made, hurrying across the cloth with characteristic industry;—such are the principal features of the quiet family dinner-table of the Portuguese.

"The crassitude, the pinguid gravity of such entries, would, as an agreeable writer observes, 'make a man of delicate stomach and feeble digestion heavily repent of having adventured upon the hardships of such an Arabia

carefully constructed so as never to secure the foot while a man is on horseback, or by any accident let it loose if he happens to fall off. There have been a hundred inventions—not one of them worth a farthing—to "prevent the possibility (in case of accident) of a rider's foot being dragged in the stirrup;" but the simple principle of the shoe stirrup, used by the Spaniards and Portuguese, which renders it nearly impossible for the stirrup to be lost on horseback, and quite impossible for the foot to be retained in case of a fall, has never been adopted. Such a stirrup too, with the front of open lattice or shell work, would be capable of being made more ornamental than those at present in use. It is true that our people, both on the road and in the field, ride extremely well with their present equipment; but they ride with an outlay of double the power and bodily exertion that is necessary. One or two English artists draw exquisitely well, who have had the misfortune to lose the right hand; but no reasonable person would teach a learner, by compelling him to work only with his left.

Petræa hospitality ;' to do justice to which, it might be added, in all fair calculation of proportionable powers, that the steam-engine force of an ostrich's stomach, or the iron digestion of a turkey, could alone be adequate," &c.

It would scarcely be supposed of a traveller, who set out with the view of making his readers better acquainted with the country he was to visit than the inhabitants of it themselves, that this fierce philippic against Portuguese hospitality is pronounced merely on the authority of report? This, however, undoubtedly is the fact; for the author declares, at the time when he writes it, that he has never "in any one instance" been a visitor in any Portuguese family! Such a description as is here given may be true of the household of persons in narrow circumstances, but certainly bears no resemblance to the style of domestic arrangement in the dwellings of persons of fortune or condition.

Throughout Mr. Kinsey's work, however, constant references will be found to the "pride and poverty" of the nobility and gentry, and the "beggared and degraded condition" of the lower classes; and as there is a great deal of error and exaggeration about many of these statements, we may find room for a few words upon the real position of the case. The Portuguese of the upper classes, are, like most of the natives of southern climates, habitually abstemious. The people at large, for the sake of enjoying a larger portion of the luxury of leisure, are contented to consume a less amount of the luxuries of beef and wine than the English are accustomed to do. The chief objection arising to this system is a political and a public one—by diminishing the amount of national exertion, it weakens the strength of a country and lessens its resources: that the personal happiness of individuals is increased by the state of incessant exertion—between acquirement and expenditure—in which we live in England, has never yet been shewn entirely to our satisfaction. Still there is none of that slovenliness and offence about the domestic arrangements of the Portuguese of respectability, which Mr. Kinsey is so ready to impute. Their *cuisine* is bad enough;—*they* say that it is bad, but that the English is worse—a point, however, on which we take leave to think they are entirely mistaken; but still it would be difficult to find more scrupulous neatness and cleanness than pervades all the chamber and table arrangements of a respectable Portuguese house; and Mr. Kinsey's account of the distress of the lower orders is entirely over-rated. For instance, Mr. K. describes the water-carrier and porter of Lisbon, as "earning with difficulty sixpence a day;" we can assure him that he is totally mistaken as to this fact; and he himself states, directly afterwards, that his "savings" out of these earnings, are in general "sufficient to enable him, in the course of some fifteen years, to return to the mountains of his own native Galicia, and to purchase a little plot of culturable ground, upon which he erects a small cottage," &c. &c. A labourer, who accomplished this in fifteen years in England, would think that he had little to complain of. And again, Mr. Kinsey is everlastingly complaining of the paucity of the population—of "the want of sufficient hands even for the purposes of agriculture"—a state of things hardly consistent with the existence of a very low rate of wages to labourers? But what is the fact, as to this point, where we have an opportunity of getting at it directly. Mr. Kinsey does once—we believe it is only once—tell us the actual wages paid for labour in one of the districts which he visited; and his words are these: at the time he writes, he is at Oporto—"The labourers in the quarries, on the banks of the

Douro, near Porto, whom we have observed on our excursions up the river, converting stone for the line of new quay, get about three hundred reis for their day's work, which commences shortly after four in the morning, and is continued (with three hours rest during the heat of the day) until beyond sunset." Now three hundred reis are equal to *one shilling and sixpence English*; and with eighteen-pence a day, in a country where meat (this is at Oporto) sells for from three-pence to four-pence a pound; potatoes for two-pence a bushel; fruit, vegetables, and "sardinhas," more than proportionably low, and a wholesome wine at about two-pence a bottle,—under such circumstances, so far from perceiving that the lower classes suffer very heavy distress and privation in Portugal, we certainly should be extremely well pleased if we could see every labourer in England placed in an equally prosperous condition.

These errors are the errors of hasty conclusion—by no means of intentional misrepresentation; and of a desire to speak upon every point as it arises, less guardedly, than decisively and with force. But there are some other faults in Mr. Kinsey's book which cannot be so easily excused. The following passage, for instance, touching the observances of the Sabbath in Lisbon, strikes us as being in as bad taste as can well be conceived:—

"A saint's day, or holyday, in Lisbon, set apart by the ordinances of man, it soon became obvious, is observed with every solemnity of outward appearance; the shops being closed, and business of every kind, save that of the dealer in wines, as well as of the laborious Gallego and hardy muleteer, being universally suspended; whilst the sacred day of rest, appointed to be hallowed by the express word of God himself, is *openly and scandalously*, and without exception of persons or classes amongst the Portuguese, *most shamefully violated*, under every possible circumstance of *impropriety* in the continuance of the ordinary pursuits and occupations of the week, and in the more than usually large assemblage of persons at the fairs, fetes, bull-fights, theatres, and the opera. Yet this same people, so devoted to their amusements, when the bell rings in the front of a church, to announce that the holy composition of flower and water is about to be carried in procession through the streets to the couch of the sick or the dying, are immediately arrested in the prosecution of their worldly avocations, and publicly kneel in deep devotion to the real presence, until the canopied priests and chaunting choristers have borne the Pyx out of sight."

It is scarcely very good judgment in a gentleman and a scholar, to break out into so much indignation and vituperate epithet, about a practice which is almost universal over the continent of Europe; nor is it ever otherwise than painful to hear the minister of one religion speaking in angry or contemptuous terms of the usages or ordinances of another. It is something offensive, too, to hear "the *express* word of God" alluded to in *terrorem*, on every occasion when a poor man employs a portion of his only day of leisure, in the pursuit of pleasures, or in the execution of duties, which his necessary labours leave him no time for during the week. It is not a month ago that a member of Parliament declared in his place, that, to get through the business of a certain Government office, he had been constantly compelled to work for some hours on the Sundays. This gentleman is a baronet, and moves in high society; he went to the opera on Saturday night, and did his work on the Sunday. A French hatter or jeweller, is compelled to reverse this course: he works on the Saturday night, and goes to the opera on Sunday. In another part of his work, Mr. Kinsey talks of "drunken friars" in the streets of Lisbon; and speaks of the sight as though it was one of common occurrence. If Mr. Kinsey pledges himself—which it is difficult sometimes to decide how



far he does or does not do—that he has witnessed this sight, we have no hesitation in giving credit to it upon his assertion ; but it is only just for us to observe, that in the course of a residence in various provinces of Portugal, very considerably indeed more extended, as we apprehend, than his has been, we certainly never, *in any instance*, saw a friar “drunk in the street.”\* And, as far as our belief goes, we never saw an ecclesiastic in a state of intoxication at all. The clergy, we have no doubt, in every country, have quite sins enough to answer for ; but intoxication is not a vice at all prevalent in Portugal.

We pass, however, with great relief from these notices of Lisbon, which contain nothing of any value but that which is extracted from the works of previous writers, to the more advanced portion of Mr. Kinsey's book, which describes his tour through Beira and part of Estremadura to Oporto and Coimbra ; upon one circumstance, at least, of which, the pictorial illustrations which accompany it, we are tempted to bestow almost unqualified praise. Some of these views are the productions of a friend who accompanied the author in his tour, and one or two are stated to have been obtained from gentlemen resident in England ; but, under any circumstances, Mr. Kinsey may esteem himself fortunate in their collection. The landscape views are, almost without exception, drawn with great taste and fidelity, and the engravings, all of them, admirably well executed. Many of the little vignettes, too, which consist of points of Portuguese habit and economy, convince the experienced eye, at a glance, that they have been drawn from observation on the spot. Among the views of architecture and scenery, we would point out especially, as striking, not more from the manner of their execution, than for the beauty of the scenes represented—the frontispiece—the “View of Coimbra”—taken, as we imagine, from the high road leading from Condeira ;—it is hardly possible to wish for any design more graphic or correct than this. The last view but one—“The Castle of Leiria,” is quite equal to the former in point of merit. And the “View upon the Douro, looking towards Oporto ;” the “View of Cintra ;” and the “View of Porto and the Villa Nova, from the Serra Convent,” can scarcely be spoken of in terms of too high commendation. Among those scenes more descriptive of the peculiarities of the country, the plates of “The Estalagem, or Portuguese Inn ;” “The Douro Peasant with his Car and Oxen ;” and “The Road-side Altar, with figures resting ;” all are drawn with great spirit and deep feeling, and will recal to the campaigner of the Peninsula, thoughts and objects with which, in other days, he has been familiar. The “View of the Abbey of Batalha,” we do not like so well. Murphy's book contains a view of the same building, in every way superior. And the author fairly enough apologizes for the absence in such a work of a View of Lisbon, by alleging, that which is the fact, that nothing short of a “double elephant sheet”—which his book will not admit—would enable any artist to embody even an outline of the city. Lisbon can only be well represented upon a very extended scale ; and it would be a good subject, and, as a picture, not an unworthy one, for the future consideration of Mr. Horner's gigantic panorama.

It would be injustice, too, in this place, towards Mr. Kinsey, whom we have treated hitherto with an absence of ceremony, but whom we have no disposition to criticise unfairly, if we were to pass by the fact

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\* We quoted from memory, the words are—“A monk in a state of intoxication, with a rabble of boys at his heels ;—these are the passing objects that render a residence in this street so highly *diverting*,” &c.

that several chapters in this part of his work, are written in a spirit more rebuked and intelligent than most of those to which we have already alluded. His notices of the commerce and finance of Portugal, and especially of the wine trade of Oporto, though occasionally tripping as to principle, are industriously collected, and marked in the main by temperance and good sense. As an example of the errors in point of principle, we may take the passage immediately before us (p. 147.), in which the author ascribes the decrease that he finds in the population of Portugal, to "the great demand for labour in the colonies." We are afraid that not much of the abstraction of hands is really to be traced to this source. The demand for labour is very high in Australia and even in the United States; but we do not find (just now unluckily) that it tends very materially to carry off the surplus labourers of England or Ireland. The "celibacy of the priesthood" too, and "the extent of the conventual system," two other causes named by Mr. Kinsey, as tending to lower the amount of population, can hardly operate to produce that effect in any very extended degree. The number of individuals acted upon by them (and especially of females), though numerically it appears large, taken in comparison with the great mass of the community, is inconsideable. In Ireland, the priests do not marry; but there is notwithstanding no want of an abundant population. A good deal of the fault lies, probably, in the absence of that spirit of enterprise and industry in Portugal, among those classes by whom the property of the country is possessed; which, where it exists, by the bounty which it offers for labour, can scarcely fail to call the principle of population into action. But something, we fear, will have to be attributed to the peculiar bodily constitution, and with that to the vices and ill habits of the people themselves;—certainly the fact will have forced itself upon the notice of every Portuguese traveller—that in passing through a town or village, he seldom saw any thing like the number of children, even in proportion to the number of adults, that he would have expected to find in France or England.

Those pages of this portion of the work which relate to the province of Douro, contain information, as we have already observed, and entertainment; but we attempt any extract from them almost with apprehension, for the extracts of the author himself from former writers are so extensive and incessant, that it is very difficult to decide, even upon cautious examination, when he means to speak for himself, and when he quotes the words of some other person. We shall hazard a few detached passages however, chiefly those describing the town and vicinity of Oporto.

"One of the finest streets in Porto is the Rua Nativida. It forms the continuation of the Calçada dos Crucos, where the market people principally assemble. At the top is situated the beautiful church of the Clericos. From the part where these two streets divide, the Rua das Hortas begins, and terminates in the Rua Nova Almada. Close to the Rua d'entre Vendas, where small wines are sold, is a sort of covered passage, or little bazaar for inferior shops, where the country people are accustomed to make their purchases. In the Rua Largo da Feira, bread, dried fish, fruits and vegetables of all sorts, are sold, as well as groceries and other necessaries. The Rua das Flores, however, is the principal street at Porto, and in which the best shops in every line of business are situated, and where any article almost of English manufacture may be procured. At an 'Armazem de Papel de todas qualidades,' we observed a shield of the Norwich Union fire office placed over the door. In the Rua des Domingos are the bank or Caixa Filial do Banco de Lisboa, the grand front of the Dominican convent, and principal entrance into their church. At the end of the Rua das Flores, and overlooking the

Largo da Feira, is the large Benedictine nunnery, in whose beautiful chapel the sublimest music is frequently heard.

"There is a fine fountain of excellent water in the Rua de bello Monte, which is to the left up a steep street, forming the continuation in a northern direction of the Rua des Domingos, and another beautiful fountain in the Praca de Santa Theresa. From the summit of the elegant tower of the Clerigos, a most commanding view may be obtained over the town and neighbouring wooded heights, the windings of the Douro, a large extent of coast, and the Atlantic ocean. The view from the northerly terrace of the Serra convent above the left bank of the Douro, comprises the public and private buildings of the city, and the remains of the old town wall. The corridors of the convent are extremely long, as may be supposed from the almost interminable line of building which looks towards Porto. From the eastern terrace, at the end of the corridor, a little chapel is distinguished at about six miles distance, perched nearly on the loftiest summit of the Serra, in which are the coal-mines of Vallonga."

The monks of the Senor convent, are of the Augustine order, and possess very considerable lands, which, in common with most of the demesnes of the monasteries in this country, are laid out—

"Into fields, pleasure gardens, orchards, orange and lemon groves, with the addition of fountains and an aqueduct. The rigour of their discipline never permits them to quit the paradise in which they are confined; but they have their rabbit-warren, and preserves for game, which, with their religious occupations and employment in the surrounding grounds, serve to beguile the time. We took a walk one evening in the gardens with the prior, a venerable old man, who was distinguished from his brethren by wearing a ring, set with a large amethyst, on the middle finger of his right hand, and a large silver cross worn round the neck.

"Passing under the Ramada, or walk of vines, which arch over head on trellis-work, supported by rude granite columns about nine feet high, we came to a piece of ground, the extent of twenty acres, situated to the north-east of the convent, and this year bearing a crop of Indian corn, which is estimated, according to the prior's statement, to contain about twenty-seven loads of produce, each load being reckoned forty alcaides of corn, and the alcaide to be worth a crusado novo, or ninety shillings the load in our money. Thence we ascended to the summit of the aqueduct, which runs down to the convent, and passes over a mill that is worked by the superfluous water; and enjoyed from that elevated position a still more superb view to the east, of the line of high pointed mountains in the distance, and a conically shaped hill, apparently of white granite, with the little chapel on its summit called San Cosme; a noble reach of the river, and the buildings on the right bank, including a large untenanted mansion, called the Quinta de Freijo, to the bishop's public school, as it is called, and which is not yet completed. Down the river again to the westward, a fine expanse of water is seen, with part of the city of Porto in the centre of the view, the remainder being intercepted by the convent groves and buildings.

"But the most interesting prospect by far is obtained from a small chapel advanced on a terrace, which immediately fronts the west, and overhangs Villa Nova and the immense magazines in which the Douro wines are deposited, commanding the whole city, a considerable circuit of the river, the cheerful hill of Gaia, with the remains of an old building on its summit, falsely reputed a Castello dos Mouros, a little below Villa Nova, and apparently locking up the Douro, as you will find in the sketch which accompanies this letter. It is by far the prettiest object seen in the neighbourhood of Porto. To the right again, the view falls upon the bridge of boats, the vessels of different nations at anchor below it, and the new line of quay which runs parallel with the right bank of the river."

We have already spoken of this view, which is one of the most interesting given in the volume. It was taken, the author says, from a



foreign print, ill executed, and very scarce, but was corrected and greatly improved in the course of the re-drawing. From these descriptions and some of those which follow, our readers will perceive that Portugal might be made not altogether unendurable as a residence :—

“ In the gardens of the quintas, small channels of water, kept constantly filled from some overflowing fountains, are so skilfully constructed, as to furnish a never-failing supply of moisture to the shrubs and plantations, which would otherwise in summer be burnt up by the heat. The *ulmis adjungere vitem* is well known in poetical description, but in Portugal, besides overshadowing their artificial supporters, the vines are seen attaching themselves to, or hanging down in luxuriant festoons from forest trees, such as the oak, chestnut, and cork, in all the wildness of nature, and not unfrequently insinuating themselves among the branches of myrtle-trees, which attain a considerable size in the hedge-rows, and contrasting their large purple bunches with the snow-white blossom. The union is truly poetical, and its novelty is charming to the eye of a northern traveller. You shall have a sketch of the myrtle and vine in conjunction, faithfully represented. A vine is often purposely planted by the farmer under an oak tree, whose boughs it soon overruns, repaying the little labour expended in its cultivation by its fruit, and the lop of its branches. Ten pipes of green wine, *vinho verde*, expressed from these grapes, will yield one pipe of excellent brandy. Being light and sharp, the *vinho verde* is preferred by the generality of Portuguese, in the summer, to wines of superior strength and quality.

“ The golden pippin-trees are here in as declining a state as they are in England. Great care, however, is taken in their cultivation; and at one of the quintas, where we were hospitably received, we were surprised with finding a nursery of them amounting to nearly a thousand, and apparently in a very healthy condition. It is observed, however, that they invariably become cankered after the growth of a few years. Cider is said to have been first known in Africa, and thence to have made its way across the Iberian and Lusitanian peninsula, by the Pyrenees, into France and Normandy, and ultimately into our country. Were not the vine so luxuriant in Portugal, the inhabitants might be disposed to turn their attention to the increase of apple-trees, which would amply repay every care bestowed upon them by their rich produce, calculated alike for the table and the press. The branches of the fruit-trees are literally breaking down under the weight which has increased upon them. Little care, however, is taken to prevent the mischief by the application of props; for such is the climate and fertility of the soil, that the ensuing spring commonly repairs the injury, and the vigour of the tree seems never to be exhausted. The young trees are generally very great bearers.”

The markets of Oporto are much better supplied, Mr. Kinsey says, than those of Lisbon. “ Fresh meat is excellent; and particularly pork, during the season.” The pork of Portugal, generally, would not be considered good in England. The sweet acorns upon which it is fed, and which Mr. Kinsey afterwards describes as such cheap and admirable provision, diminish the firmness and elasticity of the flesh, though they produce fat very abundantly. The greater part of the Portuguese hogs, from this cause, are unfit to be cured in the shape of bacon; and the fat only of the animal is preserved, which is kept between layers of salt, and called *tocino*. There can never be fine bacon produced except from hogs fed upon corn. The prices of provisions, from the difficulty and expensiveness of all conveyance, vary very considerably in different parts of Portugal. In Lisbon, they are always, comparatively, dear; and the meat is of a very bad quality. It is killed, as some moon-struck persons are insisting that ours should be killed in London, at “abattoirs,” and brought into town in carts, making an exhibition, as Mr. Kinsey justly observes, extremely “filthy and revolting.” It is fair to observe,

however, that the aspect of the meat brought into Lisbon, is very different from that which we see in London; and that the appearance of the vehicle—the mode of conveying it, &c.—is considerably more slovenly. Fish, fruit and vegetables, are to be had in excellent order in Lisbon; and the shrimps—as large as our English prawns, and very abundant—and the fresh caught sardinhas, are delicacies upon which the most accurate gastronome, even although of Paris or London, can form but one opinion. In the more distant parts of Portugal, on the other hand, the necessaries, and even the luxuries of life, may be obtained at an almost incredibly low rate. Mr. Kinsey says—

“ In the fortified town of Elvas, situated near the Guadiana, on the frontier of the Alentejo, about three leagues and a half from Badajoz, on the left bank of the river, a good family house may be procured, as has been stated, for about six pounds for the twelvemonth. Bread of the finest quality may be obtained from Badajoz for one penny the pound, and meat from two-pence to four-pence; wine one penny the bottle; milk one penny a full quart; oranges twelve the penny; three pomegranates for two-pence, and a turkey for about one shilling and sixpence. Colonial produce, however, is nearly ten per cent. dearer than in Lisbon, owing to the additional charge for carriage; but even in Elvas very good Brazil coffee is to be purchased for about fourteen-pence the pound, and refined sugar for sixpence.”

The “ fortified town of Elvas,” if meat and wine could be had for nothing in it, is a place which we should commiserate any body who was forced to dwell in. But the town of Estremoz, about eighteen miles nearer Lisbon, is one of the most delightful situations in the whole Alentejo; and, as the road between that and Elvas is a reasonably good one, we should suppose, the distance would not produce any material difference of price.

The English troops under General Clinton, were in Portugal at the time of our author's visit; but of their reception or treatment by the inhabitants, he says little; and his notices or observations, taken generally, upon the struggle in which he finds the country engaged, convey little that is new, or that can assist the reader in any opinion as to the probable termination of it. This is a subject which has already been more than once treated in our Magazine; and it is not our intention, at present, to enter into any lengthy argument or discussion of it. For the time, the struggle has now terminated; but the question between free institutions and despotism—education and improvement, or continued bigotry and sottish ignorance—has not terminated; and twelve months will not elapse before it will revive. The really liberal party in the kingdom—we speak of that party which desired a free government, religious toleration, and the instruction and improvement of their fellow men—not of those who joined the ranks of the Constitutionalists, because their interests, or their attachments, carried them to the side of Don Pedro rather than of Don Miguel—that party, ever since the death of John the Sixth, have been combating with a weight about their necks. In maintaining that which they meant should be the cause of liberty, they were in fact maintaining, and compelled to maintain, at least the temporary dependence of Portugal upon the colonial kingdom of Brazil. The national pride—at all hazards—refused to endure this indignity; and it is not surprising that it should have refused to endure it. Liberty, and the charter, desirable as they might have been under other auspices, were intolerable as presented (coupled with the honour of a “ Regency”) by an ex-colony to the parent state. The cry for the “ absolute king!” was a call for the “ independent king;” for such a king as would not be a servant to the crown of Brazil, and such

sovereign as the Portuguese thought their honour concerned in allowing themselves only to be governed by. But the real question of despotism or constitutional freedom, has been lost sight of—not tried or argued—in this contest. It has been silent and in abeyance while a stronger influence ruled men's minds for the instant; when order is restored, and something like tranquillity, we shall begin to hear of it again. The cause of liberty and reform is "hearted" in the country. There are classes who perceive they have an interest in its success; and who cannot resist, if they would, the temptation of aiding it wherever they see the opportunity. Its progress may be slow; for it is opposed by deep seated prejudices, and powerful vested interests; and the character of the people even among whom it will best make its way, is timorous and procrastinating. But it is infatuation to believe that the accession of Don Miguel, (a weak, and notwithstanding his election, unpopular prince,) to the sovereignty, will put an end to a spirit, which has never ceased to exert itself since the termination of the French war. And in fact, the very vices and fooleries which so abundantly adorn his majesty's character, amount to so many pledges for its speedy and prosperous re-exhibition.

The few notices given by Mr. Kinsey of the reception or conduct of our troops, at Lisbon, are trifling and contradictory. In one place, he complains—"Our (the English) officers are openly insulted in the streets by the muleteers; and it is useless for them to make any complaint." Now it is hardly twenty pages back that we had a recollection—one of the first that follows the author's arrival—of a totally opposite character:—

"At the moment we landed at the foot of the packet-stairs, a ludicrous instance of the infliction of summary punishment occurred, which afforded us great amusement. Some quarrel, it would seem, had arisen between some native boatmen and a party of our jolly tars, who were waiting to take an officer off to his ship. The Portuguese had the temerity to strike one of the British seamen with an oar, when the whole boat's crew jumped aboard the Lusitanian, and trundled the Portuguese party into the water—a case of no unusual occurrence, as we afterwards learned."

There is another story about the robbery of an English officer, by some Portuguese thieves, which the gentleman concerned will scarcely thank Mr. Kinsey for relating:—

"It was only a few nights since that a young English officer, who had lately joined his regiment in Portugal, and was returning home on his best horse from the opera, and in his dress regimentals, was stopped near Sacavem by four *Malcreados*, (supposed to be expatriated Constitutionlists from Spain,) and robbed of every thing but his shirt and pocket-handkerchief, with which the brigands bound his hands, and then left him to his fate. A shrug of the Intendant's shoulders was a sufficient proof that either he could not or would not effectually interfere to procure the restoration of the property lost. *Ex uno disce omnes*. Military men have many such anecdotes to relate of Portuguese magistrates and robbers."

We don't exactly know whether the *ex uno disce omnes* here applies to the intendant, or to the officer: but we trust that it is to the former; for we hardly can believe that our military men have many such anecdotes to relate. Certainly the time has been, when an English officer, "returning on his best horse from the opera," and in his "dress regimentals," if he had been so unfortunate as to be stopped at Sacavem by four *malcreados* and "robbed of every thing but his shirt and pocket-handkerchief" (an odd association to leave!) instead of applying to any intendant, would have been happy to put up with the loss—not to say jump into the Tagus—in order to keep the adventure a secret.



Our limits, which have already been carried nearly to their extent, prevent us from following Mr. Kinsey in his route, first down the Douro, and then by Coimbra and Leiria, from Oporto back to Lisbon. The tour, however, which he manages to accomplish altogether, includes, if not the whole, certainly the greater part, of the interesting scenery and positions of Portugal. Into the Alemtejo, if we understand rightly, he does not penetrate; but describes it—as he is too apt to do, a great many things—upon “hearsay.” The return to Lisbon again brings us back to the dogs and the ecclesiastics, with anecdotes told fifty thousand times before, and laid at five hundred different places, and attributed to more than five hundred different people: all of which the writer may never have heard before, but which, we fear, will be sadly familiar to a great proportion of his readers. There is no very great point, for instance, in such descriptions as the following:—

“Notwithstanding the effects produced by the ardent beams of the sun upon men, and almost every animal excepting the mule, the Lisbon dogs seem to luxuriate under the violence of the heat, and to avoid the shady sides of the streets, though the thermometer of Fahrenheit should indicate the state of the atmosphere to be at 110 degrees; and scarcely an instance of canine madness indeed is ever known to occur. Certain trades and professions, such as grocers and shoemakers, are compelled by law to keep at their doors small sunken cisterns, which are constantly replenished with water for the use of these animals, who, since Junot’s bloody edict against them has ceased to have effect, and the restoration of the city to the uninterrupted enjoyment of its ‘priesthood, and doghood,’ and filth, seem to have recovered their former numerical strength.

“The canine confederacy, basking in the sun under our windows or upon the dunghill by the principal entrance into the Franciscan convent, which is opposite, consists of curs of high and of low degree; some without a tail; others with their ears shorn, or an eye lost in battle; some lame, dragging a broken leg after them, perhaps, in addition, writhing under the mange, and proving their antiquity by the leanness of their condition; poodles, who knew a master sixteen long years since; pointers, who have been fixed to the same spot during the tenth part of a century; and others who, from the variety in their colour and difference of shape, can boast no common origin. Such is the character of the motley group of dogs assembled together in the occupation of the Rua San Francisco. During the day, one is constantly molested by the yelpings and growlings and snarlings of the pack, whenever a carriage or horse pass rapidly along, or the permanent possession of their territory seems endangered; and in the night one is agreeably serenaded by the domestic broils of the vigilant cabal over the offerings made, to the great danger of the passenger, from the upper windows of the houses, to noctivagant Cloacina. The singular cry of one old gentleman, who, from infirmity, was not so ready as his brethren in joining the feast, still tingles in my ear.”

Considering that, in the very next paragraph we are informed, that, for these dogs “the Portuguese entertain the most religious commiseration, and no one is found to do them an intentional injury,” it seems very odd how such an amazing supply of shorn ears and absent tails, lost eyes, and broken legs, can arise, as Mr. Kinsey describes?

The case that follows too, about the apothecary that was starved to death by attending noblemen and gentlemen, is a story for the Morning Post newspaper—for “the charitable and humane, and those whom Providence has blessed with affluence,” rather than for the quarto volume of the traveller and historian.

Of the same character with these narratives are far too many other of the strange instances gathered in the course of Mr. Kinsey’s travels; but it is not necessary to the advantage of our readers, nor would it be

a work of charity towards the author himself, that we should particularise them. The story of the law-suit about the old coat at Oporto, to give one example, is improbable, and, if true, puerile, and not worth the telling; and the adventure of the Franciscan monk (p. 185), has travelled, we believe, through all the Italian jest books, without an exception, that ever were printed. Another mortal fault about Mr. Kinsey's style of narrative, is the disposition that he has every where to lay a stress upon trifles. At one time, he makes his reader "pause," in the middle of a paragraph, at the gate of the English factory's burying-ground! because—but for the skill and carefulness of some physician, it would have been his own lot—instead of writing a book—to have reposed there! Presently afterwards, he is actually unable to examine the architecture or antiquities of a particular church, on account of the "overpowering stench" (a stench that people endure twice a day, at morning and evening prayer, and swoon not) arising from the practice of burning the dead within the walls of such edifices. And anon, in travelling up a hill to witness some object of peculiar curiosity, stops again to record the urbanity with which some gentleman picked up and restored his missing "white cambric pocket handkerchief." These are pettinesses which weaken our confidence in an author, and disincline us to go on in his company. We distrust the judgment of a traveller, who quits Portugal without witnessing a bull fight, because that species of shew is "cruel," or is "exhibited on a Sunday;" or who passes over the examination of a curious building, because he perceives a disagreeable smell in the inside of it. A still heavier fault, and the last we shall advert to, is the disposition which Mr. Kinsey exhibits, either from natural acerbity of feeling, or from a desire to maintain a tone which shall be high and ex-cathedral, to talk in terms of fierce condemnation, if not of direct invective, of all parties and persons who chance to be opposed to him in religious or political opinions. Thus, through almost every page in which he touches upon the recent contest, we find the words recurring—"artful friars"—"unholy zeal"—"interests of the priesthood"—"restoration of priesthood and dog-hood,"—&c. &c. These figures of speech come ill from the mouth of a clergyman; and from any man they are an argument of weakness, not of strength. No man who has common brains can feel surprised that the ecclesiastics of Spain or Portugal should be anxious to uphold the system by which they live, and preserve their resources and immunities from reduction or spoliation. Whether society at large would do wisely to allow them to uphold that system, and retain those immunities, is a very different consideration; but it is nothing strange, nor does it form any heavy moral imputation against them, as individuals, that they should exert themselves to do so. There are many individuals in England—some whole classes—who think that our own church revenues are needlessly and unreasonably high, and that the system of their application and distribution is a highly inequitable and unjust one. But, nevertheless, we suspect the established clergy would exhibit very little Christian forbearance, if any attack were proposed upon their receipts; and we commonly see sufficient "zeal," either "holy" or "unholy," manifested at the very slightest indication of a disposition to encroachment upon them. Discussion loses all its worth the moment it lapses into abuse; and, besides, there is no just cause for the condemnation here pronounced. We point out the propriety, perhaps the necessity, of breaking up a system, the existence of which has the sanction of ages; but we do not vilify the parties, or find them worse rogues than ourselves, who happen to have an interest in the vigorous

maintenance of it. The faulty judgment of Mr. Kinsey's style upon these last points, as well as on some others which we might mention, will preclude his work, therefore, as we have already stated, from taking any thing like that rank in literature which he seems to have proposed for it. Its chief value lies in the pictorial embellishments, which are numerous, and certainly admirably executed; even the (wood cuts) vignettes—the tail pieces to the chapters—many of them highly lively and characteristic. Of the larger views—the landscapes—we have spoken already. The specimens of costume at the end of the volume, we do not like quite so well as the matters that precede them: they are drawn and engraved by eminent artists; and the costumes are accurately given; but the expression of the countenances—especially in the figures of the peasantry—have not, as it strikes us, the genuine Portuguese character. We should add that the work contains a map of Portugal, corrected by Arrowsmith, from the map of General Foy, and an illustrated table of all the coins of Portuguese currency; and that, as far as the matter of typography, and book embellishment goes, it is one of the handsomest works that ever issued from the press.

#### SIX WORDS ON THE LATE ELECTION IN IRELAND.

The obtrusive and pernicious exhibition of the Clare "election" is over; and Mr. O'Connell has assumed the title of a Member of Parliament, and, by that which seems a misplaced endurance on the part of the authorities, is exercising some of the privileges of one. The mere act of Mr. O'Connell's being returned to Parliament, amounts only to an indecorous trick; intruded (rather too much in the general taste of our Irish friends) upon that which ought to be a grave and serious proceeding; but, the measures by which that return has been accomplished, will have made a strong impression upon the advocates of Catholic claims in England. It would be a waste of the patience of our readers, and a work that at this late period of the month we have not room for, to enter into any argument upon the competency of the Catholics, under the existing law, to sit in Parliament; nor, shall we go over the ground, already familiar, through the medium of the newspapers, of the genuflexions, exhortations, excommunications, or other mummeries, which were used at Clare, to induce the forty shilling voters to support Mr. O'Connell. All we want—and we shall dwell even upon that very shortly—is the fact, that, either from their natural appetite for tumult, or from the power exercised over them by the "Associations" and the priesthood—on the first display of the standard of rebellion, the freeholders *did* renounce their allegiance to their landlords, and came up to the poll in crowds for the candidate of the opposition.

Now, if there were any thing at all in this proceeding, even like an assertion of independence on the part of the Irish voters, we should rejoice at it: but it is a gross perversion of terms, to talk of the existence of any such manifestation. There is an exhibition of a state of moral principle and feeling, with which freedom disdains to be associated; but nothing else. "Independence," as the word is understood by the reputable part of society, implies the discharge of our debts and duties; not their evasion or defiance. A person the other day in the Court of Requests, pleaded in answer to his creditor's demand, that he was legally freed from all claims, by "having been sentenced by the law to be hanged;" but that individual has not yet been declared in any address from the English pulpit, to be a pre-eminently free, and independent man.

The contract between the Irish landlord, and his "forty shilling"



tenantry, stands thus. Their "freeholds" (much to the abuse of the name) are portions of his property, entrusted to them by him specifically for his use, and, for the holding of which, subject to his application or appointment, they receive a consideration: this stipend is received in the shape of a right to cultivate some bog, or, of a strip of land for a potatoe garden, the rent of which gets into arrear, and while the tenant gives satisfaction, is not expected to be punctually paid. Now, this is a bad description of contract. And it is a bad description of contract by which a man sits in the House of Commons—counterfeiting the position of an independent member—who, in reality, takes his seat for a private borough, to vote and act as the proprietor of that borough shall direct. But, unless all the bonds are to be dissolved, by which society exists and is held together, both these are contracts, as to which, when entered into, *faith is to be kept*. The Irish freeholder knows the bargain which he makes, and seeks it. He receives, and enjoys the advantages which result from it. He may become a free agent if he pleases, by cancelling the bond, and restoring the consideration: but he is a robber, if, for his own interest or passions, he violates its conditions, and trusts to the lawless state of the community in which he lives, to escape the infliction of its penalty.

This latter species of independence, however, is that which has been asserted by the voters of the county of Clare; and it is worthy of remark, that this violation of faith and honour has been recommended and enforced by their spiritual advisers as a duty. Those ministers of religion who best knew how fully and entirely binding in conscience the contract was, were the very men, who, by entreaties, and even by threats, induced them to break it. But, the state of affairs exhibited upon the whole (for our space runs short) is this—it is pretty evident that the peasantry of Ireland, or at least, a very large proportion of them, are at the command, not at all of the legitimate government of the state, but of the priesthood and of the knot of adventurers who are raising money and trying to get into notice by disturbing it; and the question that follows is twofold—"Must such a state of things be allowed to continue?" and "Is it probable that *concession* will alter or remove it?" The answer is, that such a state of things ought, at all hazards to be changed: and that a great many of those who have been the advocates of conciliation, begin now to be afraid that very little is to be expected from it. It would be arguing in the teeth of demonstration, to suppose that any concessions that ever England will make, or ought to make, will satisfy—(and "satisfy" too, quotha!)—the priests, and the self-elected Catholic leaders. And, for the lower classes—is it believed, that any human concessions that ever could be devised can ever deprive men, who are disposed to turbulence, of a pretext for it? The Catholic tenantry of Clare have abandoned their pledges to their landlords; an allegiance—we speak the fact out, let those who can contradict it—which has ten times more practical influence over them than any allegiance they ever bore the British government:—they have abandoned this allegiance, and run all the hazard of ruin and ejection from their farms and livelihoods likely to be consequent upon it—for the sake of styling a man for a few weeks "Member of Parliament" whom they know is incompetent to sit in Parliament; and who three years voted for a measure which was to exclude them for ever from returning members to Parliament at all. And, can it be supposed, that men who have hazarded all they possess for such an object as this, can ever be at a loss for an excuse for sedition, or for riot? or, that there is any spell in the measure of "Catholic Emancipation" which can deprive them of the disposition for it?

The multitude in Ireland will receive the boon which may be called "Emancipation," or any other boon which may be offered to them by this country, *as their leaders may direct*; and it is clear that, if all that the most liberal portion of the English legislature ever thought of granting were conceded to them, it is not intended that they should be *content* with it. This is no matter of belief or inference: it is a conviction to which those who have been the supporters of concession have come with regret. It is openly, and ostentatiously announced, by those in whom the deluded people are trusting, that the terms which have been discussed in England under the title of "Emancipation" *will not do*. "The church establishment of Ireland must be changed. The act of union must be repealed. The Parliament of Britain must be reformed; and her governors and ministers taught how detestable their names are to the whole world, before the 'Liberators' of Ireland will be satisfied." And to back these pretensions, we are told "that the Catholics are banded: that they have friends, leaders, funds, and communications; that it is in the weakness and the fears of England that they must put their trust; and that the justice which she has insolently denied, she will now find can, and shall be compelled from her."

Now, these are words and demonstrations which can be attended with but one effect: they will lead the thinking part of the English nation to pause; and to recollect that there are other means than those of concession, by which to deal with presumption and seditious insolence. They will begin to perceive that the Protestant party in Ireland, is that—and that alone—upon which this country, in emergency, could rely; and to doubt of the expediency of granting additional power to those, whose ambition or brawling violence is not to be appeased, and who are making so dangerous a use of the power which they possess already. This is the conclusion to which the conduct of the Catholic body is bringing those even who have been the most anxious to avoid it. The argument which has triumphed over the Irish landowner on the late occasion has been too strong a one: it recoils and does mischief to the Catholic cause itself. The reliance has been—and this every Englishman feels—upon the lawless habits of the country. The fear of ejectment would never have been met—even where the disposition to treachery existed, by the tenantry; but the answer was—"They (your landlords) dare not eject you to-day, for fear you should fire their houses in their sleep, or shoot them from behind a hedge to-morrow." Of all errors else, the promulgation of this doctrine has been the most mischievous! The inculcation of a breach of faith upon the lower orders, is the last into which the *Catholic divines* should (openly) have fallen. They must be aware, that the faith which they profess is distrusted as well as disliked in England; and, that the trust of those who supported their cause, was, in the conviction of its powerlessness, not in any supposition of its change. The dangerous principle, that "Truth may be dispensed with, where important objects are concerned," has long been asserted to be an article of their creed; but, it was short-sighted policy in themselves to make the justice of that charge so unequivocally apparent.

We have only space farther to say, that it can scarcely be doubted, that the Catholic cause has suffered considerably by the events of the last month. Their electioneering exertions, carried to the utmost, will never gain them ten additional votes in Ireland; and, if by any accident, a general election was to take place, twenty new members would come in upon the Anti-Catholic interest in England.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*History of the War in the Peninsula, and in the South of France, by Colonel Napier. Vol. 1; 1828.*—This history of the war is of a different, and, in many respects, superior character, to Lord Londonderry's still very respectable publication. It is not, like that, a mere narrative of the achievements of the English troops during the least important campaigns, but will, when completed, present a full view of the whole war, and exhibit in detail the conduct of the French as well as the English forces—the author having had extraordinary facilities for obtaining information from French officers, particularly from Marshal Soult, who, “disdaining national prejudices, with the confidence of a great mind, placed numerous original documents at his disposal, without even a remark to check the freedom of his pen.” Colonel Napier's professional experience, and personal acquaintance with the scene, will, moreover, give him a decided superiority over his rival, Southey. He has been not only an executive soldier, but is a political philosopher—somewhat, to be sure, of a radical cast—too much so, to please the leading members of his profession, or to conciliate the great commander to whom he dedicates his book—though he does so on the ground that “he has served long enough under his command to feel why the soldiers of the Tenth Legion were attached to Cæsar.” The present volume—a pretty portly one—conducts the story to the battle of Corunna and the death of General Moore, and at least three or four more on the same scale will be required to complete his purpose. He designedly forbears from treating largely of the disjointed and ineffectual operations of the native forces—apocryphal as much of what could have been obtained of them, must necessarily be.

The deliverance of Spain was the work, Colonel Napier maintains, not of the native troops, but of the English armies. The Spaniards conducted the war like savages—unconnectedly—unskilfully; not in manly warfare, but by stealth and brigandage. They were self-sufficient, and stimulated by wounded pride—they were superstitious, and their religious feelings were roused to fury by an over-ruling clergy, who dreaded the loss of their endowments; but, after the first burst of indignation, the cause of independence created very little enthusiasm among them. The leaders were, many of them, traitors, and more of them abhorers of freedom—pursuing, consequently, their own projects, and neglecting the general cause. Tumults and assassinations terrified and disgusted the sensible part of the community—a corrupt administration of the resources extinguished patriotism, and neglect ruined the armies—and the peasant, a raw soldier, usually fled at the first onset, threw away his arms, and returned home, or joined the ban-

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ners of men, who, for the most part, originally robbers, were as oppressive to the people as the enemy. The guerilla chiefs would, in their turn, have been quickly exterminated, but that the French, pressed by Lord Wellington, were obliged to keep together in large masses. This was the secret of Spanish constancy. From the moment the English took the field, the Spaniards ceased to act as principals—though the contest obviously involved their existence as an independent nation.

Of the barbarities committed by these Spaniards, Colonel Napier notices some memorable instances, exceeding in atrocity any thing we remember to have ever read. For instance:—

Filanghieri, the Governor of Corunna (at the first explosion), an Italian by birth, was by a tumultuous crowd called upon to exercise the rights of sovereignty, and to declare war in form against the French. Like every man of sense in Spain, he was unwilling to commence such an important revolution upon uncertain grounds; the impatient populace instantly attempted his life, which was then saved by the courage of an officer of his staff; but his horrible fate was only deferred. He was a man of talent, sincerely attached to Spain, and he exerted himself with success in establishing a force in the province: no suspicion of guilt seems to have attached to his conduct, and his death marks the temper of the times, and the inherent ferocity of the people. A part of the regiment of Navarre seized him at Villa Franca del Bierzo, planted the ground with their bayonets, and then tossing him in a blanket, let him fall on the points thus disposed, and there leaving him to struggle, they dispersed and retired to their own houses.

The fate of Colonel Rene, a French officer, was still more horrible:—

He had been sent on a mission to Portugal, previous to the breaking out of hostilities, and was on his return, travelling in the ordinary mode, without arms, attached to no army, engaged in no operations of war; but being recognised as a Frenchman, he was seized, mutilated, and then placed between two planks and sawed alive.

Assassinations similar to those of the Marquis of Solano at Cadiz, and the Conde d'Aguilar at Seville, occurred in every part of Spain:—

Grenada had its murders, adds Col. Napier; Carthage rivalled Cadiz in ruthless cruelty; and Valencia was foul with slaughter. Don Miguel de Saavedra, the governor of that city, was killed, not in the fury of the moment, for he escaped the first danger and fled, but being pursued and captured, was brought back and deliberately sacrificed. Balthaza Calvo, a canon of the church of St. Isidro, then commenced a massacre of the French residents. For twelve days unchecked he traversed the streets of Valencia, followed by a band of fanatics, brandishing their knives, and filling all places with blood: many hundred helpless people fell the victims of his



thirst for murder; and at last emboldened by the impunity he enjoyed, Calvo proceeded to threaten the junta itself; but there his career was checked. Those worthy personages who (with the exception of Mr. Tupper, the English consul, then a member) had calmly witnessed his previous violence, at once found the means to crush his power when their own safety was concerned. The canon, being in the act of braving their authority, was seized by stratagem, imprisoned, and soon afterwards strangled, together with 200 of his band.

Of the Madrid massacre, on the 2d of May—the source and prelude of these horrors—Colonel Napier speaks and reasons in these terms:—

That it was commenced by the Spaniards is undoubted—their fiery tempers, the irritation produced by passing events, and the habits of violence which they had acquired by their late successful insurrection against Godoy, rendered an explosion inevitable. But if the French had secretly stimulated this disposition, and had prepared in cold blood to make a terrible example, undoubtedly they would have prepared some check on the Spanish soldiers of the garrison, and they would scarcely have left their hospital unguarded—still less, have arranged the plan, so that their own loss should far exceed that of the Spaniards; and surely nothing would have induced them to relinquish the profit of such policy, after having suffered all the injury. Yet Marshal Moncey and General Harispe were actively engaged in restoring order; and it is certain that, *including the peasants shot outside the gates, the executions on the Prado, and in the barracks of the imperial guard*, the whole number of Spaniards did not amount to 120 persons, while more than 700 French fell. Of the imperial guard 70 were wounded, and this fact would suffice to prove that there was no premeditation on the part of Murat; for if he was base enough to sacrifice his own men with such unconcern, he would not have exposed the select soldiers of the French empire, in preference to the conscripts who abounded in his army. The affair itself was certainly accidental, and not very bloody for the patriots; but policy induced both sides to attribute secret motives, and to exaggerate the slaughter, &c.

The convention of Cintra is stoutly defended by Colonel Napier:—

The editors of the daily press,—says he, after discussing the circumstances—adopting all the misrepresentations of the Portuguese minister, and concluding that the silence of government was the consequence of its dissatisfaction at the convention, broke forth with such a torrent of rabid malevolence, that all feelings of right and justice were overborne, and the voice of truth stifled by their obstreperous cry. Many of the public papers were printed with mourning lines around the text, which related to Portuguese affairs; all called for punishment, and some even talked of death to the guilty, before it was possible to know if any crime had been committed; the infamy of the convention was the universal subject of conversation—a general madness seemed to have seized all classes, and like the Athenians, after the sea-fight of Arginusæ, the English

people, if their laws would have permitted the exploit, were ready to condemn their generals to death for having gained a victory.

A court of inquiry was held at Chelsea—the report of which was not satisfactory to the government, and the members were required to state their opinions individually. Colonel Napier is inclined to censure them for not speaking plainly. “No set of men,” he says, “were ever more favourably placed for giving a severe and just rebuke to popular injustice.—Thus, ended,” adds he, “the last act of the celebrated convention of Cintra—the very name of which will always be a signal record of the ignorant and ridiculous vehemence of the public feeling; for the armistice, the negotiations, the convention itself, and the execution of its provisions, were all commenced, conducted, and concluded at the distance of thirty miles from Cintra, with which place they had not the slightest connexion, political, military, or local: yet Lord Byron has gravely asserted, in prose and verse, that the convention was signed at the Marquis of Marialva’s house, at Cintra; and the author of the ‘Diary of an Invalid,’ improving upon the poet’s discovery, detected the stains of the ink spilt by Junot on the occasion.”

The conduct of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, successively foreign secretaries, and that of the agents, civil and military, sent by them to all parts of Spain—with authorities undefined, or incompatible, or contradictory, and independent of the commander-in-chief, and even controlling him—are sharply and deservedly censured. But we have no space, and can only direct the reader’s attention to the subject—and, indeed, to every part of the volume may that attention be properly directed.

*Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1828.—The proper and distinguishing qualities of a gentleman—of a very high-bred gentleman—it seems, are an exquisite taste in dress, cookery, wines, liveries, sofas, carpets, draperies, &c.; and the scenes of his adventures the drawing-room, the gaming-house, the club, the hotel—the ring, turf, and chase belonging to a rougher class—and if his ambition be of the very loftiest description, Downing-street and the House of Commons—intriguing for place, or planning revenge. For the most part, these are the pursuits of Pelham—he is a very superior person—a dandy in dress, fastidious in sentiment, and exclusive in taste;—in appearance he is absorbed in exhibition and display, but within he has other aspirations—he is in pursuit of higher and incompatible objects—his delight is to be other than he seems—to be thought an idler, but be in fact a fagger—a devotee of Mill, and Bentham, and the Edinburgh, under the cover of a skimmer of novels and verses.

But the prominent object of the volumes, and which indeed constitutes the tale, is the

adventures of Sir Reginald Glanville. This gentleman was a schoolfellow of Pelham's, remarkable for his generous qualities and prodigious abilities—reserved and melancholy, and so, of course, now-a-days, excessively interesting—and, above all, distinguished for the utter absence of selfishness, and eager and active benevolence—which qualities, as we go along, we shall find singularly illustrated. As boys, he and Pelham had been on the most intimate terms; but leaving school, Glanville goes we know not where, and Pelham to Cambridge—of which he speaks in the flippant style common to such as, intent upon the piano and the billiard-table, are too idle to pursue the studies of the place, and to such—a very numerous class—as know nothing whatever about the matter.

After quitting Cambridge, to while away the lagging hours he visits a friend in the country, where were assembled a large party, consisting of persons of more or less importance—one or two conspicuous characters—four or five of the unknown vulgar, good shots and bad matches—elderly ladies, who live in Baker-street, and like long whist—and young ones, who never take wine, and say “Sir,” &c. In a day or two, some of the ladies report the appearance of an odd looking man, in a rough coat, with a great dog, who had run after them, and was called off by the rough-clad stranger. By-and-by somebody else sees a man in the churchyard—prostrate—then rising, and clasping his hands towards heaven—and accompanied by a great dog, who was only prostrate, and did not clasp *his* paws. At last, Pelham himself, walking towards this same churchyard, sees the very same man fling himself upon the ground—sob audibly; and, on his getting up—his hat had fallen off—in the broad moonlight appeared the “noble and chiselled features” of his old schoolfellow, Glanville. Glanville also recognizes Pelham, and sinks with a wild cry to the earth,—and we have quite a scene. Pelham kneels by his side, and Glanville throws himself into his arms and weeps like a child, and presently starting up, escapes without leaving a word of explanation on this unaccountable conduct.

Tired of the country and of town, Pelham goes to Paris, where he speedily gets into a quarrel; and an Englishman, whose name is Thornton, of a common cast, volunteers his services as second. This man, a day or two after, he meets again in the Bois de Boulogne, and with him—“who could he be? where had he seen that pale, but more than beautiful countenance? he must be mistaken—the hair is of a different colour.” The next day, strolling into a gaming-house, he finds again his new acquaintance, Thornton; and, presently after, he observes another Englishman, in a rough great coat—the same person who had so greatly excited his attention the day before. He was intently watching a man of a swarthy complexion,

who was playing with evident anxiety; and never could Pelham forget the stern and ferocious expression with which the man gazed upon the keen and agitated features of the gamester. “In the eye and lip there was neither pleasure, hatred, nor scorn, in their simple and unalloyed elements; but each seemed blent and mingled into one deadly concentration of evil passions.” By-and-by, still occupied with this interesting stranger, he meets him again—still in the rough great coat—in the Jardin des Plantes. He was here joined by a young woman, meanly dressed. They exchanged a few words, and the young woman, taking his arm, turned into another path, and they were soon out of sight. A person of so very aristocratic a look, with a mistress apparently so humble, was another mystery. However, “‘we all have our foibles,’ as the Frenchman said,” observes Pelham, “when he boiled his grandmother’s head in a pipkin.” In an hour or two he meets them again at a cabaret, and overhears a conversation which only throws another cloud on the mystery. It regarded one Tyrrel—apparently the young woman’s protector. The aristocrat of the rough coat demanded of her if the £200. Tyrrel had received was certainly the last relic of his property; and upon her assurance, and expressing a hope that, though she was now solely devoted to himself, he would not suffer Tyrrel to die of starvation, he replied in these delectable terms:—“Night and day I pray to God, upon my bended knees, only one unvarying, unceasing prayer; and that is—when the last agonies shall be upon that man—when sick with weariness, pain, disease, hunger, he lies down to die—when the death-gurgle is in the throat, and the eye swims beneath the last dull film—when remembrance peoples the chamber with hell, and his cowardice would falter forth its dastard recantation to heaven—*then—may I be there!*”—which is met by the young lady with—“Spite of the stings of my remorse, as long as I lose not you, I will lose life, honour, hope, even soul itself!”

Pelham’s curiosity is now wound up to the highest pitch, and he makes Thornton a call to pump him, but unsuccessfully. In a day or two, however, he has the good fortune to meet the young woman again, accompanied this time by the swarthy gamester; and again—he has capital ears—he overhears what enables him to identify him with the Tyrrel of the former conversation; and, finally, he again encounters Tyrrel and the eternal stranger at a gaming-table—Tyrrel playing, and the stranger glaring on him like a demon. Tyrrel loses every farthing of the £200., and they quit the house at the same moment. On the staircase the stranger stops Tyrrel, and questions him as to his losses; and, on Tyrrel acknowledging his absolute ruin, he lifts up his hand to his head—“Turn!” says he; “your cup is not yet full—look on me, and remember!”

Tyrrel gazed, shrieked, and fell; and Pelham, pressing forward, and casting an intense look upon the stranger—the dark hair was gone—he discovered again the “bright locks and lofty brow of Reginald Glanville.”

Some few months elapse, and Pelham is again in England, canvassing an uncle's borough; when meeting with unexpected opposition, though returned, he is quickly ousted on petition. He intrigues with the minister, and performs some of the dirty work of office. In the mean while, he encounters Tyrrel at Cheltenham, as Sir John Tyrrel—he having luckily, by sundry deaths, fallen upon a good estate and a title. In London, too, he meets with Glanville, as Sir Reginald; and, renewing his intimacy, is introduced to a sister, with whom he falls in love; but no explanation of the old mystery takes place with the brother.

Suddenly, Glanville discovers Tyrrel's flourishing condition—he had supposed him dead, and not without pretty good grounds—and dispatches by Pelham a challenge, couched in the most offensive terms. Tyrrel refuses to fight, and quits town. But soon at Newmarket, where Pelham had gone in prosecution of some political intrigue, he meets with Tyrrel, and, the same day, a person in disguise, lying on the heath, whom he suspected to be Glanville. Returning in the evening, he is overtaken by Tyrrel, who expresses some apprehension, particularly as he has money about him, of a man who had been dogging him all day, and proposes to accompany Pelham; but a storm coming on, and Pelham's horse breaking down, he rides forward. Presently, Thornton comes up, Pelham's old Paris acquaintance—now a well known black-leg—and immediately after, in full speed, rides past the person he took for Glanville, and by a glance was confirmed in his suspicion. Suddenly he hears a distant cry, and coming up to the spot, he finds Tyrrel murdered; and appearances bear strongly and irresistibly upon Glanville. Pelham's conviction is rooted, and the subsequent intercourse between them is conducted with much reserve. At last, Glanville proffers explanation. He was not the murderer—he had planned to force Tyrrel to fight, muzzle to muzzle; but he was anticipated by Thornton and a companion.—What was the ground of this determined pursuit of vengeance? Glanville had seduced a young lady—she lived with him as his mistress, and, on a temporary absence of his, Tyrrel had introduced himself—had, basely, no doubt, committed violence, which ended in her insanity and death—the cause of Glanville's appearance in the churchyard—his retaliating seduction of Tyrrel's mistress—and horrible and satanic persecution.

A word with the writer. He is doing mischief, and doing it insidiously. He is a liberal in morals, and entrapping the sympathies of young men and young women, by

whom alone he well knows he will be chiefly read, into an approval of profligacy. In Falkland, his very aim was to shew how naturally and interestingly an adultery might be got up—to pity the victim, and admire the criminal; and, in Glanville, seduction, and keeping, and revenge, are elaborately exhibited as actions which detract nothing from the moral worth of a most intellectual and superior being. Nor can the private calumnies interspersed here and there, particularly of Lady Gander—originating, as they manifestly must, in the violations of domestic privacy—do the writer any credit.

*Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, by Charles Hamilton Teeling; 1828.*—The whole strain of the narrative—extravagant, romantic, puerile as it is—Irish we might at once have said—is little calculated to accredit the facts which the author puts forth; but unhappily we have evidence confirmative of their general character, of too notorious and irrefragable a nature to question their authenticity. He boldly gives his name, and certainly—save the manifest want of simplicity and plain sense, conspicuous in every leaf of the book, we have no grounds for throwing a shade of suspicion over any part of it, and especially over what he avers to have fallen under his own eye. The narrative, however, is not only told in bad taste, but is indistinctly told. The personal knowledge too, appears to have been slight. He was arrested in 1796, confined for about a twelvemonth, liberated on his own responsibility, and took no active share in the subsequent rebellion. He was thus far the greater part of that tumultuous period in prison, or at large under recognizance, or ill—and moreover a mere boy—though Irish boys no doubt mature early. A slender and unsatisfactory sketch of the insurrection in Wexford, Kildare, and Down, is given, and of the leaders—particularly of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—where Pamela, the “lovely” Pamela, is not forgotten—“formed to charm every heart and command every arm that had not already been enlisted in the cause of Ireland”—intmixed with some details of the atrocious cruelties and scandalous licence, which prevailed among the soldiers and the police, before, and during, and subsequent to the rebellion—with all which the public has been over and over again surfeited, and will scarcely be inclined to lend a very serious ear to the vague, and unparticular statements before us. The part strictly personal, which is really very small, is of more interest, involving, as it does, the conduct of Castlereagh and Carhampton—with the conduct of official persons the public has an intimate concern.

It was not till the autumn of 1796, after the dismissal of Lord Fitzwilliam, that the Irish government, at the head of which was then placed Lord Camden, commenced ac-



tive operations against the united Irishmen—of which government the late Lord Londonderry, then the Hon. Robert Stewart, was the most conspicuous agent. That nobleman himself had been a member of the Irish volunteers, and his name stands recorded among the distinguished persons who formed the great political association in Ulster—the Whig Club of Belfast—and no one knew better than himself who were the most stirring men of the time. Charles Hamilton Teeling, the author, was the first victim of Lord Castlereagh's political delinquency. On the 16th of September—then not eighteen years of age—he was arrested on a charge of high treason, and arrested by him in person. Lord Castlereagh was the friend of Teeling's father, and well acquainted with the youth himself. The father and son were on horseback, and were met in the streets of Lisburne by Lord Castlereagh, who accosted them with his usual courtesy, and politeness, and rode with them till they reached the house of the Marquess of Hertford, Castlereagh's relation, when Teeling and his father being about to proceed in another direction, Lord Castlereagh suddenly said—"I regret your son cannot accompany you," conducting him at the same moment through the outer gates, which were instantly closed, and Teeling found himself surrounded by a guard of soldiers. With some difficulty the father was admitted to take leave of him. Teeling's person being thus secured in Lord Hertford's house, Lord Castlereagh proceeded to the father's to search for papers, and placing a guard at each door, he himself held a pistol to the breast of Teeling's brother, a lad of fourteen, and compelled him to accompany him in his search—opening successively every locker, from which he carried away such papers as he chose to select, and moreover a pair of pistols. In the evening, fatigued with the exertions of the day, he returned to Lord Hertford's, and ordered dinner for himself and his prisoner—at which my Lord talked of his labours, and of the persons he had arrested, Nelson, Russel, &c.—to the great entertainment, of course, of his guest. In the dead of the night a string of ten carriages, containing the prisoners, with a guard, set out for Dublin. At Newry they stopped to bait the horses, but no refreshment was allowed the prisoners—save what the "young and lovely daughters of the maitre d'hôtel"—the innkeeper we suppose—hastened to present them. The soldiers dared not resist "innocence and beauty;" and innocence and beauty accordingly crept under the very horses' bellies to convey their eates and dainties to the prisoners. "Heroic countrywomen," exclaims the author, in his rhodomontade style—"if courage had been wanting to animate our cause, your example would have taught us firmness."

On arriving at Dublin, they were quickly taken before Judge Boyd, and committed by him to Kilmainham gaol, and the use of pen,

ink, and paper prohibited. Eventually these requisites were introduced under the paste of a Christmas pye, by the ingenuity of one of the author's fair countrywomen—"a ministering angel thou," of course bursts from him. They were at first confined in separate cells, but were soon enabled by the negligence or connivance of the keepers to remove the locks, and communicate; and the author himself, from the good will of the soldiers on guard, and others, had more than one opportunity of escaping, which he disdained to use. Occasionally Lord Carhampton (Luttrell) amused himself with making nocturnal visits to the prison, and once—but the author shall tell his own story.

In one of those excursions in which none but the gloomy and tyrannic soul can take delight, our several departments were entered in succession by the commander-in-chief, accompanied by two officers of his staff, a brutal turnkey, and four soldiers with fixed bayonets. Aroused at the dead hour of the night by this unlooked for and unwelcome intrusion—the fell visage of the turnkey, with a dark lantern in his hand—the presence of soldiers under arms, and the horrid grimace of a countenance the most repelling I ever beheld—all conspired to fill my soul with terror—and the act of assassination presented itself to my mind as already commenced. I sprang from my pallet, and under the influence of horror bordering on despair, determined not to surrender my life without a struggle, and unconscious of whom I assailed, my hand had already grasped at the throat of the noble commander-in-chief. What a specimen of the puerile employment of the man, to whose courage and guidance was committed the protection of the state, and that state hourly threatened with invasion from abroad, and tottering from dissensions at home! Whether a feeling of compassion, or a sense of shame operated on the mind of this distinguished commander, was not the subject of my inquiry—my person was uninjured, and my terrors allayed. "Pray, Sir, how long have you been confined?" "Since September 96." "A long imprisonment." "A painful one," was my reply. "You are Mr. —?" "And you, I presume, my Lord Carhampton?" "Ha! you know me then—good night, Sir." "Good night, my Lord," and I resumed my pallet.

The apartment in the corridor adjoining to mine was occupied by my friend Nelson, and to this his lordship directed his next visit. The unbarring of the heavy doors, and the hollow sound produced by the tread of feet, had alarmed many of the prisoners, and Nelson was up and dressed when the guardian of Ireland's safety entered his apartment. "You are late up," said his lordship, in a hasty and irritated tone of voice. "Rather early, I think, my lord," said Nelson, "for it is not sunrise." "Pray, Sir, do you know me?" "Oh perfectly," replied Nelson. "Allow me, Sir, to ask you where or when you have known me, for I cannot recollect that I have ever had the honour of your acquaintance?" "I had the honour to be reviewed by your lordship in the first battalion of Irish volunteers, when the light cavalry on the plains of Broughshane—" "Stop, Sir, stop,—those days are gone by—these are not fit subjects for prison reflections—go to bed, Sir, and dream

of something else than Irish volunteers." The commander looked stern—Nelson frowned—the soldiers exchanged significant glances—and his lordship proceeded to the next apartment.

In this were lodged two characters of inestimable worth, the Rev. Sinclair Kilburn, and the celebrated physician Dr. Crawford—good and benevolent men, but of a warmth of disposition which a vexatious imprisonment had rather increased than diminished. They were unacquainted with the person of the gallant commander-in-chief, but perfectly familiar with the notoriety of his exploits. "What! gentlemen, up so early?" "Up," replied his reverence, *up* captain, is the order of the day." (*Up* was a popular expression well understood, and synonymous with the word *united*). Then, Sir, I recommend you to be down," said his lordship, with a stern countenance, and pointing to a chair. "I cannot think of sitting down, Sir, while you are standing; allow me, captain, to hand you a chair." "No!" exclaimed his lordship, with the utmost scorn, and apparent contempt; "No, Sir, I shall never sit in company with traitors." "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," whispered the worthy divine; but roused by the word traitor, and unable to restrain the honest indignation of his soul, "Traitor," he exclaimed, and bending his dark brow on the pallid countenance of the commander-in-chief, he pronounced in a solemn and emphatic tone, "No, on the sincerity of an Irishman, and the faith of a Christian, there is not a Luttrell within our walls."—In hastening to retire, his lordship's attention was arrested by a small volume, which he perceived in the worthy doctor's hand—"What has been the subject of your study, Sir?" "Locke on Government," was the reply. "A bad book for a prison," rejoined his lordship. "Then carry it to headquarters, Sir," said the doctor, presenting the book with a sarcastic smile.

For about a twelvemonth, or something more, Teeling bore the confinement without injury to his health; but at the end of that period, it gave way, and interest was made for his removal to a friend's house on proper security. The first moment he was able to relieve his bail, he again placed himself at the disposal of the government, and was allowed in consideration, apparently, of his evident ill-health and extreme youth, to be at large on his own responsibility—forbidden only to visit the north, the seat of his relations, and most intimate connections. Of any thing like personal narrative strictly, we find little more. In the heat of the insurrections, it was necessary for him, he says, to have an interview with his brother, and in attempting it, he came within the lines of the rebels, and on explaining, was allowed to proceed. In returning he narrowly escaped the royal troops, but crossing the Boyne, reached a cabin occupied by "Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, who kept a house of entertainment, sold good liquor, and had good call." His noble host, not too lofty for his occupation, took the bridle of his horse, but Teeling, filled with veneration for the glories of his country, and the renown of her defenders, and respect for their descendants, exclaimed, "Pardon me—the

descendant of Sarsfield shall never be my groom," &c. Mine 'host of the garter' refused his money even—with this magnificent sentiment—"Sarsfield's cabin is too humble to entertain an Irish gentleman, but a true Irish heart would not refuse the only cheer it could offer—take this back, if Sarsfield's friendship is worth your keeping."

*Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, by J. D'Israeli. 2 vols; 1828.*—Notwithstanding his propensity to prattle and overrate minute matters—notwithstanding the very bad taste of his composition—notwithstanding the comfortable complacency, the undoubted assurance of unequalled sagacity visible and invisible in all he says—notwithstanding the decided bias he shews in the teeth of professions of imperturbable impartiality, D'Israeli has produced a not unamusing, nor uninteresting book for idle or leisurely people. His object has been to write neither history nor memoirs, but both—to couple secret history with public, as the surest means of fully estimating the characters of agents, and fairly judging of the effect and bearing of events. The two volumes before us embrace about four years of Charles's life, and those of course very far from being the busiest part of it; and his intention is to pursue it to a conclusion, on the same scale we suppose, which with the writer's insatiable passion for inquiry, and paraphrastic style of discussion and digression, will extend to at least twenty tomes—may the good man live to complete, and we to review them. But the simplicity with which he deals out his truisms is really admirable—in the extreme *naïveté* of his feelings he evidently thinks himself in possession of a new and most invaluable test, detected by himself, and known to himself alone, and likely to remain so—a clue to thread the labyrinths of "state secrecy, state policy, and state craft"—"in the humours of influential persons, in the projects of the moment, in divided interests, the strength and weakness of parties." An open avowal is never, it seems, to be looked for among statesmen, and consequently the ostensible motives are never the real ones, and the very signs and symptoms of the passions must be construed as tokens of any thing but what they have been wont to indicate. Though whigs, as he says, have called him tory, and tories called him whig, his leaning is manifestly on the side of power; but altogether the book presents the strangest medley of liberal and illiberal sentiments that ever were mixed together in any man's brains. When he speaks radicalism, it is like the prophet, blessing where he would willingly curse. We question strongly if he felt the full force of what is well said by himself, in speaking of the boasted perfection of the judicature of our forefathers—"For ancient laws to retain their perfection, every thing must remain in the same

state as when those laws were planned ; but as all things have altered, do alter, and will alter, an amazing absurdity is the consequence of resting laws on precedents ; since by adopting this popular error, we shall find that we have laws for things that no longer exist, and none for things that do exist."

Yet with all Mr. D'Israeli's laborious researches, even among manuscripts, which scarcely any other eye has scanned, it is really surprising how little fresh information, important or unimportant, he has routed out. "Hume," says he, "composed his immortal pages before our great historical collections were given to the world ; and ere the public repository of our national history was yet opened. Our epicurean philosopher, when librarian of the advocates' library, loved to indulge his inquiries reclining on his sofa, rather than busying himself among the shelves. Without a tithe of his penetrating genius, we can multiply his scanty information ; but with more knowledge we shall often be compelled to come to the conclusions of the philosophical historian." This is as true now as before Mr. D'Israeli began. Hume has of late suffered considerable depreciation. "We writers," adds D'Israeli, "are but sheep, and one bell-wether will serve to lead the flock." Though a thousand petty mistakes have been detected—and it be desirable to see them corrected—the correction will scarcely modify his great results. Hume has often, perhaps, guessed at the truth ; but his guesses have been the happiest man ever made.

The almost irresistible tendency of an historical critic is to contradict, and this same spirit of contradiction Mr. D'Israeli is quite unable to repress. Buckingham nobody praises—even Hume can say little in palliation of his follies ; but the reader will not be surprised to learn D'Israeli becomes his champion. He finds him to have had much of an English spirit, and numerous good points about him—but to make good his case, he is obliged to darken the shades of Williams's character—Buckingham's protégé, rival, and supplanter—and undoubtedly he has given a new aspect to the matter. The "secret history of the Spanish and French match" adds scarcely any thing to our previous information—nothing, indeed, but some perhaps suspicious matter from the manuscript of one Wadsworth, who was employed to teach the Infanta the English language. He has left a voluminous catalogue of both Buckingham's minutest improprieties, and his more flagrant outrages. "This person," observes D'Israeli, "was an English jesuit, and on his return renounced his Catholicism ; and, dubbing himself captain, the renegade proselyte appears to have been himself a loose liver. The charges were doubtless exaggerated, for (a very unsatisfactory *for*) the minutest is not lost in the enumeration. Buckingham called the prince ridiculous names, in mere

playfulness, and admitted the lowest women into the king's palace. He fell ill at Madrid, from political vexation, or some other cause, and the court of Spain declared they "would rather put the Infanta into a well than into his hands." Perhaps the secret history of the loan of ships to the French at the siege of Rochelle, is the most successful instance of the author's researches.

We have hinted at D'Israeli's political leaning, and perhaps we could furnish no better proof than the manner in which he has raked together the ancient scandal against those whom he sneeringly terms the first patriots ; and so decided is it, that he cannot conceal from himself the necessity of finding some cover to screen the malignity—and what does the reader suppose it to be ? Why—Moses was passionate, Abraham lied, Aaron was idolatrous, Sampson was a woman's slave, Thomas was incredulous, Paul was a persecutor, and Peter the denier of his master. What then could be expected from these patriots ?

He begins with Elliott, whose fiery patriotism is assigned solely to personal rancour against the favourite Buckingham. In early life he had been Buckingham's intimate companion and fellow-traveller ; and, on Buckingham's rise, was among the foremost of his flatterers. In the distribution of the loaves and fishes he was not forgotten—Buckingham was lord high admiral of England, and made his friend vice-admiral of Devonshire. By-and-bye Elliott had a quarrel with his neighbours the Moyles—a reconciliation was attempted by common friends, and in the hour of conviviality, with wine before them, he treacherously stabbed the father in the back. On this barbarous act Elliott fled to London, to solicit his pardon from Buckingham, which was however refused, and a heavy penalty inflicted to expiate the offence. Moyle unexpectedly recovered, and Elliott applied to the duke for a remission of the fine ; but the impoverished state of the exchequer made return impracticable, and all he could get was a knighthood. Exasperation at this refusal—coupled with his pressing embarrassments for money—was the source of Elliott's opposition to Charles's government. The reader will see at a glance how much of this is conjectural, and how little it is worth.

Dr. Turner, it seems, "had long haunted the court, but had been contemptuously treated by the king for his *deficient veracity*." This was the foundation of his patriotism. We confess (adds the author), that we little value the patriot made out of a discarded place-hunter ; a man who hates the court, because the court does not love him.

Upon Hampden he has a difficulty in fixing any invidious motive, and only discovers that "he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society," and brooded upon politics, and so resolved to overturn the go-



verment. When in parliament, his policy was, it seems, always to speak last in a debate, and so by perplexing the weaker, and tiring out the acuter judgments, he rarely failed of attaining his ends. But then, was there not a *terrible* ambition concealed under the public virtues of the patriotic Hampden? What was his motive for wishing to be governor to the prince?—To make him a root and branch reformer.

Pym was originally a clerk in the Exchequer, and was aiming at the chancellorship of that court, and laboured under the suspicion of taking a heavy bribe from the French minister, and had well deserved the soubriquet of King Pym. The fact of the bribe is stated from recollection—the author cannot recal his authority—but nothing, of course, was to be omitted.

Lord Say and Sele's patriotism was melted by the mastership of the wards—a possession of which Cottington, like the beaver, stript himself to save his own neck, and successfully. No patriot breathed a word against Cottington, after one of their own body got possession of the spoil.

Haslerigg was the fierce exterminator of the bishops, because he was gorging on the fatness of three manors, and the fruitfulness of deaneries and chapel lands—and wanted more, &c. &c.

*A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, by a Musical Professor; 1828.*—Though no professors, and quite incapable of comprehending the prodigious learning of these pages—with which we have no doubt they will be deemed, even by the fondest amateurs, to be sadly overdone—we have glanced over the contents of this little volume with singular and very unexpected pleasure. The author has an eye and an understanding, as well as an ear, for any thing that is sweet and pleasurable in painting and society, as well as in music, and fancy and feeling as well as musical science. The impressions he conveys of the sense of enjoyment existing among the Germans—their simple habits, and musical propensities—are extremely agreeable; attributed mainly by the author to early rising, and living in the open air, and above all, to cheap living and light taxation. The general gaiety and animal spirits contrast very curiously with our ignorant but inveterate notions of the phlegmatic among them; but this light-heartedness applies chiefly, we presume, to the south: nearer to the fogs of the Baltic will be found some justification of the common conceptions.

The main object of the tour is German music, which required, the author thinks, to be heard and appraised by English ears, to correct the perhaps erroneous notions which the magazines and journals of the country, written of course by natives, spread ignorantly among us. The admiration of German taste in the sciences has produced in some, he says, a ludicrous exaggeration

of respect towards people who have no claim to it—just as if we thought none but a German could be a musician, as we do certainly that none but Germans can be sugar-bakers and tailors. Music is, indeed, much more extensively cultivated in Germany than in England; and though no band may be found equal to that of the Philharmonic, fifty may be found but just inferior. In their singers and wind-instrument players (always excepting certain individuals), they are, in the author's opinion, decidedly our superiors; but, in their violin-school, they appear inferior both to England and France. —Then, again, music is the passion of the people, and it is every where cultivated by them more for love than money. In their theatres, too, nothing can exceed the patience of the audience, or their complacency and docility. The desire to be instructed predominates; and an exercise of their critical powers is the last thing they think of.—Germany is the very paradise of composers.

The reader shall judge of the style in which the author speaks of the more celebrated composers:—

Weber was formerly director of the opera in Prague, but quitted the place on his marriage, to reside at Dresden. At the time of his employment at Prague, he had composed no work of importance, merely cantatas and songs, with full accompaniments; and the good fortune of this musician is worthy of observation, as a circumstance, I believe, altogether unprecedented in the history of the art. That a man should live on to within a few years of forty in obscurity, not distinguished in Germany from a host of the same stamp,—that he should be as little endowed by nature as any composer that ever lived, with a store of melody such as the populace might troll about to gladden themselves; yet by one work just suited to the cast of his genius, to leap at once into the most extraordinary favour throughout Europe, not only gaining credit for that he had done, but a certain passport for what he might do,—to be invited to foreign countries—wreathed with laurels in concert-rooms—deafened with applause—and made a show of every where, is a wonderful concatenation of events in the life of a middle-aged gentleman.

Beethoven was just dead when the writer reached Vienna. The Germans have for this composer a very pretty appellation: they call him *Tondichter* (the poet of sounds), instead of the ordinary name, *Tonkünstler* (the scientific musician):—

How melancholy was the fate of this composer—condemned young and ardent, at the age of twenty-eight, by an incurable deafness, to have his mind imprisoned for ever within itself—the world of sounds for ever shut to him—no rural flute, as he himself pathetically lamented, to disturb in a country walk the sad monotony of his quiet. Though the poet is privileged to enjoy, if he please, the morning sun, or the fresh song of the birds without quitting his apartment, yet confine him to his chamber thoughts, and he shall be as miserable as a lover compelled to live for ever on the idea of his mistress. This was the situation of Beethoven; yet it must have been some alle-

vation to his melancholy, that, though unable to share in the pleasure of a new composition, he could at least read in the smiles on the faces of his friends, a proof of the beauty of his ideas, and in that version must have enjoyed them.

In his younger days Beethoven consented to the jurisdiction of musical laws, and obeyed them; his earlier piano-forte works, and his first and second instrumental sinfonias, are pure with respect to progressions, classical in their episodes and general construction, but in advanced life, he set the pedants too heartily at defiance—as he grew older he became more tenacious of the merit of those productions in which he had, as it were, trodden on the confines of forbidden ground—hovering between genius and extravagance. When his friends praised the regularity of his early writings, he preferred the wildness of his later ones; and there never yet was, I believe, a writer who did not reserve the weight of his own liking for the sickliest and ugliest bantlings of his imagination—for *what all the world agrees to call beautiful is in no want of patronage.*

One little passage is worth quoting for the information it conveys of German musicians, and the lesson it might read:—

No artists can be less mercenary in the exercise of their profession, nor more ready to play for the pleasure of their friends, than the great musicians of Germany; but they have no skill in flattering the great, and no appetite for worthless praise. Most of them enjoy that enviable competency, which enables them to pursue fame at their leisure; the little duties of their employment, such as directing an orchestra, or composing a few pieces for the entertainment of the noblemen of whose establishment they are a part, are so easily discharged, as to leave them plenty of time for idleness if it was their taste to indulge in it. But this is not the case—they have that last infirmity of noble minds—an appetite for fame, and labour as hard for the mere pleasure of inventing and combining, as others do for the vulgar acquisition of wealth. The ennobling power of the divine art of music is best felt when among a number of professors each strains to penetrate the deepest into its mysteries, without envy and without sordid interest; and I believe it is the advantageous equality upon which they all start in pursuit of their favourite science, which makes them liberal and ingenious in the appreciation of contemporary talent. Until men of genius in other countries are placed out of the reach of vulgar wants, or the fear of poverty, there can be no competition in any part of Europe with the musicians of Germany.

We cannot forbear whispering that there is one other source, and one in their own hands—**ECONOMY**—less ambition to shine like gentlemen, in the splendour of furniture and equipage, and the profusion and costliness of dinners and wines. Were men content with the plain accommodations of life, there need be few complaints of this kind. Five out of six, in these parading times, get into difficulties by display.

*Two Years in Ava; 1828.*—The title misleads—for the book contains nothing but a narrative of the late war conducted by General Campbell, which has been already *M.M. New Series.*—VOL. VI. No. 32.

communicated, in a manner sufficiently ample, by Major Snodgrass, the military secretary to the expedition. Major Snodgrass left the army as soon as the treaty of Melloon was concluded, on the 4th January, 1826, to obtain the signature of the governor general. That treaty, in the mean while, was rejected by the emperor; and the chief value of the present volume is, that it presents the detail of occurrences on the march from Melloon to Yandaboo, where, in March, the final treaty was made; and the subsequent route of a detachment of the army from the Irrawaddy across the country to Aeng in Arracan. In general, the accounts vary little, and scarcely furnish any ground for preferring one to the other. The most remarkable variation consists in the statement of numbers. Major Snodgrass talks, we remember, of sixty and seventy thousands opposed to the handful of British forces; but we do not find the present authority ever venturing on more than *five-and-twenty* thousand. This is a little unaccountable, where both parties must have had pretty much the same opportunities of information—the one military secretary, and the other in the quarter-master-general's department—though he does not give his name. The maps and plans are marked as drawn by Captain T. A. Trant, of the 95th; and he, we conclude, is the man.

In noticing Major Snodgrass's work, we sketched the course of the campaigns; and, with respect to the volume before us, we shall confine ourselves to a few circumstances, which we marked as we went along.

Of the Andamas—the island where the expedition rendezvoused before starting for Rangoon, and which was some years ago colonized as a receptacle for convicts from the presidencies, but since abandoned from the malignity of the climate—the author remarks:—

The inhabitants are represented (it does not appear he saw any) as a most savage and miserable race, almost destitute of the necessaries of life. They are diminutive in stature, and possessing most hideous features, differing materially from all the nations in the vicinity, with the exception of the inhabitants of the Nicobar islands. Their habitations are formed with a few boughs of trees, and their food consists of the produce of the ocean, or indeed almost any thing they can lay their hands upon. Instances have been related of their voracity, which are quite disgusting; but still there is no fact known, which convicts them of the dreadful habit of devouring human flesh, with which they have been taxed. Nature, in one instance, has provided for their wants, by the immense quantity of oysters, and other shell-fish, to be found on the rocks of Port Cornwallis; but when this food fails, and bad weather prevents any other kind of fishing, the poor wretches have literally nothing to exist upon.

Are there no roots, or fruits, or animals?

In describing the splendid Shoe Dagon-Prah—thus awkwardly syllabled by the author—the great pagoda of Rangoon—the

natives, he says, represent it as the combined labour of spirits and men, many thousand years ago; but the sphinxes, crocodiles, griffins, and other customary symbols, seem to indicate a remote connexion with Egypt. No other testimony, however, exists to confirm any such conjecture.

One of the Burman commanders, on taking leave of the "Golden Foot," received from his paw—his hands, we mean—a small fan, which his majesty assured him would turn off all the English balls, if he only waved it to and fro. The notion of invulnerability was very prevalent among them:—

One of their magic charms consists in preparing small pieces of gold, of the size and shape of a silver penny, on which certain mystical characters are engraved, and inserting them into small incisions made in the upper part of the arm; and when the skin has closed upon them, the charm is effected. Others again have mystical emblems tattooed with red on their arms and breast. But the supposed efficacy—adds the author very carefully—of any of these precautions, must have been soon called into question by the Burmahs themselves, as we used to find many of their soldiers, marked in the manner which I have here described, lying amongst the dead after our engagements.

One man, in particular, made himself very conspicuous by his apparent contempt of danger, which he manifested by jumping and dancing on the treuch, as if in defiance, and addressing us from thence in the coarsest strain of abuse (could the author construe it?). For some time he was fortunate enough to escape, and I repeatedly saw from forty to fifty shots (what shots the shooters must be!) fired at him without effect; but one day, his protecting charm losing its virtues, or his good luck failing him, he was struck by a musket-ball, and giving one convulsive bound, fell back, and appeared no more.

At Dalla, the Burmahs had been directed to fire at the officers, and a tall officer of the 89th, who was leading on his men, particularly attracted their notice. *Twenty* of the best shots immediately selected him as a mark, and fired, but missed—when seeing that several men around him had fallen, though he was unhurt, they concluded he bore a charmed life, and immediately fled.

After General Cotton's failure, Bundoolah, the Burmese crack-champion, dispatched two or three Burmahs with a message pretty obviously insidious, but which was exposed in the following manner:—

One of the party struck the fancy of a jolly tar, who was present, and either from good nature or mere frolic, went up to him and said—"Jack, will you drink a glass of grog?" when, to the astonishment of all the spectators, the Burmah answered in capital English—"No; I thank you, Sir." This immediately led to his apprehension, when he confessed he had been educated by one of the king's linguists, (?) and had acquired considerable knowledge of the English language—the Bundoolah therefore desired him, on this occasion, to accompany the other Burmahs to the English fleet, and while seemingly inattentive, gather all the intelligence he could from the conversation of

the bystanders. His life was spared (!) and he subsequently was taken into the service of Sir A. Campbell, as interpreter, whence he deserted at Melloon.

#### Blind musician and prophet:—

I chanced one day to meet with a young Burmah who had been stone blind from his birth, but who, gifted with great talent for music, used to console himself for his misfortune by playing on a species of guitar, and accompanying his voice. When I expressed a wish to hear him perform, he immediately struck out a most brilliant prelude, and then commenced a song, in a bold tone, the subject of which was a prophecy that had been current at Rangoon before we arrived. It predicted the appearance of numerous strangers at that place, and that two masted ships would sail up the Irrawaddy, when all trouble and sorrow would cease.

The Burmahs plume themselves on their knowledge of medicine, but make no great pretensions, it seems, to surgery:—

Talking of the bravery of the white people, they said it was of no use cutting off an arm, when a British soldier seized the summit of a stockade to assist himself in getting over, for that he immediately made use of the other; and that after the action, the English doctors went about the field looking for the severed legs and arms, which they fastened on again.

And once when a Burmah was brought in wounded, and the surgeon cut off his leg; the poor fellow, after amputation, supposing it to be a new kind of torture, calmly held up the other to the surgeon to be served the same way.

The unsuccessful commander in one of the engagements—a wretch who appears to have inflicted all sorts of cruelties on those who were subjected to his command—was ordered himself for execution; and, when forced along, amid the hootings and indignities which the enraged populace were pouring upon him, and on the point of losing sight of the imperial palace, suddenly turned round, and inclining his head, "Let me make one parting obeisance to the residence of my sovereign!" This the author characterizes as *the burst of a fine sentiment of loyalty*—it furnishes a pendant for the libelist in Elizabeth's reign, who, when one hand was cut off, raised his hat with the other, and shouted "God save the queen!"

In the author's march to Aeng, he passed through the territories of the Kiaans—how the word is to be uttered, we know not—a people apparently independent of all civil government—herding in thirties and forties in the recesses of mountains. The only trace of authority was in the priest. The tenets of these Kiaanese, it seems are very simple, and of the supreme deity they have no conception: for, "to my inquiries on the subject," says the author, "my informer answered that they were the offspring of the mountains and of nature; and nature alone (he adds) appears to have any claims on their feelings." These Kiaanese, more-



over, have no idea how the world was formed, and hold drugs in abhorrence. Truly, very ignorant animals! The writer's superiority, in these matters, nobody will think of contesting. He took a likeness of a male and female Kigean. "The blue-faced lady, on my examining the manner in which her face was tattooed, hung down her head—would, no doubt, have blushed, had her swarthy visage permitted it—and said, very coyly, that she was "so much ashamed."

*Sonnets by David Lester Richardson; 1828.*—These are some of them very beautiful effusions—proceeding from feelings, which shrink from the tumults of life, and sigh for the solitudes of nature, and sympathise solely with quietness and peace—whose fondest enjoyments consist in contemplating the glories of the setting sun, and communing with the shades of evening—tolerating no sounds beyond the tones of the nightingale, the bubbling of the brook, the warblings of a village maid, or rather their distant echo—and soliciting the softer scenes, which speak, or remind, of the innocence of childhood, the whispers of early love, and the imperturbance of unsullied conscience. The whole are set too much to the same tune, but that is a very sweet one, though perhaps too plaintive.

#### SUN-SET.

The summer sun had set—the blue mist sailed  
Along the twilight lake—no sounds arose,  
Save such as hallow nature's sweet repose,  
And charm the ear of Peace. Young Zephyr  
hailed

The trembling Echo; o'er the lonely grove  
The night's melodious bard, sweet Philomel,  
Her plaintive music breathed—the soft notes fell  
Like the low-whisper'd vows of timid love!  
I paused in adoration, and such dreams  
As haunt the pensive soul—intensely fraught  
With sacred incommunicable thought,  
And silent bliss profound—with fitful gleams,  
Caught from the memory of departed years,  
Flashed on my mind, and woke *luxurious tears*.

This would be unexceptionably beautiful were it not for Philomel and his music, which is neither soft nor plaintive, save only in the poet's imagination. Nor is it every one who would think the personification of Zephyr and Echo quite in its place.

*Poems by Eliza Rennie; 1828.*—The collection consists of forty or fifty small occasional pieces, almost, without exception, of the gloomy and sorrowing cast—of broken faith and broken hearts—treacheries of love, and violations of friendship—loss of beloved relatives and ruin of happier prospects—suggested apparently, by personal experience, for so decided a bent must surely have resulted from the reality of facts. So much true and appropriate expression could spring from nothing but natural feeling—so germane to the matter are her thoughts, and so delicate, felicitous and tuneful her language. We quote a few lines written after viewing a monumental group by Chantry, to the

memory of Marianne, daughter of the late John Johnes, Esq., of Hafod, South Wales.

She sleeps—the grave,  
With all its deep and solemn mysteries,  
Hath closed its drear and awful portals on her.  
Yet genius, with its mighty power, hath burst  
The tomb's strong gate, and given to the eye,  
In all its sweet and touching loveliness,  
Ere yet decay had sullied with its breath  
One grace or charm, her matchless form again.  
How fair and beautiful she looks! Grief's burning  
brand  
Not yet hath stamp'd its sign upon her brow.  
Smooth, polished, pure, and delicate & gleams,  
Her pale, round cheek lies pillow'd on her arm.  
What though joy's rosy smile will never light  
Its pallid tents again—the tears of care,  
The coin with which all pay for life's stern lease,  
Will never sully its unblemish'd snow.  
Listless and cold is stretch'd the hand which oft  
Hath swept the lute's soft strings, and hush'd the  
voice  
Which music breathed, when that sweet lyre was  
mute,  
Grasp'd in her hand that sacred volume lies, &c.

*The Boy's own Book; 1828.*—This is really a very pretty and tasteful publication—at once appropriate and intelligible—fitted admirably for holiday and birth-day presents, and a superior substitute for the worthless trash on which boys commonly throw away their hoarded shillings. A wider field, as the publishers observe, could not have been taken. The plan embraces a succession of "minor" sports—games with toys—games of agility—games of skill, as chess and draughts—feats of legerdemain—tricks with cards;—and more athletic sports; cricket, archery, gymnastics, and fencing—with angling and swimming. A considerable space, moreover, is occupied with what are called scientific recreations, framed on the principles of arithmetic, chemistry, optics, magnetism, and acoustics; with a series of paradoxes, puzzles, queries, riddles, &c. Numerous wood-cuts, of very superior execution, accompany and illustrate every page. The whole may safely be recommended as unexceptionable—except, perhaps, the fire-works. A still more splendid present is preparing for the young ladies by Christmas next, from the same quarter.

*Memorable Events in Paris in 1814—from the Journal of a Détenu; 1828.*—Mr. Britton, the very respectable topographer, stands sponsor for the writer, who withholds his name. He was one, it appears, of the détenus of 1814 (the number of whom, on the authority of the writer, amounted to between nine hundred and a thousand), but had the good fortune, from some connexion with the leading savans of the day, to procure the privilege of residing at Paris, instead of being consigned to Valenciennes. He was at Paris on the approach of the allied troops in 1814, looking with intense anxiety for their arrival and success—not from any admiration of legitimacy, but as the means of deliverance from a wearisome captivity of

eleven years. The contents of the volume are the results of his own knowledge, or the communications of persons for the most part of distinction, whose veracity he had no reason to question, and whose names he usually gives. The notes commence in January of that year, and extend through the period in which the city was occupied by the allies, and end with an account of Buonaparte's journey to Elba—constituting a valuable addition to the information we already possess of these eventful times.—We select a few anecdotes by way of specimen.

Early in January, when preparations were making for defending Paris, but when few had any apprehensions the enemy would venture to attack the capital, a paper was found stuck on the base of the column in the Place Vendôme—"Passez vite, il va tomber."

And quite as early, an officer was expressing his inability to comprehend what was going on—alluding to the confusion which began to appear in the public offices—when Talleyrand observed, "*C'est le commencement du fin.*"

Of Talleyrand, so strong were Buonaparte's suspicions, that just before his departure for the army, when Savary and Regnaud St. Jean d'Angeley and Talleyrand were with him in his closet, he said, "I think, for my own security, I ought to send you to Vincennes—your conduct is equivocal," &c.

In receiving his last instructions from Buonaparte, who was on the point of starting for the army (24th Jan.), Count Real asked, "If, in the course of the campaign, a corps of twenty-five or thirty thousand should elude the French army, and make a dash on Paris, what am I to do?"—"The inhabitants will rise and defend the capital *armes aux bras.*"—"They are more likely to meet the enemy *armes aux pieds,*" was the count's significant reply.

While with the army, the emperor insisted on Savary writing, every night, all the information of all sorts he could possibly collect. When the impression began to be general that he must be got rid of, and the imperial government be subverted, Desmarest said to the Duke of Rovigo, "What can you say to the emperor? who will venture to tell him the truth?"—"Look there," says Rovigo, handing to him the letter he had just finished; "I can give you no hope—you are lost—and if a cannon-ball does not carry you off, I cannot answer what will be your end; such is the feeling of disgust and hatred for the government, and such the wish for your destruction by every rank and class, that there can be no safety for you, or chance of preserving the government."

During the whole of February the streets were filled with soldiers and raw conscripts, whose route lay through the city. No provision was made for subsistence or conveyance, and they were forced to beg. On the 7th, sat a court-martial at Meaux, to decimate these miserable wretches. The author

saw the judgments, with the names of those who were shot, stuck against the walls of the metropolis. The number should have been mentioned.

While walking along the skirts of the Place de Grenelle, the author beheld innumerable marks of bullets on that part of the wall near to which the military executions took place of the unfortunate victims of the jealousy and despotism of the imperial government. In a few places a cross had been traced on the wall, and also the name of the unfortunate being who had there ceased to exist. This surely requires explanation.

In the advance upon Paris (28th March), Blücher established his head-quarters at Plessis Belleville, and forbade the adjacent village of Ermenonville to be occupied by any part of his army, out of respect to the spot where J. J. Rousseau died and was buried!

Of the conduct of the boys of the Polytechnic School, much was said at the time. According to the author, 270 were engaged in working the guns. M. Français was the only sufferer, and he languished seven months of his wounds. "Yielding to public opinion," says the writer, "Louis XVIII. conferred some crosses of the Legion of Honour on these young gentlemen; but, instead of giving one to the unfortunate M. Français, and to those who were engaged in the Vincennes road, he bestowed them on those who remained at the school the whole of the day."

In the splendid procession of the sovereigns into Paris, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia quitted the line, and placed himself on the side of the road to observe the troops as they passed, and entered into familiar conversation with the by-standers, commenting on the troops.—"Those are Mahommedans. That is the regiment you were told was cut to pieces. That is the hero who beat Vandamme."—Some one asking him if Vandamme was sent to Siberia—"No, he is at Moscow."—"Is Moreau really dead?"—"Does any body doubt it?" He smiled and nodded to many of the common soldiers, crying, "Brave! brave!"—which was returned by a most risible grimace. At length, his own regiment of cuirassiers coming up, he put himself at their head, and joined the procession. "He is tall, stout, well-made, with a fair complexion; his profile is scarcely human—his nose that of a baboon; he is near-sighted, contracting his eyes when looking attentively, which are covered with uncommonly large, light, bushy eyebrows; his voice is hoarse and husky; he has a rough, soldier-like manner; and is sarcastic, yet affable."

The barracks of the Quai Buonaparte were filled with Russian cavalry and infantry. Under the walls of the Quai, on the banks of the river, the author saw a considerable body of Russian soldiers bivouacking—round the blazing fires many were sleep-

ing—some washing their linen—others cooking. Several, entirely naked, were cleansing themselves—and some were holding their shirts over the flames, and turning them rapidly round to prevent their catching fire—the inflated and scorching shirt was then suddenly rolled up, to destroy its minute and many-legged inhabitants.

Among the first acts of the provisional government was a decree emancipating the schools—giving parents and guardians, that is, permission to remove those who had been placed in the public schools against their inclinations—and doing so on the ground that the late government had given too violent a direction to military pursuits, and thus cramped the varying energies of nature, which would otherwise have operated to the more general benefit of the nation.

The foreign troops generally—as was natural—were odious to the Parisians; but the first time the public hatred was expressed against the English was at the *Théâtre Français*, on the representation of *Hamlet*; “*L’Angleterre en forfaits trop souvent fut féconde*,” was received with loud acclamations, though the same line had often been repassed without the slightest notice.

“It was not,” says the author, “till the 11th of June that appeared the first official but full demonstration of Talleyrand’s observation—that the Bourbons had learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing.” In contempt, or rather in ignorance, of the change of manners, customs, prejudices, an ordinance was published for the strict observance of Sundays, consisting of thirteen articles. One of them, which forbade coffee-houses being open between eight and twelve, under the penalty of 300 francs, excited the greatest dissatisfaction, as the number of persons who breakfasted in these houses from necessity as well as pleasure—particularly on Sundays—was incalculable. By another, book-stalls were forbidden, and all shops were to be closed except those of the apothecaries, which were to be half-closed. A caricature, with the title “*Un déjeuné selon l’ordonnance*,” represented a person at the half-opened door of an apothecary’s shop, through which he was in the act of having a clyster administered; and several others waiting their turn for the injection. *Ordonnance* is used for a physician’s prescription.—On the Sunday following also appeared, for the first time since the Revolution, the procession of the *Fête Dieu* (*Corpus Christi*). In Catholic countries, all who meet it kneel when the Host passes; and this kneeling was enforced by some of the more national guards with the butt-end of their muskets, which so incensed the people, that the next Sunday it was received with shouts, and missiles, and mud.—“Thus began,” concludes the author, “a series of follies on the part of the Bourbons, the ancient noblesse, and the priests, which brought on a state of feeling in the nation that produced the most extraordinary event in ancient or modern

history—the journey of Napoleon from the coast of the Mediterranean to Paris, on his return from the Isle of Elba!—an event as honourable to the French nation, as his repression of the spirit of liberty, which thus placed him a second time on the throne, was disgraceful, and which met with its merited reward.”

Some of this may sound like gossiping; but there is much in the book of a more important character, though not so easily compressible.

*A General Biographical Dictionary*, by John Gorton, 2 vols. 8vo.; 1828.—A very slight comparison will prove the superiority of this work over all similar abridgments. It consists of considerably more than 2,000 pages of very close type, comprising thus treble the matter contained in Dr. Watkins’—the one in most general circulation—and published at a price scarcely exceeding the cost of Dr. Watkins’, more than one-fourth. Selected from the best authorities, and collected from all quarters, the articles have been carefully examined, and generally rewritten, to give an uniform tone. A liberal and impartial spirit runs through the whole of it. All acrimonious censure is sedulously avoided, and merit allowed without reference to any exclusive political or sectarian prejudice. Accumulation has not, by any means, been an object. On the contrary, a number of obscure, unimportant, and forgotten names have been withdrawn, to enable the very competent compiler to do more justice to men of more undeniable pretension. The names, however, thus withdrawn are thrown, or rather intended to be thrown, into an alphabetical appendix, in a smaller type; so that nothing, even the worthless, will be wholly lost.

As to the principle of selection, the compiler has omitted names essentially *historical*—those only being selected in which, as he says, the character of the individual distinguishes him from and amidst the transactions in which he was engaged. Generally, sketches of sovereigns, rulers, warriors, and statesmen, can only supply a vague summary of public events, which, in the necessary absence of all detail, must be unsatisfactory. *Scripture* names are wholly omitted, as constituting a distinct department, and usually omitted in collections of this kind. The same may be said of mythological ones.

The number of new names, brought down to the latest period, is very considerable, and very creditable to the industry of the compiler—some of them, to be sure, not of the most memorable cast. Sir Charles Bamfylde, for instance, of whom it is recorded that he was the fifth baronet of his family—sat in seven parliaments—was known in the first circles of fashion, and, moreover, on the turf—and finally assassinated at his own door, in Montague-square, by a man whose wife had lived in his service.

A book of this kind is essentially one for



reference, and should, we think, be written exclusively with this view. The capital qualification required is accuracy as to dates, connexions, actions, writings, discoveries, inventions;—any very nice or elaborate estimate of talents or character, is wide of the purpose; and for a compiler to be indulging, as Dr. Watkins does, his high church and Tory spleen, and damning every person whose creed or whose philosophy does not square with his own narrow conceptions, is perfectly intolerable. We are glad to see a work calculated so usefully to supersede his very contemptible performance, and have no doubt it will soon be in every body's hands.

*Gomez Arias, or the Moors of the Alpujarras, by Don Telesforo de Truebo y Cosio, 3 vols. 12mo. ; 1828.*—This romance is the production of a Spaniard, and exhibits a command of the English language very rarely attained by a foreigner. The phraseology is not merely free from offences against common correctness, which study might readily secure, but from violations of idiom, from which nothing but extraordinary tact, by which we mean some unusual facility in catching the niceties of propriety, could enable the author to steer clear. The whole production has as little as possible the air of a foreign performance, but rather that of a man with a good ear, and no bad taste, not yet thoroughly drilled into the mysteries of composition, and wanting only ease and variety. Not half-a-dozen slip-slops perhaps could be detected through the volume—averred for acknowledged—ungracious for graceless—invulnerable for insensible—and vails for wages—just preclude the suspicion of their not having been well looked over by an English eye. Such success prove the possession of intellectual vigour—though of a kind perhaps not very valuable, if indeed of any, to society, nor, except exerted in particular directions, and that depending on the fashion of the times—very serviceable to the individual. The highest attainable success can scarcely place the most laborious student completely on a level with even the uncultivated native. If there were such a thing as universality of genius, the same labour spent upon some art or science might work up a man into distinction; but probably the superior person in one line, would make but a very poor figure in another, with his utmost exertions. After all, the trial can scarcely ever be made—or the fact established—for distinction in one pursuit swallows up a life.

The tale itself is one mixed up of profligacy and revenge. Gomez, the hero, is another Don Juan. Prompted by ambition—after a series of successful adventures—Gomez is engaged on legitimate terms to a lady, the heiress of the richest and noblest family in Spain, and the marriage is delayed only from the necessity of a temporary absence, while the life of a rival, wounded by

him in a recent encounter, is yet in danger. In this little interval, he meets with another lady, the sole daughter of a noble house, whom he tempts from her home, and in a few days, growing weary of his prize, leaves on a mountain, sleeping from fatigue, under the protection of a servant; with instructions to take her, on waking, to a neighbouring convent, whither he himself was proceeding, to make preparations for her reception, and abandon her for ever. Scarcely, however, is he out of sight, when a party of marauding Moors come up—the servant flies, and the lady is conveyed to the Moorish chief. It was in the reign of Isabella, and the Moors were again, after the capture of Grenada, in rebellion.

The chief, delighted with the prize, would have taken immediate advantage of his good fortune, but for the opposition of a renegade companion, who recognises the lady, and immediately sees the chances of obtaining satisfaction for injuries he himself had sustained from Gomez—for Gomez was indefatigable in the pursuit of his profession, and spared neither mistress nor maid. Events, however, interrupt the plans of revenge instituted by the renegade—the Christians advance—the Moors are routed—and the lady falls into the hands of Don Alonzo de Aguilar—brother of the great Gonsalvo de Cordova. This Don, moreover, is the father of the very lady to whom Gomez is engaged. The triumphant party speed to Grenada, and the recaptured lady, whose name is Theodora, is, for the present, placed under the protection of Leonor, his daughter, whose marriage with Gomez is now actually to be consummated in a day or two.

Discoveries of course take place—Theodora learns that her betrayer, Gomez, is the hero who is to marry Leonor, and Gomez, to his most serious annoyance, that Theodora is in the house of the bride. On the eve of the marriage Theodora presents herself, dagger in hand, by Gomez' bed-side, but love withheld the meditated blow. Gomez awakes—she announces her resolution, if he perseveres in the marriage, to face him at the altar, and disclose his rascality. Gomez, thus hampered, has nothing for it but dissembling—he promises to break off the said marriage, and conduct herself the very next night to her father's, and make her an honest woman—and on the faith of this promise, the lady with the dagger contentedly withdraws.

Day at length dawns upon the hero's perplexity, and he demands of the father, and next of the bride, a day's delay, under some unsatisfactory pretence. While conferring with his servant on the means of extricating from his embarrassments, the renegade comes up, and overhearing the conversation, undertakes at once to relieve him. Arrangements are consequently made, and in the night, he conducts his victim to a place, pointed out by the renegade, where he finds

the aforesaid Moorish chief, and according to agreement, with all possible coolness, delivers her into his hands, and his servant also, upon his reclamation against this act of villainy. Thus rid of his embarrassment, he flies back to the bride, to solicit the immediate performance of the ceremony, but the young lady's pride is up—some private communications also had enlightened her a little on the subject of the putting off—and she, in her turn, demands a delay—a month—a year—an indefinite period.

Meanwhile the Moors rebel again. Gomez has himself the command of the Spanish forces, and quickly routing the rebels, he returns in triumph to receive the welcome of his sovereign, and, as he fondly hopes, the now not unwilling hand of his offended bride. — Unluckily, the first object which meets his gaze is Theodora, her father, and his own servant. The queen makes short work in the business of justice. She insists upon instant satisfaction. He is compelled to marry Theodora on the spot; and the next moment is committed to prison, on a charge of high treason, for consorting with Moors—for he had delivered, personally, his Theodora into the hands of the Moor chief, and all intercourse with Moors was expressly prohibited. He is readily convicted, and sentenced to die. The queen is inflexible; but fortunately a noble courtier, now on his death-bed, holds a pledge of favour from the queen, and this pledge he puts into Theodora's hands, who immediately demands the fulfilment, and Gomez is thus rescued on the very scaffold, by his injured, but devoted wife. From the scaffold he is conducted to the queen's court, where he was eagerly expected—the queen herself was delighted at his escape, for he had done good service to the state—when on his entrance, the renegado, in the disguise of a monk, rushes upon him, and plunges a poisoned dagger into his bosom. A finish is thus put to his profligate career, and the poor lady, whose honour was thus forcibly redeemed, but whom happiness seemed to be awaiting—for the hard heart of the traitor was softened by her devotion—is left to pine and wither—and a few months hides her and her sorrows in the grave.

*Solitary Walks through many Lands, by Derwent Conway, Author of "Tales of Ardennes," &c. &c. 2 vols.; 1828.*—This is a mixture of the tour and the tale, sketched lightly and agreeably—consisting chiefly of personal adventures and unusual scenes—with a tact and delicacy very far from common. The author professes to have travelled over the greater part of Europe, and much of it on foot, solo—taking up with chance companions, and trusting to his good fortune, and conciliating manners, and prompt payments, for civil treatment, and usually finding it. A little affectation is scattered over the volumes—bits of sentiment not always consistent—and *bons bons*

of loyalty, with flings at the Holy Alliance as little compatible—the result, of course, of occasionally aiming more at effect than sticking to truth of feeling. Here and there, too, a morsel of Shandyism—never much to our taste even in Sterne, but which, imitated a thousand times as it has been, and as often failing, has fully established its claims to originality—as something beyond the reach of acquirement.

Among the more attractive scraps is the author's voyage in a two-oared bark, from Marseilles across the Bay of Toulon to Nice, where he touches on his way, or rather out of his way, at the unoccupied islet of St. Honorat—over a calm sea—solely for the pleasure of floating on the quiet waters, and the enjoying his own sensations—exciting a sense of pure voluptuousness, with which any one must sympathize, and long to share. Of the writer's power to describe scenes of peril, the sudden flooding of the Adige is a favourable specimen—but a still better is the following—an imaginary one. It is of two newly married young people—

We talked of our journeying on the morrow, and of our return home; and while we spoke of the many happy hours we had spent on this beautiful shore, we had insensibly turned upon the ridge of rocks. "Not this evening," Agnes said, "let us go rather through the citron wood." "Let us first," said I, "take a farewell of our chosen resort." We went forward, remarking that we had never seen the Mediterranean so perfectly realize our early impressions of it—so calm—so lovely. As we proceeded, we separated; for towards the extremity, the ledge next the water is narrow. "Agnes," said I, as I walked on first, "step carefully,"—scarce had I spoken these words, when a piercing shriek, and a plunge—reason is again leaving me; merciful God, preserve it to me yet a little while—I turned, only in time to see her sink, with outstretched arms, beneath the water that calmly closed above her. I saw her, for the water was clear as crystal; I saw her as if standing: I knew her face—my Agnes' face—and her arms were stretched towards me; but the sea-weed was tangled round her, and held her—and her form waved slowly to and fro. God of heaven—what a sight! the clearness of the water mocked me; I thought I could reach her, and I stretched my arm towards her, but I was deceived; she seemed to look reproachfully at me; and again, with extended arms, appeared to implore me, her husband, to save her. I cried, in the agony of despair, for help; but the sound was convulsed in the throat, and would not come forth. If I cannot save thee, I will perish with thee; and from that moment I but remember the plunge, and that I retained sense long enough to know, that I clasped my wife in my arms beneath the water. This is all I am able to record; I was rescued from the waves; how, I know not; but when I awoke to life, Agnes was not with me.

The second volume is filled chiefly with the Netherlands, particularly Ardennes. All accounts seem to concur as to the extreme unpopularity of the government. A vexatious system of taxation interferes with

the commonest comforts of life, as if the government had no other object than to make itself be felt; and the writer infers, the next revolution in Europe will be in that quarter. They have house duty, and window duty, and hearth duty, and many other taxes bearing heavily upon the poor. "But the most oppressive of them all," adds the writer, "is the tax which is laid on the actual consumption of articles of sustenance. Until you have actually eaten your pig, it cannot be said to be your own—not, at all events, until it is roasting. Your corn is not yours, although you have bought it and paid for it. Before one is at liberty to kill a pig, the king's permission must be obtained; and for this half-a-crown is paid. An ox, of course, pays proportionally more; and before you dare grind your corn, you must also pay a tax to his majesty." But this is treacherous ground—when we think of our own barley, tallow, skins, tea, coffee, bricks, oil-cloth, &c. &c.

The reader will meet with neither churches nor pictures—a well-known work upon Italy, at the conclusion of a long chapter, filled from beginning to end with descriptions of paintings, says—"but they must be seen in order to convey any idea of the wonders which the creative art can work." The writer is of the same opinion; but in the work from which he quotes, "the discovery," he adds, "is made too late, by the whole length of a chapter."—The author recommends a new route—which may be worth some traveller's notice. Instead of going from Paris to Milan by Mount Denis, a far more varied and agreeable route would be, to descend the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon; to travel by land from Avignon to Toulon; to make a coasting voyage from Toulon, either to Nice or Genoa, and from thence to Milan.

*Modern Domestic Medicine, by T.J. Graham, M.D.*; 1828.—Most people, when they fall ill, fly to the physician, and lose all confidence in their own judgments, however propped by previous study. The very physician will seldom prescribe for himself. Nevertheless, most people like to pore over "domestic medicine;" and few publications have a more general and steady sale than books of this character. Buchan's reign was once universal, till Thompson, with no very legitimate claims, hurled him from his throne; and Thompson, in his turn, is beginning to be pushed from his stool by Dr. Graham, whose book—which now lays before us, and of which we will read as much as we can—has at least the merit of plain sense and distinct statements. Within a few months, it has actually reached a third edition. The writer's main view, he tells us, was to produce a work which might be serviceable to unprofessional people—to the clergy—they not having enough in the *curative* way upon their hands—to heads of families and travellers; and he has

accordingly confined himself, with sound discretion, to clear and correct description of the nature, symptoms, causes, distinctions, and most approved treatment of diseases. And as to remedies—none are recommended by him, or detailed, but the best and most manageable for the relief of pain and irritation. The relief of irritation is (he observes) the great object of medicine—the means which are most serviceable in allaying irritation, are the most speedy and effectual in the relief and cure of diseases: the rest may be left, we suppose, safely enough to the *vis medicatrix* of life.

Though dwelling as he does upon what he terms manageable remedies, he has avoided—and he marks it in his preface—any "dissertation on the passions;" a remark which implies a lurking belief that the passions are the sources of disease, or at least have a mighty influence on the career and intensity, and the control of which, we suspect, would prevent many, and check more. To detect the effects of passion—the physical effects, we mean—is the physician's especial province; and we have no doubt the printings of the physician will, nine times out of ten, be more effectual than the denunciations of the preacher: and we have, moreover—which is, by the way, an opinion of our own, and we give utterance to it in the teeth of education-mongers—as little doubt it is of far greater importance to the welfare and happiness of their children, for parents to discipline their passions—meaning here their *temper*, which is the great and early indicator of the passions—than their brains.

*Religious Discourses, by a Layman*; 1828.—This is too ridiculous. Sir Walter's great name—deservedly great as it is—will not carry with it an excuse for every folly. There is no reason upon earth why Sir Walter Scott—if he put his soul into the effort—or any other layman of common sense and literary habits, should not write a tolerable sermon—but these are utterly worthless—nor will either the alleged motives, or the real ones, at all justify the publication. The true history is this—and for the author's credit at least, it should be known. While writing the Waverley novels incognito, Sir Walter had his MSS. copied by a gentleman who was studying for the church; and when the time arrived for his delivering two sermons before the presbytery—one of the usual tests of competent ability in the Scotch church—he expressed in Sir Walter's hearing his apprehensions of failure; upon which Sir Walter offered to write them for him, and actually wrote them, as we learn, the next morning. The sermons were read, and the candidate passed; but failing in getting any church employment, he obtained, through Sir Walter's interest, a place under government in London. Mr. G., however, still wishing to turn these sermons to account, prevailed



on Sir Walter to permit him to do so, and he accordingly sold them to Mr. Colburn for £250.

The subject of the first is a comparison of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, containing nothing but the commonest arguments of the very commonest pulpit discourses—unilluminated by one single ray of his undoubted genius—to stamp it as his own. “I came not to destroy, but to fulfil.” The words are plainly—if we refer to facts—used in a specific and limited sense. Literally, and in the general application of them, the law was destroyed, for the Christian renounced the use and authority of it as an institute; and the Jew, expelled from his native seat, could no

longer execute its provisions. The specific sense, to which we allude, Sir Walter labours hard, and has more difficulty than half the curates—the lowest caste, of course, of theologians—in the country would have had to establish; and concludes with singular infelicity thus:—“In no sense, therefore, was the ancient Mosaic law destroyed;”—followed up with a very brilliant, but scarcely intelligible, and perfectly inapplicable and unillustrating figure. The other sermon is on the blessedness of the righteous, and is as miserable a piece of twaddle as ever was compiled by a fagged or a lazy Saturday night performer, to be inflicted on some unfortunate audience the following morning.

### PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

#### INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

*Paris.*—March 3.—M. Ampere made a verbal report on a work of M. Opoix, regarding the soul when waking and sleeping. M. Arago presented, in the name of M. Fiedler, many vitreous tubes which the donor had collected in sundry parts of Germany. A conversation arising with regard to them, M. Mongez said, that in the cabinet of natural history belonging to the library of St. Genevieve, of which he was the conservator, there was a packet of nails which had been half melted by lightning on board a vessel: the nails were four or five inches long, melted together by the demifusion, and pierced like the vitreous tubes. MM. Dumeril and Latreille reported on a memoir of M. Milne Edwards, relative to certain crustacea inhabiting the western shore of France: the three new species described were the rhea, cuma, and pontia—the fourth was already known but imperfectly, and belonged to the genus nebalia—the paper was thought worthy of being inserted in the “Mémoires des Savans Etrangers.” MM. Prony, Poisson, and Savart, made a report, at the requisition of the minister of the interior, on an improved steelyard, made by M. Paret, a mechanist of Montpellier; they considered the instrument might be employed with advantage. M. Coquebert-Montbret made a verbal report on an English work presented by M. Cæsar Moreau, entitled a chronological examination of the finances of Great Britain.—10. MM. Dumeril and Magendie reported on a memoir of M. Malebouche, relative to the method pursued by a Mrs. Leigh for the cure of stammering. The process consists in a series of exercises for the organs of speech, but is as yet a secret. The reporters stated that they had submitted some persons to the care of M. Malebouche, who had been entirely or partially cured—the latter depending upon the patient's own want of attention to the rules

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prescribed. It was referred to a committee to see whether the persons possessed of the secret could be allowed to receive the prize founded by M. Monthyon, in order to obtain its publication. M. Ampere made a verbal report on M. Opoix's pamphlet relative to the sensations of sound and of light. A letter was read from M. Gendrin, containing numerous observations which he had made on the employment of iodine in cases of gout.—17. A letter was communicated by M. Brongniard from M. J. Acorta, engineer, in Colombia, stating that it was not the city of Bogota, but that of Popayan, which had been destroyed by an earthquake. Bogota, which is 80 leagues distant from the latter place, had, however, been seriously injured. M. Warden informed the Academy that Captain Joshua Coffin, of the Ganges, of New York, had discovered in the South Sea four new islands, not laid down in the charts. The first, which he called Gardner's Island, from the name of his owner, is in lat. 4° 3' S., lon. 174° 22' W. of Greenwich; the land here is low and woody. The second, called Coffin Island, is in lat. 31° 13' S., lon. 178° 54' 15" W., about twelve miles to the north of which are some very dangerous reefs. The other two were named the Islands of the Ganges, lat. 10° 25' S., lon. 160° 45' W., and 10° S. and 161° W.: they were inhabited, and the natives were unacquainted with firearms. M. Arago gave verbally some new details relative to M. Fiedler's fulminary tubes, in answer to various objections made at a preceding sitting; he also communicated an account of certain auroræ boreales observed in the United States on the 27th and 28th of August, 1827. MM. Patal and Dumeril reported on a memoir presented by MM. Martin and Isidore, of St. Hilaire, relative to the peritonean canals in the tortoise and crocodile. This paper presenting a new and important fact in physiology, will be published in the “Recueil des

Savans Etrangers." M. Fourier read a note, entitled "experimental researches on the conducting power of thin bodies submitted to the action of heat, and a description of a new thermometer of contact." M. Hericart de Thury communicated a notice, and exhibited a section of the strata in a well made by boring, near Epinay—the depth from which the water issued was more than 200 feet, and it rose above the surface, supplying about 36,000 quarts, of the temperature of 14°, in 24 hours.—24. M. Poincot presented a note on the formulæ for the exact determination of the plane of the area resulting from all the areas described round the centre of the sun by all the parts of our planetary system—comprising the sun itself. M. Cuvier exhibited the fossil jaw of an animal, bearing some analogy to an animal found in Van Dieman's Land, the didelphis cynocephala of Havis, or thilacine of Temminck, recently discovered in the quarries of Mont-Martre. M. Damoiseau made a verbal report on a chronological work published at Rome in 1827, by M. E. Olieri.—31. Some letters relative to the death of Major Laing and Captain Clapperton, from M. Rousseau, consul-general of France at Tripoli, were read by M. Barbiedubocage. Dr. Fevenon intimated a design of submitting to the Academy the results of his researches on the circulation and respiration of different classes of animals. MM. Arago and Mathieu reported on a memoir of Major Roger, relative to measurements of Mont Blanc—

for which he received the thanks of the Academy, and was solicited to extend his observations to other mountains of Europe. M. Girard commenced the reading of a memoir relative to the supply of water in Paris, and M. Brusant read a memoir on the chemical analyses for determining the composition of minerals.—April 7. A society for mining for pit coal and other mineral substances in the department of the Jura, solicited the advice of the Academy, who referred their memoir to the council of mines. M. G. St. Hilaire announced that some doubts which had arisen relative to the anatomical facts mentioned in the paper of MM. Martin and J. St. Hilaire, had been removed, by the inspection of a tortoise which had died at the Royal Menagerie on April 6. M. Chevreul read a memoir on the influence which two colours may have upon each other when seen simultaneously.—*Annual Meeting of the four Academies.* April 25. Great interest was excited at this meeting by a remarkable discourse by M. Fourier on the progress of science at the present day—also by an abridged account of M. de Labord's recent voyage in the Levant—and by a learned memoir of M. G. St. Hilaire, on the state of natural history among the Egyptians. The commission charged to examine the works sent in to contest the prize founded by Volney, reported by M. de Sacy that the prize was divided between M. Massias and M. Schleyermacher, librarian of Darmstadt.

#### VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Earthquake.*—Between ten and eleven o'clock at night, on the 9th of March last, an earthquake was felt at Washington and other places in the United States, and which consisted of two distinct shocks, which lasted a little less than thirty seconds—the first was very much stronger than the second. The houses were so shaken, that many persons who were asleep jumped from their beds, and could with difficulty be recovered from the fright they had sustained.

*Electric Eels.*—It is not only the crocodile and jaguar which in America lie in ambush for the horse, but even among fishes this animal has a dangerous enemy. The marshy waters of Béra and Rastio are filled with the electric eel, whose slimy yellow, spotted body sends forth at will terrible shocks. These gymnoti are from five to six feet long, and sufficiently strong to kill the most robust animal when they bring their organs properly into action. At Urituca they have been obliged to change the direction of the road, because the number of these eels had so much increased in a little river, that annually a number of horses in passing the ford were killed. All animals of their own element fly from these formidable creatures; even man is surprised when angling by the river side; and receives

the fatal shock by means of the wetted line. The fishing for the gymnoti, presents a picturesque spectacle. The Indians inclose a marshy spot, and then drive horses and mules into the water, until the noise excites these courageous fishes to the attack. They are seen swimming on the surface like snakes, and adroitly insinuating themselves under the belly of the horses, many of which fall under the violence of these invisible blows; while others, panting, with streaming mane and haggard eyes, expressive of anguish, strive to evade the storm which threatens them, but the Indians, armed with long bamboos, drive them back again into the middle of the water. The impetuosity of this unequal combat at length diminishes; the gymnoti fatigued, disperse like clouds deprived of the electric fluid, and require long repose and abundant nourishment to repair the loss of the galvanic force. Their strokes getting feebler and feebler, produce a less sensible effect, until frightened at length by the trampling of the horses, they timidly approach the banks, and are then struck with harpoons by the Indians, and subsequently pulled on the steppe with dry sticks, non-conductors of the fluid.

*Statistics—Commerce.*—From an official

statement recently published at New York, it appears that there were 593 vessels of different sizes in the harbour of that city, viz. 96 ships, 124 brigs, 137 schooners, 167 sloops, 24 tow boats, and 43 steam boats; besides a great number of coasting vessels. Of the above 96 ships, 33 were built at New York, and their tonnage amounted to 16,000.

*Preservation of Eggs.*—Various experiments have at different times been made to ascertain a sure process for preserving eggs from putrefaction: it was discovered a short time since that chlorate of lime was effectual for the purpose—this substance being manufactured in England on a very large scale, may be obtained at a very trifling expense, and it is only necessary to dissolve one ounce of it in a pint of water.

*Mammoth.*—In excavating the Morris canal near Schooley's Mountain, New Jersey, United States, the skeleton of a mammoth was found, in July 1827, about three feet beneath the surface, in a remarkable state of preservation. It is said to be enormously large, and that one of the tusks weighs 150 pounds, being two feet in circumference, and seven in length, and from appearances it is supposed to have been of a much greater length. The teeth are entire; the enamel on them is round and perfect, and of a shining bright blue veined marble colour: the dimensions of one of them taken on the grinding surface, were three and a half inches wide, and seven long; it weighed four pounds. The remains of a huge megatherium were also discovered, at the beginning of this year, in New Jersey, in a marl pit nine miles south-east of Philadelphia.

*The Comet of 1832 (Damoiseau's).*—Some mischievous wag has been terrifying the old women, as well in petticoats as without, both in this country and on the continent, with fearful prognostications of the destruction of the world in the year 1832, by a ballistic visitation from a comet—the one of which the elements were determined by Damoiseau, whose name it bears, and the periodic time of which is 0.75 years. It is almost needless to say, that from this body there can exist no rational cause of apprehension; at its nearest approach to the earth it will be more than 44 millions of miles distant from it, and might approach a million of times nearer without occasioning any serious consequences. In 1770, a comet approached within 2,062,500 miles. Lalande estimates at 35,750 miles the distance at which a comet might produce upon the earth any sensible effect.

*Gold and Platinum Mines of the Oural Mountains.*—The following statements collected from some official Russian journals, will not, we conceive, be devoid of interest, particularly in connexion with some articles we have already published on the subject. The quantity of gold obtained during the year 1825, and the first six months of 1826,

amounted to 17,448 pounds. Of these, 5,030 pounds were found in the mines belonging to the crown, and the remainder, 12,418, in the mines belonging to private people; making an excess of 7,388 for the latter. The value of this prodigious quantity of gold, estimating it at £62. 10s. per pound, is £894,063 sterling. In the same space of 18 months, 1,031 pounds of platinum were procured; of which 410 came from the mines of the crown, and the remainder, 621, from the mines of private persons—giving an excess in favour of the latter of 211 pounds. The town of Catherineburg, near which all this quantity of gold and platinum has been obtained, and which consequently is of some importance, is situated in the government of Perm, under the 56° 50' 38" of northern latitude, and with longitude 20° 30' E. of Petersburg; about 1,105 miles from Moscow, 1,560 from Petersburg, and 225 from the city of Perm.

*Spontaneous Human Combustion.*—The phenomenon of spontaneous human combustion is one that has been much canvassed of late years, and from their own peculiar views of the subject been rejected by some philosophers. A distinguished French physiologist, M. Julia Fontenelle, having investigated the subject, and paid strict attention to every case of this nature, supported by credible testimony, has communicated to the Institute the result of his researches. 1. Persons who have died by spontaneous combustion have for the most part made immoderate use of alcoholic liquors. 2. That this combustion is almost always general, but may be only partial. 3. It is much rarer among men than among women; and nearly all the women who have been the victims of it, have been aged—one only being of the age of 17 years, and her combustion was but partial. 4. That the trunk and the entrails have been constantly burned, while the feet, the hands, and the top of the skull have almost always escaped. 5. Although it is known from experiment that a considerable quantity of wood is required to reduce a body to ashes by the ordinary process of cremation, yet in spontaneous combustion the incineration takes place without the most combustible surrounding objects being burned. In one instance, very remarkable from the coincidence of a double spontaneous combustion taking place in two individuals in the same chamber, it was found that the apartment and furniture did not take fire. 6. It is not proved that the presence of an ignited body is necessary to develop spontaneous human combustion—every thing leads to a different conclusion. 7. Water, far from extinguishing the flame, seems to increase its activity; and when the flame has disappeared, the internal combustion still continues. 8. Spontaneous combustions take place more frequently in winter than in summer. 9. Partial combustions have been



cured, but general combustions never. 10. The victims of spontaneous combustion suffer a very strong internal heat. 11. The combustion develops itself at once, and consumes the body in a few hours. 12. The parts of the body which are not affected by combustion, mortify. 13. The bodies of those affected by spontaneous combustion have a tendency to putridity, immediately inducing gangrene. 14. The residue after this combustion is composed of fatty cinders, and of an unctuous soot, both having a fetid odour, which pervades the apartment, impregnates the furniture, and is perceptible at a great distance. Without entering into the other theories which have been formed to account for this dreadful phenomenon, we shall state the causes which M. Julia Fontenelle assigns of it. We regard, he says, what are called spontaneous human combustions, not as true combustions, but as internal and spontaneous re-actions due to new products, to which a deprivation of the muscles, tendons, entrails, &c. gives rise. These products, when uniting, yield the same phenomena as combustion, without depending at all on the influence of external agents. It may be objected to this, that let the cause which determines the

combustion be what it may, the caloric disengaged must be considerable, and consequently would ignite all the neighbouring substances. In answer to this it is replied, that all combustible substances are very far from disengaging an equal quantity of caloric by combustion. While from various experiments of Davy, it seems probable that the products due to the deterioration of the body may be very combustible, yet without disengaging as much caloric as the other combustible bodies known, and without leaving a residue like some of the gases; and it would appear that in some subjects, particularly women, there exists a particular disposition which, united to the weakness occasioned by age, an inactive life, and the abuse of spirituous liquors, may occasion a spontaneous combustion. But Mr. L. is far from considering either alcohol or hydrogen, or excessive fat, as a material cause of this combustion. If alcohol have much to do with this morbid affection, it is in contributing to its production, that is to say, to produce with the above-mentioned causes this deterioration, which gives rise to new products very combustible, of which the reaction determines the combustion of the body.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The last Number (39) of the new edition of Stephen's Greek Thesaurus, containing the General Index, &c. will be published next month.

The Delphin and Variorum Classics, Nos. 117 to 120, containing Livy, Manilius, and Panegyrici Veteres, will be published this month.

Alexander Von Humboldt's Lectures on Physical Geography, by Cotta, under the title of Entwurf einer Physischen, Wettbeschreibung editions, in French and English, in two volumes, 8vo.

Simplicity of Health; exemplified by Hortator, and approved by Mr. Abernethy the surgeon.

Dr. Gordon Smith has in the press a small volume, to be entitled Hints to Counsel, Coroners, and Juries, on the Examination of Medical Witnesses.

Occasional Thoughts on Select Texts of Scripture. By the late John Mason Good, M.D.

Practical Instructions for the Formation and Culture of the Tree Rose. 12mo. With Cuts.

Early Impressions; or Moral and Instructive Entertainment for Children, in Prose and Verse. With Twelve Designs by Dighton.

Sermons. By the Rev. H. Raikes, A.M. In one volume, 8vo.

Sermons. By the Rev. James Proctor, A.M., Fellow of Pet. Coll., Cambridge;

late Curate of Bentley, Hants, and Assistant Minister of Farnham, Surrey. In one volume, 8vo.

A New Translation of the History of Herodotus, intended for the Use of General Readers; with short Notes and Maps. By Isaac Taylor, Jun.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## SIR RALPH WOODFORD, BART.

This respected and lamented individual died on the 17th of May last, in his passage from Jamaica to Falmouth. He had been nearly fifteen years governor of Trinidad; and his good judgment, steadiness, and suavity of manners, brought that island from its turbulent, self-ruining condition, into a state of order, prosperity, and internal happiness. His health being at last affected by so long a residence in a tropical atmosphere, he made a cruise to Jamaica for change of air and scene. But the remedy appears to have proved an ill-advised one; for, quitting that island with an increase of alarming symptoms, his valuable life terminated, as has been described, during his voyage home, to the more salubrious airs of his native country. Sir Ralph Woodford was the only son of a worthy and accomplished baronet of the same name; who must still be fondly remembered by the few left, who, like himself, adorned by their wit

and graceful conversation the charming circle of the late celebrated Mrs. Montague. He was maternally descended from a family of old eminence for genius and loyalty—the Brideokes, of clerical memory; of whom Dr. Brideokes, the "sometime" chaplain to James, the fourth Earl of Derby, in the reign of Charles I., was one noted instance. He afterwards became Dean of Salisbury, and, by his extraordinary presence of mind, courage, and address, saved the heroic Countess of Derby, and her house of Latham, from being stormed by the Cromwell army. From this brave and worthy member of the church, descended the more immediate maternal ancestor of Sir Ralph Woodford, Archdeacon Brideokes, the friend of Atterbury: and from whom the family of Woodford now possess the Bible which had belonged to King James the First. Sir Ralph Woodford, the regretted subject of this memoir, was, in every respect, worthy of his descent from such persons. His

powers of mind were equal to theirs; and, with similar energy, directed to the most honourable purposes. It was always his ambition, wherever he went as a servant of his country, "to do his duty!" and, we may say, that, fulfilling it to the utmost, in a distant and dangerous climate, he at last terminated his life in the "very gate of his post!" Never having married, whatever honours are hereditary in the family, devolve on his cousin, General Alexander Woodford, who, while commanding the Foot Guards of Hougoumont, behaved with distinguishing gallantry in the memorable day of Waterloo. This gentleman is at present in a military station at Corfu.

#### THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE Most Reverend Father in God, his Grace, Charles Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Metropolitan of all England, &c., was a branch of the ducal family of Manners, descendants from the sister of King Edward the Fourth. He was grandson to John, the eleventh Earl, and third Duke of Rutland. His father, Lord George Sutton—so called, from a family alliance with Bridget, only daughter of Robert Sutton, Lord Lexington—married, in the year 1749, Diana, daughter of Thomas Chaplain, of Blankley, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Esq. Charles, his fourth son, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 17th of February, 1755. He was educated at the Charter House, whence he removed to Emanuel College, Cambridge; where, in 1777, we find him one of the triposes, on which occasion he took the degree of A.B. He afterwards proceeded to D.D., and soon obtained ecclesiastical preferment. After holding several livings in succession, he was made Dean of Peterborough, in 1791. On the death of Dr. Horne, in 1792, he was elevated to the See of Norwich; when he relinquished his other livings, and in lieu thereof accepted the Deanery of Windsor.

Dr. Sutton's residence at Windsor introduced him particularly to the late King, whose excellent sense and sound discrimination soon led him to a just estimate of the merits of the new Dean. Dr. Sutton had married, as far back as the 3d of April, 1778, Mary, the daughter of Thomas Thorston, Esq. This lady was honoured with the friendship of her Majesty, Queen Charlotte. It was probably from a knowledge of this favourable combination of circumstances, that the author of "The Pursuits of Literature" was led, in 1797, to predict, for Dr. Sutton, the possession of archiepiscopal honours. To these eminently characteristic lines, we find the following note appended:

Nay, if you feed on this celestial strain,  
You may with Gods bold converse, not with men;  
Sooner the people's rights shall Horsley prove,  
Or Sutton cease to claim the public love;  
And e'en forego, from dignity of place,  
His polished mind and reconciling face.

"Dr. Charles Manners Sutton, Bishop of Norwich, a prelate whose amiable demeanour, useful learning, and conciliating habits of life, particularly recommend his episcopal character. No man appears to me so peculiarly marked out for the HIGHEST DIGNITY of the church, *sede vacante*, as Dr. Sutton."

On the death of Dr. Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1805, there were three competitors to succeed him:—Dr. Tomline, supported by Mr. Pitt; Dr. Stuart, who claimed on a promise made to him, when he accepted the See of Armagh; and Dr. Sutton, enjoying the especial favour of the King. His Majesty's *congé d'élire* having been issued, Dr. Sutton was duly elected on the 12th of February, and confirmed on the 21st; when he was also nominated a member of the King's Most Honourable Privy Council.

This Prelate never greatly distinguished himself as a politician. When the Clergy Farming and Residence Bill, introduced by Sir William Scott, was discussed in the House of Peers, in June, 1803, he spoke several times; and, while he insisted on the necessity of the measure, he pointed out the spirit of persecution introduced into the Act of Henry the VIIIth, some of the clauses of which afforded a lucrative employment to informers.—His Lordship spoke for the first time in his archiepiscopal capacity on Moor's Divorce Bill, on the 13th of June, 1805. He availed himself of the occasion, "to deprecate every thing that might give facility to divorces; which, if carried beyond a certain extent, tended in fact to afford a direct encouragement to the practice of adultery itself."

His Grace was a steady and consistent opponent of the Roman Catholic claims. As early as the year 1805, on the resumed debate on the Roman Catholic Petition, after the Earl of Suffolk and Lord Hutchinson had spoken in behalf, and the Earl of Buckinghamshire against the prayer of it, he arose, and immediately fixed the attention of the House. Enumerating the various privileges which had been conceded to the Roman Catholics, by the 18th, 22nd, 31st, and 33rd, of his Majesty, George III., his Grace "expressed his surprise, that after such a series of concessions, a petition like that on the table should be brought forward. Toleration" he added, "was the brightest ornament of the Church of England; but the claims now meant to be obtained were inconsistent with the very idea of toleration; for they struck at the act of settlement, and tended to give not only equality, but eventual superiority, to the Roman Catholic religion in a Protestant state." The claims of the Protestant Dissenters were treated by his Grace in a different manner. He gave his voice and his vote against Lord Sidmouth's Bill, in 1811; and on the late settlement of those claims, he gave them his vote by proxy, and, so far as in absence he could, his

sentiments, through the medium of his friend, the Bishop of Chester.

Dr. Sutton "was a man of mild, but imposing presence, mingling the humility of the religion, of which he was the eloquent teacher, with the dignity of high birth and lofty station. His voice was full and tunable, his elocution distinct and unaffected, his arguments well weighed, his words well chosen, his manner grave and simple, his learning accurate, his knowledge comprehensive, and his judgment sound. He spoke fluently and impressively on most subjects, even on those which might have appeared most aversive from his general course of study." Notwithstanding his powers in the pulpit, his Grace published only two sermons: one preached before the Peers, on the Fast Day, 1794; the other, before the Society for Propagating the Gospel, in 1797.

He is understood to have been eminently happy in the marriage state. Mrs. Sutton was the woman of his choice; one who, as a wife and as a mother, has been an honour to her station, and a pattern to all. By this lady he has had a family of thirteen children; all of whom, with two exceptions, have been females. His eldest son, the Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton, is the Speaker of the House of Commons; an office which he has filled with great ability, and unqualified approbation, ever since the resignation of Lord Colchester, in the year 1817. His Grace's eldest daughter was married, in 1806, to the Rev. Hugh Percy, D.D., Bishop of Carlisle, the third son of Algernon, Earl of Beverley. His Grace's fourth daughter was married, in 1812, to the Rev. Dr. Croft, Archdeacon of Canterbury.

After a long illness, his Grace expired at Lambeth Palace, about half past ten in the forenoon of Monday, the 21st of July.

#### LORD MOUNT-SANDFORD.

Henry Sandford, second Baron Mount-Sandford, of Castlereagh, in the county of Roscommon, was born on the 10th of March, 1805; and he succeeded his uncle, Henry Moore Sandford, the late lord (so created on the 30th of July, 1800,) on the 29th of December, 1814. His lordship was the son of the Rev. William Moore Sandford (who died in 1809), by Jane, second daughter of the Right. Hon. Siber Oliver, of Castle Oliver, in the county of Limerick. This amiable and unfortunate young nobleman died at Windsor, on Saturday, the 14th of June, from injuries which he had received in an affray on the morning of Friday, the 6th. It appeared, from the evidence given before the coroner's inquest, that his lordship, with some other gentlemen, had been at Ascot races; that, afterwards, they adjourned to Eton, to play at billiards; and that, between twelve and one in the morning, as they were returning to the Castle Inn at Windsor, where they had been staying, they encountered a drunken rabble of mechanics, with whom, by some means, a

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quarrel ensued. His lordship was perfectly sober at the time, and was interfering only to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, when, in a minute or two, he was knocked down, and received the brutal blows and kicks which occasioned his death. The jury returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against Samuel Brinkbett (a shoemaker), as principal, and George and Thomas Hunt, as aiders and abettors therein. The jury also expressed themselves unanimously of opinion, that the treatment received by his lordship, and which caused his death, had been entirely unprovoked on his part. His lordship's remains were interred in the parish church of Windsor on the Tuesday following his decease. His lordship is succeeded by his uncle, George, now third Baron Lord Mount-Sandford.

#### SIR WILLIAM CONGREVE, BART., M.P., F.R.S., &c.

Sir William Congreve was descended from a family said to have been settled in Staffordshire when that county formed part of the kingdom of Mercia. His father, the first baronet (so created in 1812), was an officer of rank in the artillery. Sir William was born in the year 1770, and entered young into the same branch of military service. Having a great mechanical genius, he effected many important improvements. In 1808, he invented a formidable engine of military annoyance, which, having been tried and approved, was used by Lord Cochrane in Basque Roads—in the expedition against Walcheren—in attacks on several places in Spain—at Waterloo, &c. The effects of these weapons, generally called Congreve rockets, and now adopted in the armies of all the European powers, are tremendous. They have been employed, also, in a modified form, in the whale fishery.

Sir William Congreve was Esquerry to the King, Comptroller of the Laboratory at Woolwich, &c. Besides many other works, abounding in ingenious ideas, he published treatises on the Mounting of Iron Ordnance, on his Hydro-Pneumatic Lock for saving Water, on the Means of preventing the Forgery of Bank Notes, &c.

About two years ago, Sir William Congreve was conceived to be deeply implicated in some of the Stock Exchange bubble concerns; after which he retired to the Continent, where he continued to reside. His death was thus announced in the *Moniteur* of May 23:—"Sir William Congreve, the English general of artillery, who acquired so much renown by the deadly rockets which he invented, died lately at Toulouse, at the age of fifty-seven. It is said, that having foreseen for some time that war would break out in the east, he had submitted two projects to his government—one for the defence of Constantinople, and the other for its destruction, according as England might be favourably or inimically disposed towards the Turks. Towards the latter part of his



life, having totally lost the use of his legs, he had invented a mechanically arranged chair or sofa, which enabled him to move himself about his apartment without any assistance: this machine occasionally served him as a bed, whereon to repose himself. He latterly also discovered means of propelling ships at sea, without the aid of oars, sails, or steam: the details of this plan were printed; it appeared, however, to be more ingenious than practically available. He has left a widow, several children, and an immense fortune."—By Sir William's death, a vacancy occurred in the representation of Plymouth.

#### MARSHAL COMTE DE LAURISTON.

This gentleman, said to be a descendant from the family of the celebrated Law, of Mississippi notoriety, was the son of a general officer in the French army. He was born in the year 1768. At an early age he embraced the military profession, and obtained rapid promotion in the artillery. He was active, and he enjoyed the friendship of Buonaparte, who made him one of his *aids-de-camp*. Buonaparte also employed him on several important missions. In 1800 he commanded, as brigadier-general, the fourth regiment of Flying Artillery at La Fère. In 1801 he brought to England the ratification of the preliminaries of the peace of Amiens. He was received with customary enthusiasm by the London mob, who took the horses from his carriage, and dragged him in triumph to Downing-street. This circumstance afforded to Cobbett a theme of vituperation for months.

After the death of the Duc d'Enghien, General Lauriston happened to be in the antechamber of the consular court of Buonaparte with M. de Caulaincourt; when, the conversation having turned upon the murder of the prince, and upon the part which Caulaincourt had performed in the affair, Lauriston spiritedly exclaimed—"The first consul has too much esteem for me, to employ me in such a transaction." The conversation grew warm, and it was only through Buonaparte's interference that the quarrel was not carried to a greater height. Though displeased with Lauriston's remark, the consul did not dismiss him, but sent him on an unimportant embassy to Italy, and contrived that he and Caulaincourt should never meet again in his presence.

M. de Lauriston was in every campaign of note in Spain, Germany, and Russia. In 1809 he penetrated into Hungary, and took the fortress of Raab, after a bombardment of eight days. It was Lauriston who decided the victory in favour of the French at the battle of Wagram, by coming up to the charge, at full trot, with 100 pieces of artillery. In 1811 he was appointed ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg. This mission—the object of which was to obtain the occupation of the ports of Riga and Revel, and to exclude English ships from the

Baltic—having failed, he was employed in the Russian campaign; and, after the taking of Moscow, he was sent to the Emperor Alexander, with proposals for an armistice. These proposals were rejected.

General Lauriston, after the retreat from Moscow, commanded an army of observation on the banks of the Elbe. During three months, he defended that river with a small force, and prevented the enemy from entering Hanover. Having distinguished himself at the battle of Leipsic, he retreated to the bridge between that town and Lindenau. Finding the bridge destroyed, he plunged into the river with his horse; but was taken prisoner, and conducted to Berlin, where he was treated with much favour and kindness.

After the conclusion of the general peace, Louis XVIII. created him a knight of St. Louis, grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and captain-lieutenant of the Grey Musketeers, an appointment rendered vacant by the death of General Nansouty. After the 20th of March, 1815, he followed the royal household to the frontiers of France; and then retired to his estate of Richécourt, near La Fère, without taking part in any of the transactions of the hundred days.

On the return of the king, General Lauriston was made president of the Electoral College of the department of L'Aisne, lieut.-general of the first division of Royal Foot Guards, and member of the commission appointed to examine into the conduct of such officers as had served from the 20th of March to the 8th of July, 1815. He was created a commander of the Order of St. Louis in 1816; and, having become an ultra-royalist, he presided, in the course of the same year, over the councils of war appointed for the trial of Admiral Linois, Count Delaborde, &c.

Marshal Lauriston terminated his life at Paris, in a fit of apoplexy, on the 17th of June.

#### DUGALD STEWART, ESQ.

Dugald Stewart, son of Dr. Matthew Stewart, eminent as professor of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh, was born in the year 1753. In the eighth year of his age he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, to commence the rudiments of the Latin tongue. There he formed an intimacy with Robert Thomson, afterwards a great promoter of classical erudition in his academy at Kensington. These youths were, after a course of six years, at the head of the school. In October, 1766, Mr. Stewart was entered at the university, under the tuition of Dr. Blair and Dr. Fergusson. Through the instructions and example of the former, he became an enthusiastic admirer of beautiful, pathetic, and sublime poetry, in ancient and in modern languages. His principal intellectual pursuits were history, logic, metaphysics, and moral philo-

sophy. To the study of mathematics he paid no more attention than was necessary to avoid the censure of negligence; yet, in the nineteenth year of his age, his father having been seized with an indisposition which incapacitated him from continuing his professional labours for the benefit of his family, he was deputed, as his substitute, to read the mathematical lectures. Such was his ability, that he not only taught his scholars the customary and prescribed lessons of mathematics, but inspired them with a love for the science. About this time, Mr. Stewart, in addition to his intimacy with Mr. Robert Thomson, became acquainted with Mr. John Scott, Mr. Thomas Stewart, Mr. John Playfair, and Dr. William Thomson.

Having taught the mathematical class for about seven years, he was called to the performance of a duty more congenial to his own taste. When Dr. Fergusson was sent to North America on a mission, Mr. Stewart undertook to teach his class in moral philosophy until his return—a task which he performed with ability and reputation.

Mr. Stewart, by the death of his father, was now sole professor of mathematics. Dr. Fergusson had resigned his professorship of moral philosophy. Mr. Stewart was allowed to be the fittest man for succeeding Dr. Fergusson, and Mr. Playfair for succeeding Dr. Stewart. It was, therefore, arranged that Dr. Fergusson and Mr. Stewart should exchange: consequently, Mr. Stewart became sole professor of moral philosophy, and Dr. Fergusson *emeritus* professor of mathematics, with Mr. Playfair for his acting deputy and eventual successor. Mr. Stewart was now extremely intimate with the learned and profound Dr. Reid, to whose talents we are indebted for many valuable additions to our knowledge of the human mind.

Mr. Stewart having devoted much of his attention to similar pursuits, he, in the year 1792, published the first volume of his *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, the second volume of which did not appear till 1813, and the third not till 1827. He published *Outlines of Moral Philosophy* for the use of Students, in 1793; Dr. Adam Smith's *Essays on Philosophical Subjects*, with an *Account of the Life and Writings of the Author*, in 1801; an *Account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Robertson*, 1803; an *Account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Reid*; a *Statement of Facts relative to the Election of a Mathematical Professor of the University of Edinburgh*, 1805; *Philosophical Essays*, 1818. Since the last-mentioned period, he wrote a part of the *Dissertations* prefixed to the *Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica*.

After the peace of Amiens, Mr. Stewart accompanied Lord Lauderdale upon his mission to France. This was the means of obtaining for him a *sinecure* appointment, which rendered him independent for life. The Marquis of Lansdowne, when Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer, made him *gazette*-writer for Scotland.

Mr. Stewart's writings procured for him the honour of being elected a member of the Academy of St. Petersburg, and also of the Academy of Philadelphia. We have heard the style of his compositions termed heavy and prolix, confused and obscure. This opinion is not in accordance with ours. On the contrary, we think, with one of his earlier biographers, that "*the Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind* will transmit the author to posterity as a man who united most profound metaphysical genius with elegance and taste; whose learning, with the whole circle of philosophy, included agreeable and light literature; who knew the human understanding and affections in their anatomy and their active force; who comprehended the human character in its genuine nature and operations, as modified by different circumstances, and exhibited in the existing manners of modern society."

Mr. Stewart possessed the manners of a gentleman, as well as the science and genius of a philosopher. He closed a long, meritorious, and amiable life at Edinburgh, on the 11th of June.

THE REV. WILLIAM COXE, A. M.,  
F. R. S., &c.

The Rev. William Coxe was born in Dover-street, Piccadilly, in the year 1747. His father was a physician, and originally intended him also for the medical profession. After about eight years' instruction from the Rev. William Fountaine, whose son became a canon of St. David's, he was sent to Eton, and subsequently to King's College, Cambridge, where he was matriculated in 1764. In the year following, he obtained the scholarship founded by Mr. William Battie, M.D., who assigned an estate of £30. per annum, chiefly as an encouragement to those who were intended for the study of medicine. In 1770, then a middle bachelor of arts, he obtained one of the annual prizes given, for Latin prose composition, by the two representatives of the university, in parliament; and, in 1771, having become a senior bachelor, he was equally successful. He afterwards obtained the degree of M.A.—the highest he ever took—and a fellowship in King's College. In 1772 he took priest's orders, and, for some time, officiated as curate of the parish of Denham, in Essex—a situation which he relinquished to superintend the education of the Marquess of Blandford, now Duke of Marlborough. The latter appointment he held two years; and, subsequently, he was engaged as travelling tutor to the late Earl of Pembroke, the late Samuel Whitbread, Esq., Mr. Portman, and the late Marquess of Cornwallis. With the Earl of Pembroke, he visited France, Germany, and Italy; and, with Mr. Whitbread, his tour was yet more extensive. Thus he rendered himself acquainted with the men and

manners, the customs, languages, and opinions of most of the European nations—was introduced to the first company—and had the honour of associating and conversing with the highest circles.

Mr. Coxe was chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough; but we are not aware that he obtained any church preferment through the influence of his grace's family. When he had reached the age of forty, his college presented him with the vicarage of Kingston-upon-Thames; which, two years afterwards, he was obliged to resign, on obtaining the rectory of Tuggleston-cum-Bemerton, near Salisbury. In 1801, after he had passed his grand climacteric, he was presented by Sir Richard Hoare with the rectory of Slousten; and, nearly at the same time, Dr. Douglas, whose early years had been spent in a manner similar to his own, nominated him one of the six canons of Salisbury cathedral, archdeacon of the county of Wilts, and made him his own domestic chaplain.

It was in the capacity of an author that Mr. Archdeacon Coxe obtained the greatest distinction. In 1799, he published *Sketches of Switzerland*; in 1780, an *Account of the Russian Discoveries between Asia and America*—to which are added, the *Conquest of Siberia*, and the *History of the Transactions and Commerce between Russia and China*; in 1781, an *Account of the Prisons and Hospitals in Russia*; and, in 1784, *Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark*. In 1787, Mr. Coxe published a *Comparative View of the Russian Discoveries*, with those made by Captains Cook and Clarke; his *Travels in Switzerland* appeared in 1789; in 1790, he sent forth a *Letter to Dr. Price*, on his *Discourse on the Love of our Country*, and *Biographical Anecdotes of Handel and Smith*; in 1792, an *Explanation of the Catechism of the Church of England*; in 1793, an *Explanation of the Service of Confirmation of the Church of England*; and, in 1796, *Gay's Fables*, with Notes.

Mr. Coxe's succeeding works were yet more important. Having, in 1796, been admitted by the Walpole family to inspect the papers in their possession, he published, in 1798, his *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, in three volumes, quarto—a work which forms a useful addition to the history of England. In 1801, having, three years before, accompanied his friend, Sir Richard Hoare, on a journey to Wales, he published his *Historical Tour in Monmouthshire*, with Notes by Sir Richard C. Hoare, Bart. In 1802, after examining and digesting the contents of one hundred and forty folio volumes, his *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole* was followed by his *Memoirs of Horatio Lord Walpole*. In 1807, he published a *History of the House of Austria*, from the Foundation of that Monarchy to the Death of Leopold, in three volumes, quarto; and *Memoirs of the Kings of Spain*, of the

House of Bourbon. In 1811, he became editor of the *Literary Life and Select Works of Benjamin Stillingfleet*, in three volumes, octavo. His latest production, the third and last volume of which was published in 1819, was the *Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough*, in three volumes, quarto. Amongst Mr. Coxe's works, we also find mentioned a *Letter on the Secret Tribunals of Westphalia*, addressed to the Countess of Pembroke; and a *Sermon on the Excellence of British Jurisprudence*, preached before the Hon. Sir Francis Buller, Bart., and the Hon. Sir Nash Grosse, Knt., March 10, 1799, in the cathedral church of Salisbury.

Mr. Coxe was a man of much and various learning. As a historian, he is industrious, profound, and accurate; as a biographer, clear and discriminating, but eulogizing, perhaps, too much, the virtues, and softening the vices, of his subject; as a traveller, he is entertaining, moral, and instructive.

Mr. Coxe was a member of the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Royal Society of Literature, of London; of the Imperial Economical Society of St. Petersburg; and of the Royal Society of Sciences, at Copenhagen. At a meeting of the council of the Royal Society of Literature, on the 14th of April last, one of the two royal golden medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, presented annually to individuals distinguished by the production of works eminent in literature, was adjudged to Mr. Archdeacon Coxe, as the author of many volumes of great historical research. At the succeeding general annual meeting of the Society, on the 24th of the same month, this adjudication was announced from the chair, by the Bishop of Salisbury, as president. The reception of this honour was acknowledged by the aged and venerable author in a strain of much feeling; and, within a month afterwards, his earthly career was closed!

#### THE BARON RAMOND.

Ramond, from his earliest youth, seems to have been animated with the love of studying on the spot the beauties of mountain scenery; for which purpose he frequently attained on foot the romantic summits of the Vosgien mountains, and haunted the ruins of their ancient castles: indeed, such effect had these excursions upon his mind, that he there composed not only elegies, but even dramas. "These imposing remains of the middle ages," says M. Cuvier, "inspired him with the idea of painting the manners of those times in a series of continued dialogue pictures, like the historical tragedies of Shakspeare. This work was printed at Basle, in 1780, under the title of *Guerre d'Alsace pendant le grand Schisme d'Occident*. But, at an epoch when the classic rules bore unbounded sway over our literature, it was no wonder that such a work was scarcely ever known beyond the chain of the Vosgien mountains. More



fortunate, however, on the other side of the Rhine, it met with a translation into the German language, and was represented at different theatres. Its Introduction, entitled *Avant-Scène*, ought to have ensured it a reception every where, for it is a piece of history written with energy, and giving, in a few pages, a very interesting idea of a most important epoch."

After Alsace, M. Ramond visited Switzerland; and an idea of the forcible impressions that country made on him may be seen in his notes to his translation of Coxe's "Letters on Switzerland." M. Ramond's work had this singularity attending it, which perhaps leaves it almost without a parallel; *viz.* it was re-translated into its original language with his additions, and, under that form, had more success than the original itself; and at which its English author had the weakness to be offended; and, in a new edition which he afterwards published, he did not even condescend to mention the name of the writer who had so powerfully contributed to make his name and his work known all over Europe.—*Cuvier*.

On M. Ramond's arrival at Paris, he became connected with the *coterie* at the Hôtel de Larochehoucauld, which introduced him to the acquaintance of the Cardinal de Rohan, and with his friend, the miracle-worker, Cagliostro; and, being endowed with a magisterial charge in the little sovereignty of that prince, on the right bank of the Rhine, he enjoyed his favour and confidence. This *début* in the highest circles presented to the orator the frequent necessity of considering with due attention the lives of certain great lords of that epoch, their futile agitations, and their political and philosophical inconsistencies, and that species of inquietude of mind which prompted them to unite the most gross superstitions with avowed infidelity.

In 1781, the miraculous Cagliostro arrived at Strasburgh, preceded, accompanied, and followed by a number of poor people, whom he supported or healed gratuitously, and with true believers, whom he pretended to illuminate with supernatural lights.—Such at least are the terms in which M. Ramond describes his arrival in his *Mémoire* now lying before us. This brilliant assemblage never ceased celebrating him; but nobody knew where he came from, who he was, or from what source he drew his riches, nor by what secret power he exercised over his followers unbounded empire; still every one made his conjectures, and advanced assertions, each more strange than the other. The Cardinal de Rohan not only saw, but entertained him; and, what seemed stranger than all, a Prince of the Church—a nobleman of the first order, who had exercised the highest functions of diplomacy—an academician, united with the most learned men—became, in a short time, the friend, the disciple, nay, the slave of the son of a publican (as it was said) of Palermo. They

could not even be separated; or, at least, if that was necessary for particular purposes, they were obliged to have recourse to a mutual friend to keep up their communications—and that friend was M. Ramond, who avowed that he was on the most intimate terms with the grand magician, and that he was witness to several of his miracles!

The conduct of M. Ramond during the revolution was perfectly honourable, and his reputation gained him a seat in the Legislative Assembly, as one of the deputies for the city of Paris. He appeared on several remarkable occasions in the tribune, the friend of liberty and the enemy of anarchy; and, when the opinions he supported fell, he was arrested, and confined (and happily forgotten) in the prison of Tarbes, until the celebrated 9th Thermidor arrived, when he escaped the guillotine.

In 1796 he was nominated professor of natural history to the central school of the Upper Pyrenees, sitting at Tarbes. His frequent journeys to the Pic du Midi, which he ascended no less than thirty-five times, gained him the appellation of "*un savant chamois*." His attempts, finally crowned with success, to gain the summit of Mont Perdu, the most elevated of the chain, furnished him with materials for a third work, which he published under the title of *Voyage au Mont Perdu*, and which presents a general theory of the Pyrenean mountains, both new and important for the study of geology.

Mont Perdu is the first of calcareous mountains, as Mont Blanc is of granitic, and, although less elevated, it neither cedes to Mont Blanc by the aspect of the ruins which surrounds it, nor by the imposing spectacles which characterize these monuments of the sublime revolutions of nature.

"The most interesting of M. Ramond's researches," says M. Cuvier, "were his views on the vegetation of mountains, and the comparison of their zones with the climates of our hemisphere. A little before his death he again brought them before the public, with a more extensive discrimination, in a work entitled, *Mémoire sur la Végétation du Pic du Midi*. Every one admired his history of those living plants which, under perpetual ice, and the double protection of snow and earth, perhaps never see day ten times in a century, but run through their circle of vegetation in the short space of a few weeks, to sleep again in the winter of many years; and of those common plants, lost in some measure in the midst of others, but where the ruins of a hut, or the disjointures of a rock, exhibit their existence."

In 1800, M. Ramond, being elected to the *corps législatif*, fixed the attention of Buonaparte; who, on the establishment of the prefectures, offered him one, which he refused. At length, however, in 1806, having been noticed for his independence of character, he was offered the prefecture of Puy-de-Dome on such terms that he could

not refuse, which gave him the opportunity of frequently remarking that he was made a prefect *par lettre de cachet* ! Thus he was placed at the head of the most classical department for geology. He saw himself on the spot where Pascal\* had caused to be made the discovery of heights by the barometer; and here it was that M. Ramond brought it to perfection. It was here, also, that he announced his curious views on the diurnal movements of the atmosphere. Nor will his memory be easily forgotten at Auvergne; for it was during his administration that the establishment for the baths of Mont-d'Or took place.

In January, 1813, he obtained leave to retire, and established himself once more at Paris, with the intention of applying the remainder of his days to the education of his son, and in editing definitively his researches on natural history, geology, and botany, to which he added memoirs of his life. But, during the invasion of the allied armies into Paris, his journals, correspondence, and all the materials he had collected, were in one fatal day destroyed by the Cossacks; and, of all his works of forty years, recollections only remained. In such a calamity, nothing now was left him (says M. Cuvier) but to plunge himself again into immediate occupation. He fulfilled, in the most honourable and advantageous manner for France, different functions with which he was charged; and at last was nominated (June, 1818) *conseiller d'état*; from which, without any apparent cause, he was deprived, in 1802. He supported this last disgrace, perfectly unmerited, as he had the other incidents of his life to which fate had exposed him. Neither the gaiety of his conversation, nor the piquant energy of his ideas, suffered: indeed, one might have said that age had added fire to his discourses; and, even to his last moments, his temperament and the vivacity of his manner not only brought to one's recollection the painter of the mountains, but the historian also who ably characterized those persons who had appeared on the political, scientific, and literary horizon, well judging his fellow-beings through all the phases of an adventurous life and a sanguinary revolution.—He died in the present year.

#### THE HON. MRS. DAMER.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer was the daughter of Field Marshal Conway, by his wife, the beautiful and accomplished widow of the Earl of Aylesbury. Miss Conway was born in the year 1748. Her father lived on terms of intimacy with all the men of genius and taste who were his contemporaries. The Hon. Horatio Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, was one of his oldest friends. Struck,

\* The famous experiment made at Puy-de-Dôme was performed by M. Perrier, the brother-in-law of Pascal; but it was repeated afterwards on the tower of the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, at Paris, where Pascal himself ascertained its complete success.

at a very early period, with the dawning genius of Miss Conway, his lordship employed every means within the power of friendship, cultivated taste, and polished society, to render her as complete in every classical perfection of mind, as nature had made her in person. Of all the minor accomplishments indispensable to an elegant woman, she soon became mistress. Nor did she rest satisfied with these, but made herself conversant with the best authors in the English, French, and Italian languages, and also acquired a competent knowledge of Latin. After the dismissal of many a lover, Miss Conway, in 1767, married Mr. Damer. With that gentleman she lived until 1778, when a melancholy death deprived her of his society and protection.

Mrs. Damer was long an interesting object of anxiety to her relatives and friends. It was from her own resources, however, that she derived the truest consolation. She dedicated all her hours to the cultivation of her talents: she read during whole days; and, when reading fatigued her, she took up the pencil, or applied herself to the chisel. Early in life she had begun to model in wax; and she gradually attained higher flights of art, until, at length, she established a claim to be ranked amongst the artists of her country. What Maria Cosway and Angelica Kauffman were in painting, Mrs. Damer was in sculpture. Indeed, had it not been for an express, and certainly very ungallant, decree of the Royal Academy, for the exclusion of female artists as members of that body, Mrs. Damer would have been duly enrolled at Somerset House. Ceracchi, who was executed at Paris, in the year 1802, had been one of her masters in sculpture. Amongst the productions of Mrs. Damer's chisel were—a noble statue of King George the Third, which formerly embellished the Leverian Museum; a statue of Mrs. Siddons; several fine busts; the colossal heads of Thame and Isis, which form the ornaments of Henley-bridge; and an eagle, which Horace Walpole fondly compared to the works of Praxiteles.

Wherever taste, elegance, and accomplishments were prized, Mrs. Damer found admirers and friends. His Grace the Duke of Richmond (grand-uncle to the present duke) distinguished her with a very marked portion of his esteem, and obtained, with sincere satisfaction to the lovers of the drama, her assistance in his private theatricals. Mrs. Damer was the Thalia of the scene. Her *Violante*, in "The Wonder," with Lady Henry Fitzgerald, as *Don Felix*—Mrs. Lovemore, in "The Way to Keep Him," with Lady Buckinghamshire as the widow *Belmour*—and *Lady Freeloze*, in "The Jealous Wife," with Lady Buckinghamshire as *Mrs. Oakley*—are yet remembered by many with feelings of delight and admiration.

Horace Walpole, Lord Orford, the old friend of Mrs. Damer's father, participated

in all her sentiments. Her genius and her talents shed lustre upon his lordship's little gothic retreat at Strawberry Hill. When he died, in 1797, he left that charming villa to her who could best appreciate and cherish its *agrémens*. Here, after time had dried the tears that bedewed the grave of her venerable friend, Mrs. Damer drew around her a select circle, for whose amusement she fitted up an elegant little theatre. Amongst her occasional visitors were the accomplished Misses Berry, Mrs. Siddons, and the relict of the immortal Garrick. It was on the miniature stage of that theatre that a comedy, entitled "Fashionable Friends," and

attributed to the pen of Lord Orford, was first represented. Mr. Kemble obtained permission to transplant the promising flower to the boards of Drury Lane; but, alas! it was a hot-house plant, that could not withstand the rude blasts with which it was assailed in that quarter. It was considered by the public that the author of the play had, in his exhibition of *fashionable* manner, raised the curtain *too high*. The gods exerted their prerogative, and the piece was damned.

Mrs. Damer continued, we believe, to reside at Strawberry Hill till her decease, which occurred on the 28th of May.

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### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

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As to the state of the weather and the crops, previously to the late destructive hurricanes, it had partaken of that variable character which has distinguished the spring and summer of the current year, though not to any great or hurtful extreme. Hope was still left of somewhat perhaps beyond the usual average of crops. But, oh! for the vanity of human wishes—or rather the folly of placing a dependence on the most uncertain of all uncertainties, that which itself depends upon wind and weather. Perhaps we may no longer dream of an average of corn crops. Wheat has already taken a start of three or four shillings, and the ensuing will probably be a fortunate season for the farmers of good lands and dry uplands; and fortunate it will be for the great and hard pressed majority, that corn laws no longer exist, which might place an impediment in the way of purchase and importation.

In early districts, and among early and sedulous haymakers, that harvest, a most ample one, has been successful. Its *finale* will be of a different character, and not to the credit of some, who, it is averred, are in the unthrifty habit of employing too few hands. The tares, it is said, so luxuriant and covered with blossom, from late unfavourable causes, will not be productive of seed. On dry and good lands, the wheats blossomed sufficiently early, and were affected by no chills or atmospheric changes, but by too much moisture, and by the rain penetrating and lodging within the flower, which necessarily has an unfavourable effect on the maturing grain. A cold and blighting temperature, accompanying the rains at this critical period, would have ruined the crop. The frequent gales of wind, however, did much mischief to the bloom, and beat down much of the corn. Of the rye, barley, and oats, there is no novelty of report; in general, the corn has not eared so fully to size and weight, as was too sanguinely expected, but promises to be so productive of straw, as to constitute the present a great fodder, as well as grass and hay year. The continual moisture has promoted the generation of an enormous brood of slugs, to reduce which, will by-and-by require the serious and persevering exertion of the harrow and roller, joined with the superinduction of saline and ash manures. In some parts, the beans have suffered so much, from both the slugs and the rooks, that considerable breadths have been mown for cattle. The fly also, has been too free with the 'peas, both those crops are, nevertheless, of good promise. The turnips, mangel, and potatoes, flourish at the head of our crops. The present season has served to rectify the popular error that, mangel wurtzel is impenetrable to the attacks of the blight fly, since some small part of the crop has suffered considerably from that cause. On the annual large increase of the culture of this plant of paramount utility, a very distant correspondent remarks to us, that it has, at length, overcome the almost indomitable prejudices of the veriest old codgers' of the soil. This is encouraging news to us, who laboured ineffectually during so many years, to introduce the culture, on our own annual and unfailing experience. The same, an intelligent, active, and successful cultivator, writes that he has found it the most useful, in regard to the worth of the second crop, to run the scythe over his extensive grazing pastures. Great annual benefit is lost by the general neglect of this obvious proceeding of common sense. The constant actions of the rain and wind upon the hop plant has no doubt cleared the bine of vermin; but it remains a question whether the early damage received has not been sufficient to outweigh the hope of a heavy crop. The summer fallows, particularly of broad-east farmers, yet the majority, are foul in the extreme; and will not contribute to repair the difficulties under which our farmers labour. An article has lately appeared in the newspapers, respecting *spurry* grass, a favourite sheep-food with our ancestors. The writer speaks of it as a *weed* and as worthless. He probably did not obtain good seed,



which may be had of Mr. Gibbs. We have grown spurry during some years, with success, and experienced no aversion to it in sheep. The hay when made at its full growth and in flavour, is most excellent food for sheep. Harvest is in hand in the southern counties, but the present constant rains may occasion the turn of a dry and propitious season for those who can defer a while, and for the later districts. The labourers seem generally employed. It is now pretty well ascertained that the old stock of wheat will meet the new with a good face. A reduction of rents is spoken of, particularly in Essex, always the lowest rented, though the first corn county in England, and one of the easiest to cultivate. That fine county has been invariably mistaken by strangers, from days of yore, both in the above respect, and in reference to salubrity. Notwithstanding the great plenty of common summer fruits, much apprehension is entertained on the score of those proper for preserving, during the present rains. The accounts from North Britain, previous to the late tempestuous weather, were highly satisfactory; and with regard to Ireland, it is encouraging to record her decided superiority of late years, in the important articles of butter and bacon, of which she furnishes such an immense supply to this importing country. Irish butter has, some time since, commanded far the highest prices in the English markets, and Irish bacon fully equals the best Wiltshire, which indeed it has long since driven out of the general market. Hibernia, after centuries and iliads of miseries and oppressions, is at length destined to emerge, and that in the most honourable and profitable mode—through her own native energies. They who can deliberate impartially on her long oppressions and disgraces, will never wonder at her enthusiasm, however closely it may seem to border upon madness.

On live stock, little is required to be said, but that there is great plenty in the country, with a superabundance of food for their nourishment. Store cattle have yet been too dear, which has caused much feeding land to be understocked. Prices, however, are declining in some degree. There is little or no variation in the wool market, nor is it probable, in regard to price. This luxurious country must and will be attired with the finest cloth, and our flock-masters, whether they can or not, will not grow wool equal in fineness for such a manufacture.

A recital of the melancholy effects of the late hurricanes and overwhelming rains we must leave to the diurnals. Great and ruinous distress must have been produced in the northern and north western districts, particularly. Overwhelming floods, in one instance, of even twenty miles extent. Buildings, corn, hay, cattle, property of all kinds driven away by the overwhelming element: even lives lost. The damage to the crops of corn beaten down will be immense, in which the whole country will share in various degrees. Whilst writing, we have opened several letters from the middle and eastern parts of Essex, which concur not only in the accounts of the great damage done to their corn crops, by being beaten down by the late storms, but previously, by the variable and blighting effects of the atmosphere. Great part of their wheat will be discoloured, and much smutted. A similar calamity affects Suffolk and Norfolk. All accounts from the opposite continent, state that the late hurricanes extended thither in full force. Every intelligent farmer, ambitious of knowing his true position with that of his country, should read Mr. Jacob's reports.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 4s. to 4s. 10d.—Veal, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.

—Pork, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.—Lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 2d.—Raw fat, 2s. 3d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 48s. to 73s.—Barley, 26s. to 36s.—Oats, 18s. to 30s.

—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. London loaf.—Hay and straw nearly as per last report.

Coals in the Pool, 30s. to 36s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, July 25, 1828.*

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

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*Sugar.*—The demand for Muscovadoes during the last week was steady—the purchases extensive; being estimated at 38,000 hogsheads and tierces. There was not the slightest alteration in the prices. The transactions in refined goods, last week, were considerable; and they would have been extensive if any adequate supplies had appeared. The fine goods met a ready sale.

*Coffee.*—The public sales of coffee last week were not extensive; the British plantation descriptions declined from 1s. to 2s. per cwt.; the foreign 6d. to 1s. per cwt. Good ordinary pale St. Domingo, 34s.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—The purchases of fine Jamaica Rum, last week, were extensive; the prices for strong descriptions were from 4s. to 4s. 3d. Several parcels of Leewards were disposed of at a shade lower. Brandy was heavy: Geneva without alteration.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.*—Tallow has been steady. In Hemp and Flax there is little variation.

**Course of Foreign Exchange.**—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburg, 13. 13½.—Altona, 13. 13½.—Paris, 25. 45.—Bordeaux, 25. 70.—Frankfort, 150½.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 3.—Trieste, 10. 3.—Madrid, 35½.—Cadiz, 36½.—Bilboa, 35½.—Barcelona, 35.—Seville, 35½.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 48½.—Genoa, 25. 40.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 36½.—Palermo, 118.—Lisbon, 46.—Oporto, 45½.—Dublin, 17½.—Cork, 17½.

**Bullion per Oz.**—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 0½d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

**Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.**—Birmingham CANAL, 288½.—Coventry, 1,080½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 106½.—Grand Junction, 307½.—Kennet and Avon, 29½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 406½.—Oxford, 700½.—Regent's, 26½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 820½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 265½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 87½.—West India (Stock), 215½.—East London WATER WORKS, 116½.—Grand Junction, —½.—West Middlesex, 66½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½.—Globe, 155½.—Guardian, 20½.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 100½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53½.—City, 0½.—British, 8 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from the 22d of June to the 23d of July 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.*

#### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

R. Atkinson, St. Paul's Church-yard, linendraper  
J. Buckley, Upper Mill, Saddleworth, York, dyer  
C. Poyner, Winchcombe, Gloucester, mercer  
T. Brooks, Cheltenham, carpenter  
T. Snell, Bristol, common carrier  
A. Haas, Manchester, merchant  
J. A. Prudence, Miles lane, wholesale grocer

#### BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 77.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.*

Alderson, T. J. Chancery-lane, money-scrivener.  
[Weymouth, Gray's-inn  
Addison, J. Friskney, Lincoln, miller. [Hall and  
Bishop, Serjeant's-inn; Tuxford, Boston  
Archer, E. Wood-street, warehouseman. [Bow-  
den and Walters, Aldermanbury  
Alker, E. Wigan, iron liquor merchant. [Arm-  
strong, Staple-inn; Lord, Wigan  
Beadsmoore, S. Ashley-de-la-Zouch, bookseller.  
[Dax and Son, Gray's-inn  
Bailey, J. Derby, mercer. [Adlington and Co.,  
Bedford-row; Moss, Derby  
Boler, T. Lincoln, brick-maker. [Milne and  
Parry, Temple; Lee, Newark  
Britten, W. Northampton, leather-seller. [Vin-  
cent, Temple; Cooke, Northampton  
Barnard, J. Commercial-road East, baker.  
[Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane  
Brooks, J. Seymour-street, bill-broker. [Walker,  
Hatton-garden  
Brown, B. Grundisburgh, Suffolk, victualler.  
[Thompson, George-street, Minories  
Bryon, W. Turnham-green-terrace, dealer in hops.  
[Templer, Tower-street  
Beeston, J. Betton Copy, Drayton-in-Hales, Salop,  
drover. [Heming and Baxter, Gray's-inn;  
Stanley, Drayton-in-Hales  
Brown, G. Monmouth, innkeeper. [Ives, Mon-  
mouth  
Chadburn, W. Sheffield, optician. [Tattershall,  
Temple; Palfreyman, Sheffield  
Chimley, E. Nottingham, miller. [Knowles, New  
Inn; Hurst, Nottingham  
Corlas, T. Keighley, victualler. [Strangways  
and Walker, Barnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds  
Crookenden, C. and G. Spisbury, Bermondsey,  
tanners. [Alliston and Hundleby, Freeman's-  
court  
Cork, J. New Bond-street, silk-merc. [Richard-  
son, Ironmonger-lane

Delauncy, P. J. Regent-street, jeweller. [Crosse,  
Surrey-street, Strand  
Dodge, W. Sherborne, linendraper. [Humphrys,  
Temple  
Fraser, C. and G. C. P. Living, St. Helen's-place,  
merchants. [Kearsey, Lothbury  
Faux, C. Bermondsey-wall, warehouseman.  
[Whiteley, Token-house-yard  
Fowke, W. Belper, Derby, joiner. [Wolston, Fur-  
nival's inn; Ingle, Belper  
Flood, J. Leeds, surgeon. [Battye and Co., Chan-  
cery-lane  
Glass, J. W. Liverpool, commission agent. [Ellis  
and Co., Chancery-lane; Lonsdale, Manchester  
Gregory, C. Great Surrey street, Blackfriar's-  
road, cabinet-maker. [Hume, Blackfriar's-  
road  
Hardacre, G. Old Barge-house Wharf, Black-  
friars, wharfinger. [Sandon, Dunster-court,  
Mincing-lane  
Harrison, T. New Bond-street, hosier. [Birkett,  
New Bond-street  
Hill, T. Red Lion-street, Spitalfields, potatoe-  
merchant. [Bartley, Somerset-street  
Hobson, C. Leeds, publican. [King, Bedford-  
place; Wilkinson, Leeds  
Hodge, E. Plymouth, grocer. [Blake, Essex-  
street; Prideaux, Plymouth  
Holmes, J. Kidderminster, grocer. [Dangerfield,  
Craven-street; Brinton, Kidderminster  
Havside, W. Jerusalem Coffee-house, master-  
mariner. [Kearsey and Co., Lothbury  
Hanson, R. Allen-street, Goswell-street, carman.  
[Vincent and Peall, Bedford-street  
Howarth, G. Liverpool, flag-dealer. [Chester,  
Staple-inn; Pinrow, Liverpool  
Jardine, J. Birchin-lane, stationer. [Rice, Gray's-  
inn  
Joseph, R. Somerset-street, hatter. [Hill, Rood-  
lane  
Kershaw, E. Butterworth, Lancashire, flannel-  
manufacturer. [Wheeler, Gray's-inn; Hallsall,  
Middleton  
Lawrence, E. Charlton Kings, Gloucester, hallier.  
[Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-Fields;  
Pruen and Co. Cheltenham  
Lever, G. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Hurd  
and Johnson, Temple; Fearnhead and Camp-  
bell, Nottingham  
Lancaster, T. Leeds, ironmonger. [Makinson and  
Saunders, Temple; Foden, Leeds  
Mellanby, J. Stockton-upon-Tees, ship-builder.

[Blakiston, Symond's-inn; Read, Bishopwearmouth  
 Mackrill, H. Whitechapel, chymist. [Fisher,  
 Queen-street, Cheapside  
 Mills, W. Bath, oil-merchant. [Jones, Crosby-  
 square  
 Manby, T. Argarkirk, Lincoln, butcher. [Daw-  
 son and Hawkins, New Boswell-court  
 Moffat, W. Bermondsey, victualler. [Downes,  
 Furnival's-inn  
 Mathews, W. Crooked-lane, tin-plate merchant.  
 Hindman and Goddard, Basinghall-street  
 Owen, H. Jewin-street, draper. [Tanner, Fore-  
 street  
 Orme, D. Oldham, and Spencer, J. Royton, Lan-  
 cashire, cotton-spinners. [Hurd and Johnson,  
 Temple; Brackenbury, Manchester  
 Palmer, A. Mincing-lane, merchant. [Spur and  
 Leach, Warrford-court  
 Parsons, J. Mosterton, Dorset, miller. [Holme  
 and Co., New-inn; Murley, Crewkerne  
 Ruler, J. Dewsbury, York, draper. [Hurd and  
 Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Grave, Man-  
 chester  
 Rainage, T. New Bond-street, tailor. [Thomas,  
 Barnard's-inn  
 Scholefield, R. Barnsley, leather seller. [Tatters-  
 hall, Temple; Palfreyman, Sheffield  
 Saxon, T. Oxford-street, chinaman. [Robinson  
 and Son, Half-moon-street  
 Stainton, J. Lincoln, bookseller. [Spike, Tem-  
 ple; Wells, Gainsburgh  
 Starling, J. jun. King's Lynn, hatter. [Clowes  
 and Co., Temple; Jarvis, King's Lynn  
 Swaine, J. Bristol, innholder. [Jones, Crosby-  
 square; Saunders, Bristol  
 Smith, B. Bristol, tailor and draper. [Brittan,  
 Basinghall-street  
 Smith, J. Diorama, Regent's-park, and of Paris,  
 printer. [Hyde, Ely-place,

Thompson, J. North Stoneham, Hants, nursery-  
 man. [Slade and Jones, Bedford-row; Bryant,  
 Southampton  
 Tanner, J. Wickwar, Gloucester, tailor. [Whit-  
 tington, New-inn; Whittington, Chipping Sod-  
 bury  
 Tranter, W. Greenwich, stone mason. [Sandon,  
 Dunlop-court, Mincing-lane  
 Townsend, R. Bristol, victualler. [Jones, Crosby-  
 square; Saunders, Bristol  
 Venning, T. and T. Tucker, Truro, coachmakers.  
 [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Cornish and Son,  
 Bristol  
 Vaux, J. Stephen-street, Tottenham-court-road,  
 lamp-manufacturer. [Crosse, Surry-street  
 Walmsley, J. Barnsley, linen-manufacturer. [Po-  
 cock, Bartholomew-lane; Mence, Barnsley  
 Wright D. and Sykes, G. Sheffield, opticians.  
 [Tattershall, Temple; Palfreyman, Shef-  
 field  
 Wearing, C. H. and W. Greenwood, St. Paul's  
 Church yard, merchants. [Hamilton and  
 Twining, Berwick-street  
 Walton, W. Manchester, timber-merchant. [Clarke  
 and Co., Chancery-lane; Foulkes and Sons,  
 Manchester  
 Woolcock, J. Truro, linen-draper. [Sole, Alder-  
 manbury  
 Whitelegg, T. Ashton-upon-Mersey, Cheshire,  
 rectifier. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane;  
 Palmer and Son, Bristol  
 Williams, H. Bath, innkeeper, [Jones, Crosby-  
 square; Hallings, Bath  
 Wright, J. Charlotte-street, Percy-street, cheese-  
 monger. [Gibbard, Stangate-street  
 Withiel, W. P. Penzance wine-merchant. [Free-  
 man and Co., Coleman-street  
 Wood, J. Manchester, oil-merchant. [Hurd and  
 Johnson, Temple; Wood, Manchester.

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Carter, to be Lecturer of St. Giles's,  
 Oxford.—Rev. J. Watts, to the Rectory of Tarrant  
 Grenville, Dorset.—Rev. E. L. Davies, to be  
 Perpetual Curate of Kenderechurch, Hereford.—  
 Venerable Archdeacon Clarke, to be Prebend of  
 Netheravon.—Rev. C. Grove, to be Prebend of  
 Minor Pars Alton's.—Rev. R. Bathurst, to the  
 Rectory of Heigham, Norfolk.—Rev. A. P. Clay-  
 ton, to the Rectory of Garvestone, Norfolk.—Rev.  
 Dr. Fancourt, to the Vicarage of St. Mary, Lei-  
 cester, and the Rev. M. St. John, to that of All  
 Saints.—Rev. T. Silver, to the Vicarage of Charl-  
 bury, Oxon.—Rev. J. F. Jowett, to the Rectory of  
 Kingston, Berks.—Rev. W. Greenwood, to the  
 Rectory of Thrapstone, Northampton.—Rev. W.  
 H. Turner, to the Vicarages of Dilham with  
 Honing, Suffolk.—Rev. T. Hubbard, to the Rec-  
 tories of West Stow and Wordwell, Suffolk.—The  
 Rev. President of St. John's, Oxford, to the Rec-  
 tory of Handborough, Oxon.—Rev. J. M. King,  
 to the Curacy of Chilton-super-Poulden, Somers-  
 set.—Rev. W. L. Bowles, a Canon Residentiary  
 of Salisbury Cathedral.—Rev. H. Richards, to the

Benefice of Horfield, Gloucester.—Rev. J. M.  
 Munden, to the Vicarage of Northover, Somers-  
 set.—Rev. Dr. H. V. Bayley, to a Prebendary of  
 Westminster.—Rev. E. Egremont, to the Living of  
 Wroxeter, Salop.—Rev. J. East, to the Rectory  
 of Crocombe, Somerset.—Rev. J. Vane, to the  
 living of Wrington, Somerset.—Rev. A. Foster, to  
 the Vicarage of Mudford, Somerset.—Rev. H.  
 Hoskins, to the Prebend of Scampford, Wells  
 Cathedral.—Rev. E. Bower, to the Rectory of  
 Clossworth, Somerset.—Rev. C. Heath, to the Rec-  
 tories of Gunton and Suffield, and vicarage of  
 Hanworth, Norfolk.—Rev. R. Wyld, to the  
 Vicarage of Claverdon, with Norton Lindsey  
 Chapelry, Warwick.—Rev. G. H. Webber, to be  
 Chaplain to Lord Braybrooke.—Rev. A. Huddle-  
 ston to the Rectory of Bowness.—Rev. T. W.  
 Morley, to the Rectory of Birkby, York.—Rev.  
 J. N. White, to the Vicarage of Reeshall, Nor-  
 folk.—Rev. H. Legge, to the Living of East La-  
 vant, Sussex.—Rev. E. Bower, to the Vicarage of  
 Colsworth.—Rev. J. Thynne has been installed  
 Sub-Dean of Lincoln Cathedral.

### POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

T. G. Turner, esq., to be Consul at Gibraltar,  
 for the Free Hanseatic Republics of Hamburg,  
 Bremen, and Lubeck.—Lord Stuart de Rothesay,  
 to be Ambassador Extraordinary to His Most

Christian Majesty.—Lord F. L. Gower, and H.  
 Hobhouse, esq., to be Privy-councillors.—Lord  
 Westmoreland, to be Lord Lieutenant of North-  
 amptonshire.



## INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

June 21.—Anniversary Fete of the Horticultural Society held at Chiswick; fruits excellent—upwards of 3,000 persons present.

24.—The Bishop of London laid the foundation stone of Bishopsgate new church, which is to be called the Holy Trinity Church.

26.—Meeting of Portuguese residents in England held at London Tavern, when the resolution to destroy the medal, formerly voted by them to be presented to Don Miguel, was confirmed.

July 4.—A charter of incorporation received the royal signature, constituting an institution of Civil Engineers, for the general advancement of mechanical science.

—The late Lord Chancellor's judgment affirmed in the House of Lords, relative to the Wellesley Case, in separating a parent from his children.\*

—One culprit executed at the Old Bailey—another ordered for execution was found dead in the cell, having poisoned himself; he was Captain John Montgomery, who had been convicted for forgery.

July 5.—Mr. Stratford Canning left town on a special mission respecting the Greeks.

—Public Meeting, at Freemasons' Tavern, held for supporting the completion of the Thames Tunnel, when a considerable subscription was entered into for that purpose.

8.—The revenue statement, up to July 5, states an increase this year of no less a sum than £1,274,651.

—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 9 prisoners received sentence of death (2 of them women); and 66 were transported, besides several for imprisonment.

—The Additional Churches Bill, given up by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, "because," he said, "the opposition to the measure had been carried beyond all fair opposition!!!"

10.—Petition presented to the House of Lords in favour of the Jews, praying for the removal of all civil and religious disabilities!!!

—Court went into mourning for one week, for the Grand Duke Charles of Saxe Weimar.

—The surrender of Brailow to the Russian forces, after a month's siege, announced by the Foreign Gazette—the Turks fought most des-

perately; the Russians lost in killed and wounded more than 2,000 persons.

11.—Public meeting of proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre held, when a favourable report of the state of their affairs was read—the debt had been reduced from £15,521 12s. to £11,161 12s.

—The British Ambassador arrived from Lisbon. Intelligence came also that all the Ambassadors from the different powers on the Continent had likewise left Portugal, in consequence of the usurpation of Don Miguel, who had caused himself to be crowned King by the Three Estates.

—A Deputation from the principal woollen and cotton manufacturers, brewers, distillers, &c., of Dublin and Belfast, had an audience of the Duke of Wellington. The subject principally urged upon the attention of his Grace, was the existing duties on coals, and the necessity of their repeal.—See Article SCOTLAND, of our present number.

12.—Notice sent by Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to Lloyd's, stating that Government had sent a transport off Oporto, for the reception of such British subjects who may choose to embark with their property; and that ships were in, and cruising off, the Tagus, protecting the British trade and interest.

15.—The bill for the sale of game, and for improving the state of the game laws, lost in the House of Lords—64 were for, and 94 against it!!!!

## MARRIAGES.

J. H. Langham, esq., to the Hon. Margaret Emma, daughter of Lord Kenyon.—Lieut.-Col. Willson, to Miss E. F. Jud.—Hon. A. F. Ellis, M.P., second son of Lord Seaford, to Mary Frances Thurlow, eldest daughter of Sir David Conynghame, Bart.—G. Musgrave, esq., son of the late Sir J. C. Musgrave, Bart., to Charlotte, daughter of the late Sir J. Graham, Bart.—Eugene de la Rive, esq., youngest son of Professor de la Rive, councillor of State at Geneva, to Miss Louisa Marcet—Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., to Miss Catherine Jones.—Captain Rawdon (Coldstream Guards), to Lady Cremorne.—Rev. G. Sivewright, to Catherine, youngest daughter of Lady N. Gore.—G. C. Mostyn, esq., to Caroline, eldest daughter of A. Vansittart, esq., and niece of Lords Auckland and Bexley.—R. Ward, esq. (author of *Tre-maine*, and *De Vere*), to Mrs. P. Lewin.—Henry Lord Teynham, to Sarah, daughter of Sir Anthony Brabazon, Bart.—E. Saurin, R.N., son of Right Hon. W. Saurin, and nephew to Marquess Thomond, to Lady Mary Ryder, daughter of Lord Harrowby.—C. Brownlow, esq., M.P., to Miss Jane Macneill.

## DEATHS.

In Piccadilly, Lady Charlotte Seymour, sister to Marquess Cholmondeley.—Lady Banks, relict of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks.—George Nicol, esq., 89, many years bookseller to George III.—At Twickenham, Eleonora, Countess of Uxbridge, 30.—Lieut. J. Spiller, R.N., superintendent of the telegraph at the Admiralty.—In Crawford-street, Lieut. Gen. Richardson.—At

\* "As to evidence warranting the judgment," said one of the *seven* lords who were present, "the expression from one of Mr. Wellesley's letters most abundantly satisfy their lordships—there are many things which ought to be let alone: a Court of Chancery had no business to interfere between a father and his children; they had a right to go to the devil in their own way." Hence may be inferred the danger of joking about the *Devil* and the *Court of Chancery*!!!—Mr. Wellesley has fought one duel upon this subject, and has been challenged again by the same person, and that person a *clergyman*, and the second challenge dated on a *Sunday* too!!! The minister of the Gospel was, however, bound over to keep the peace!

Canterbury, Rev. J. Francis, 80.—Hon. C. Wyndham, brother to the Earl of Egremont.—At Hatfield House, the infant daughter of the Marquess of Salisbury.—In Duke street, Westminster, Charlotte Countess Dowager of Suffolk and Berkshire, 75.—In Clarges-street, Lieut.-Col. Clements, Guards.—Lieut.-Gen. J. Macintyre, India Company's service.—Georgiana Maria Hutchinson, wife of General Sarrazin.—In Grosvenor-place, Lord Rivers, 77.—In Wimpole-street, T. Divet, esq., M.P., Lymington.—James, second son of Sir Sandford and Lady Graham.—Viscount Melbourne, 88.—At Lambeth, the Archbishop of Canterbury, 75.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

Mme. Talma (widow of Talma the celebrated performer) to the Count de Chalot, ancien Colonel of dragoons, &c.—Prince Gustavus of Sweden, to the Princess Marianne of the Netherlands, in

the presence of the Royal Family!!!—At Paris, at the British Ambassador's chapel, G. C. Legh, esq., to Miss Louisa Charlotte Taylor.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Colonel Moreland.—At Torgau, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.—On passage from Jamaica, Sir Ralph Woodford, governor of Trinidad.—At Dunkirk, Major Woodgate.—At Canton, the lady of his Excellency the Hoppe; her death was announced in the Tartar manner, by saying, "she had gone to ramble among the Genli." The governor and all the great officers of the province called and expressed their "vexation!"—At Zante (Ionian Isles), Capt. F. A. Hastings, son of the late Sir C. Hastings, Bart.—At Rosseau, J. O'Driscoll, esq., late Chief Justice of Dominica, and author of a "History of Ireland."—At Dieppe, Sibella Matilda, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hudson Lowe.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A massy silver waiter has been recently presented to S. Ilderton, esq., by the inhabitants of North Shields, as a public testimony of their high estimation, and grateful acknowledgments of his impartial services as a magistrate, during a period of several years.

The following highly recommendatory notice of a day-school, appears in a window at Houghton-le-spring: "Skool hear for Boys and Girls, niten and sopen readen and spelling."

At a late examination of paupers in All Saints' parish, Newcastle, there appeared to be in Sandgate Ward—a place enveloped in every description of dirt and filth—about 100 poor women, whose ages average 73 years; the oldest being 102, and the youngest 60.

Public baths are now about to be established at Durham, for the first time.

The county of Durham has been visited with showers of rain, which caused the Wear to be swollen to a great degree: it did frightful damage to the adjacent fields in the vicinity of Durham, which were overflowed to the extent of many hundreds of acres. A great part of the fine plain near the village of Shincliffe was covered with water by the tremendous overflowing of the Wear.\*

*Married.*] At Durham, Mr. G. Weddall, to Miss Gleason; Mr. H. W. Dodd, to Miss Martin.—At Doddington, the Rev. William Simpson, to Miss Lang.—At Lyme, Mr. Ham, to Miss Anne Hooke.

*Did.*] At Gateshead Park, Mrs. Cook.—At Durham, Miss Burrell; Mr. Wm. Pearson.—At Newcastle, Mrs. Handasyde; Thomas Thompson, 103.—At Whorton, Miss M. Dodds.

\* Similar complaints of the fatal effects of the late storms have reached us from almost all parts of the country, and if the rainy weather should continue, the consequences cannot fail to be highly disastrous.

#### YORKSHIRE.

By the death of R. Creychie, esq., the office of one of the Receivers General for the West Riding is abolished.

The affrays between the Irish and English, which so frequently occur in the metropolis, have extended to Yorkshire. On the 30th of June, at Barnsley, a desperate battle took place between a party of Irish and English weavers, in which one of the latter was killed. An Irishman is committed to York castle for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

Goole, formerly a creek within the port of Hull, is now made a separate and distinct port for the warehousing of goods.

From January to July 29 inquests were held for the town and county of Kingston-upon-Hull, 28 of them within the town.

Steps are taking to erect a new theatre in Leeds; and it is probable that that necessary measure will be carried into effect.

Sheffield and Dewsbury petitioned against the additional churches' bill. There were also petitions sent from Leeds and Sheffield in favour of it.

From the 7th to the 14th of July, an immense quantity of rain fell in Yorkshire: not partially, but all over the county. Wednesday, the 9th, was a complete day of rain—it descended in torrents, and the low lands were every where flooded. At Whitby, and its neighbourhood, three bridges were carried away. At Hull, Beverley, Pocklington, Kirbymoore-Side, York, Leeds, Wetherby, Driffield, and, in short, generally throughout this extensive county, the hay which had not been got in was destroyed, the crops of corn were laid flat; and in many places, boats could sail over acres of what had the day before been green fields.

One thousand six hundred species of seeds, principally of hardy herbaceous plants, have been recently presented to the Botanic Garden at Hull, by Mr. Hunneman, collected from all parts of Europe, and most of them hitherto unknown to

the garden. Thirty rare species of plants, natives of New Holland, have been also presented by Mr. Mackay; they arrived in excellent order and are considered great curiosities.

The new church of St. Philip, Sheffield, was consecrated July 2, by the Archbishop of York.

At a meeting held at Leeds, a petition was voted to the legislature, against the New Church Bill passing into a law, and in 18 hours it was signed by no less than 19,712 persons, and sent off to town, the chairman of the meeting carrying it himself.—*Leeds Mercury*.

**Married.]** At York, G. Legard, esq., to Miss Hawksworth; the Rev. M. Staplyton, to Miss Donnison.—At Bradford, the Rev. James Edwards, to Miss Steadman.—At Halifax, Capt. Ask, to Miss M. W. Haigh.—At Leeds, J. D. Hepworth, esq., to Miss Snowden; Charles Grosvenor, esq., to Miss Bowers.—At Knaresborough, the Rev. A. E. Douglass, to Miss Collins.—At Pickering, John Watson, esq., to Miss Kitching.—At Snaith, E. Gillson, esq., to Miss Moore.—At Hull, the Rev. C. J. Camidge, to Miss Hustwick; W. G. Todd, esq., to Miss M. Stickney.—At Whitby, Capt. Power, to Miss Simpson.

**Died.]** At Bishop Burton, Mrs. Watt.—At York, John Wearon, esq.—At Cawold, Mr. Geo. Sanley.—At Leeds, Miss Zouch; W. A. Smith, esq.—At Hull, Mrs. Cooper.—At Hedon, the Rev. John Dixon.—At Halifax, John Murphy, esq.—At Shaz, near Halifax, Miss Rawson.

#### CAMBRIDGE AND LINCOLN.

The Ancholme Navigation was opened June 21, when the neighbouring gentry proceeded in a decorated barge, attended with a large sea-sloop laden with coals, and many others, sailed up the river to the head of the navigation at Bishop Bridge. We have great pleasure in recording the completion of so stupendous an undertaking, as the advantages which the country will ultimately derive from it are incalculable; independent of the great benefit to that extensive tract of land, comprising the Level of Ancholme.

The celebration of the Commencement at Cambridge was well attended; H. R. H. the Chancellor was present, and the produce, after all expenses paid, for the benefit of Addenbrooke's Hospital, amounted to only about £500!!! The enormous demands of the first-rate vocalists, particularly the foreigners (whose importance has been more puffed than merited), accounts for the charitable overplus being so small.

**Died.]** At Horbliog, Rev. J. Shinglar, 72, resident curate at that place 43 years.

#### DERBY AND NOTTINGHAM.

**Died.]** At Heanor, Mr. Thomas Gillott, 67, parish clerk, which situation has been punctually fulfilled by the family for more than 150 years, and always by a *Thomas Gillott*!—At Derby, Grace, the wife of Mr. Noble, editor of the *Derby Reporter*.

#### CHESHIRE AND LANCASHIRE.

On St. Barnabas' day (Sunday June 22) the majority of the children who receive gratuitous instruction in the Sunday Schools at Macclesfield were paraded, in due order, to the different churches and chapels; the following list we subjoin, as it is so extremely honourable to the liberality of the town. Macclesfield School, 2,100; National School, 400; Wesleyan Methodists, 460; Independents, 550; Wesleyan Metho-

dists, New Connexion, 850; Primitive Methodists, 145; General Baptists, 400; Particular Baptists, 135; Brokencroas School, 210; Hardsfield, 200; Roman Catholics, 221 (these last assembled at the chapel, but did not parade the streets)—Total 5,661.

At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Warrington, it was unanimously agreed to establish a company for the purpose of laying a branch into the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road, by which means a direct communication will also be made with the Bolton and Leigh rail-road.

#### LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

June 30, at All Saints' church, the sexton refused admission for the entry of the corpse of a deceased child into the church-yard, until double fees were paid, viz. those for his church-yard, and those for the sexton of St. Nicholas, as the parents of the child were living in that parish; the corpse was left in the street for a considerable time, while the curate was waiting in the church to bury it. The circumstance having at length excited sensation in the neighbourhood, and crowds of persons, particularly females, having collected, the corpse was moved into the church, where it remained till the afternoon of the next day, before it was interred!—*Leicester Chronicle*.

#### WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The committee of the Birmingham Society of Arts have opened their exhibition of paintings, to which the neighbouring nobility have contributed the loan of many of their *chefs-d'œuvre*, forming a collection, we may say unrivalled, out of the metropolis. We see the names of Claude Lorraine, Leonardo da Vinci, Salvator Rosa, Sneyders, Cuyyp, &c., nor can we forget to mention the portrait of that honour to Warwickshire, Sir William Dugdale.

**Married.]** At Alveston, H. C. Wise, of the Priory, Warwick, to Harriet, third daughter of Sir Grey Skipwith, Bart.—At Castle-Ashby, Rev. C. J. Pinfold, to Miss Anna Maria Seagrave.

**Died.]** At Leamington, 76, Sir Joseph Scott, Bart., formerly M.P. for Worcester.—At Warwick, Susannah, 80, relict of Charles Gregory Wade, esq.—Clement Cartwright, esq., 68, uncle to the member for Northamptonshire.

#### WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

At the 18th anniversary of the Ross Horticultural Society, no less than 893 specimens were ticketed. The lady of Gen. Sir R. Brownrigge sent a noble specimen of the *leaf* of the original gigantic talipa tree, which was taken from a tree in Ceylon, upwards of 100 feet high: the leaf measured 40 feet in circumference, and being placed behind the prize stand, formed a fan-like screen, singularly interesting and unique!—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

Describing the annual fair at Pershore, recently held there, the *Worcester Journal* says, "We lament that year after year the church-yard continues to be desecrated by the scenes of riot, and sounds of ribaldry, which necessarily accompany a fair of this description!!!"

**Married.]** At Marele, Rev. R. C. Willmot, second son of Sir R. Willmot, Bart., to Miss Ellen Money.

**Died.]** Rev. J. Martin, of Ham Court.—At Evesham, Rev. L. Butterworth, 68; he had been for 61 years pastor of the Baptist church there.—



At Rochford, E. Harris, esq., 68.—At Worcester, Mrs. Barns, 93.

#### GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

Three unfortunate men have been lately suffocated with foul air, in emptying a large and deep vault, which received the contents of offices belonging to several houses in Gloucester. They were all fine middle-aged men, of industrious habits, and have left large families to lament their loss.

That beautiful specimen of taste and skill in architecture, St. Stephen's Tower, at Bristol, is no longer to remain in the mutilated condition to which it was barbarously permitted to be reduced a few years since, the Bishop having ordered it to be restored to its pristine elegance; the funds for the purpose are to be raised by the parishioners.

The right of the corporation of Bristol to the import and export duties, has been confirmed by a verdict. This result, so favourable to their claims, was tried by a special jury before the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench.

The *Cheltenham Chronicle* says that the subscription raised for the support of the widow and children of the late Rev. H. Fothergill, who perished in one of the desolating floods of last winter, amounts to £1,373. 2s. 9d., and has been vested in trustees for the family.

*Died.*] Rev. B. Grisdale, 84, vicar of Chedworth.

#### DEVON AND SOMERSET.

A meeting has been held at Torrington, for taking into consideration the best method of undertaking a new road from thence to Hatherleigh, when subscriptions were entered into for that purpose.

A very numerous and respectable meeting was held at the Town Hall, Devonport, to consider the best means of making some provision for the Rev. J. Hawker, who, the chairman stated, had been curate of Stoke Daramel for upwards of thirty years, and who received dismissal from the new rector, through the steward of the manor, requiring him "to provide an asylum for himself and numerous family within six weeks!"—this too, although he had been promised to be continued in the curacy by the new rector. After several gentlemen had addressed the meeting on the hardship of the case, the chairman announced that the subscription amounted to upwards of £2,600, when the whole assembly simultaneously gave three distinct rounds of applause!!!—The parishioners had some time past memorialized the late Lord Chancellor Eldon (when he was in office), for some small living for Mr. H.'s declining years, but without effect; and Mr. H., it seems, had recently made application to his Diocesan, for some relief, in a way of employ, or in a recommendation to some curacy, but received an answer from his lordship "of his inability to do either!!!"—*Taunton Courier*, July 16.

*Died.*] At Moorland, Mr. Thomas Macey, 103!—At Bridgewater, Mr. J. Binning, editor and printer of the *Bridgewater and Somersetshire Herald*.—At Bath, J. Moody, 70, and his wife; they were found drowned in their bed in the night of July 8, from the effects of a most tremendous storm that has more or less caused inundations in all parts of the country.

#### OXFORD, BERKS, AND BUCKS.

July 1, being the anniversary of the establish-

ment of the "Banbury Female Friendship Society," the different members walked in grand cavalcade to the church, preceded by a band of music, and the girls of the Blue and National Schools, bearing banners, &c.; several ladies of Banbury, not forgetting the foundress of the Society, walked also in the procession. After divine service a dinner was given. This useful society has been relieving the sick and lying-in members for these 22 years, in which time, upwards of £4,000 have been expended. It is supported by the foundress (Miss Long), the ladies of Banbury, and the neighbouring gentry. The "Beneficent Society of Friendly Brethren," also held their anniversary the same day, and joined in the procession to and attendance at church.

At the recent annual festival of the Oxford Branch of the Associated Brethren Benefit Society, the chairman announced that it had been established 26 years; that the contributors exceed 3,500; and that full 200 persons are supported weekly from its funds; and that it had, since its commencement, expended not less than £170,000 for benevolent purposes among its members!!!

At Oxford assizes, 4 prisoners were recorded for death, 4 transported, and a few imprisoned. At Abingdon, 6 for death; 5 were transported, one of them was sentenced to transportation for life, "to afford," said Baron Vaughan, "an example of the punishment which the laws of this country awarded to crimes beyond description in brutality"—the culprit had stepped back, and looked one of the witnesses in the face, and then, with great violence, kicked the unfortunate Lord Mountsdford on the head, as he lay bleeding on the ground—the verdict was manslaughter.

#### NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

The first annual meeting of the members of the Lynn Mechanic, Scientific and Literary Institution, took place July 7, when a very satisfactory report was made of the first year's proceedings, both as regarding donations, and the purchase of books, not forgetting the instructive lectures which had been delivered.

July 4, the first stone, weighing nearly 5 tons, was laid at the Company's works, at Mutford Bridge—thus commencing a harbour at Lake Lothing, and Norwich a port.

At the annual meeting of "The Norfolk and Norwich School Society," the report stated that four new daily, and seven Sunday Schools, comprising about 750 children, had been established during the last year—making *in toto* 186 schools, in this county and city only, and thus affording the blessing of education to more than 10,000 children!!! July 17, the children of the City Schools, to the number of 2,000, were assembled in the nave of the cathedral, all neatly dressed, with their banners arranged up the centre. They were afterwards regaled at St. Andrew's Hall, and sang *God save the King!*

*Died.*] At Swaffham, Mrs. Gostling, 91, of East Dereham.—At Dunwich, Barne Barne, esq., late M.P.—At Twinsted Hall, Lady Denys, wife of Sir G. W. Denys, Bart.—Mrs. Green, 83, relict of the late E. Green, esq., of Lawford Hall.—Capt. J. M. Browne, son of the late Rev. N. Browne, Minor Canon of Norwich cathedral; Capt. B. had been in the Peninsular War, and was author of "*The State of Portugal, by an Eye-Wit-*

ness," lately published. — At Lynn, Mrs. Ann Wannack, 99.

#### WALES.

Within the last 10 years only one individual of the Roman Catholic persuasion was to be found in Wrexham and vicinity; but the number now residing in the neighbourhood has been deemed sufficient to call for the erection of a place of worship. — Accordingly one built by subscription, with the co-operation of the Protestants, has been opened, and dedicated to St. David. The chapel was completely filled by the gentry, and respectable inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. High Mass (one of Mozart's) was celebrated by the Bishop of Eurofrum, assisted by about 20 priests, all in grand costume. After the service a dinner was given, at which upwards of 50 ladies and gentlemen attended, when the usual loyal toasts were given.

On Saturday week, as the Hazlebeach ferry-boat was crossing to Pembroke Dock, under sail, with two passengers, it was overtaken by a tremendous whirlwind, and which was observed by the boatman, before it reached him, to draw up the water to a height of between 30 and 40 feet. Before he could lower his foresail, it was shivered to pieces, the boat whirled round and sunk, the water falling upon them, as if from a water-spout. The two men seized an oar each; the woman the sprit, with one hand, having her basket firmly held with the other; they thus buoyed themselves up for about fifteen minutes, when they were relieved from their perilous situation by a boat that had, on discovering the accident, shoved off from his Majesty's dock-yard. — *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, July 11.

#### SCOTLAND.

The first railway coach constructed in this country, for the conveyance of passengers, made a trial journey in the neighbourhood of Airdrie, lately. It is dragged by one horse, and is to ply on the Kirkintilloch railways in carrying passengers to boats on the canal. It is meant to carry 24 passengers, but started in high style with no less than 40 within and without.

There is likely to be a source of great rivalry between the Scotch manufacturers and the Irish, if the duty on coals should be taken off in Ireland, as it is well known, that both in Dublin and Belfast, the woollen and cotton manufactures are making considerable progress. In consequence, however, of the repeal of all protecting duties in Ireland, and the great improvement in steam navigation, the Irish manufacturers are very hardly pressed by the close and direct competition which they have to sustain with the manufacturers of Glasgow and other places. This competition, the deputation from Ireland that waited lately on the Duke of Wellington (see *CHRONOLOGY*), stated, they were willing to encounter upon terms of perfect equality; but that this equality does not at present exist, inasmuch as coal, which is now so indispensable in every department of their operations, is, in Glasgow, &c., wholly free of duty, and in Dublin and Belfast subject to very considerable taxes, — although in Glasgow and Leeds coal is worth five shillings the ton, in Ireland, owing to its general scarcity, it cannot be purchased, exclusive of duty, for less than thirteen or fourteen shillings. The Duke entered into the question at

considerable length, and concluded by promising the deputation, that during the approaching recess he would cause a minute inquiry to be made into the whole subject, with a view to granting the relief sought for. He further stated, that the question of the coal trade of England, and especially that of the port of London, was about to be very fully considered by Government, as he was personally aware that abuses existed, and that the present system tended to enhance the price of coals, especially in London, in a most unreasonable degree.

*Married.*] At Balcay, Sir William Scott, of Ancrum, Bart., to Miss Anderson. — Sir Paul Bagshot, to Miss Jane Maxwell, of Bredland, Renfrew.

*Died.*] At Hallbeath, near Dumfermline, John M'Lean, collier, 101; his mental faculties remained unimpaired till within a few days of his death. — Dr. Andrew Duncan, 83, senior professor of theory of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and first physician to his Majesty, in Scotland. — At Ran-Keillour, General the Hon. C. Hope, of Craig-hall.

#### IRELAND.

From the unprecedented occurrence of a Roman Catholic attempting to sit in Parliament, the attention of all the inhabitants of this country has been wholly directed to the election of a representative for the county of Clare, occasioned by its late member, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, having accepted of the offices of Treasurer of the Navy, and President of the Board of Trade and Plantations. The candidates were Mr. V. Fitzgerald, and Mr. O'Connell. At the close of the election several freeholders lodged a protest against the return of Mr. O'Connell, who had gained the majority, on the ground of his being a Catholic, upon which the assessor said: — "If we had the power, I would advise the High Sheriff to give one return for Mr. O'Connell, and another for Mr. Fitzgerald; but that course is not open to a Sheriff in Ireland, and we are not permitted to make a double return to the King's writ. We must select between one candidate and another and if Mr. O'Connell shall have, at the close of the poll, a majority of qualified votes, I will advise the Sheriff to declare him duly elected. But in this novel situation, I will advise the Sheriff to state, on the face of his return to the writ, that after having given notice to the freeholders, two candidates were proposed, Mr. V. Fitzgerald, a Protestant, and Mr. O'Connell, a Catholic; and that the latter announced that he was a Catholic; and further, that a protest against his return was lodged by a certain number of freeholders; but that Mr. O'Connell had a majority of qualified freeholders at the termination of the poll. What responsibility the gentleman thus elected may incur, for, in the words of the Act, presuming to appear in the House of Commons without taking the oaths, is beyond my office to inquire."

The High Sheriff announced the gross poll to be — for Mr. O'Connell, 2,067; and for Mr. Fitzgerald, 982; and declared that Daniel O'Connell, esq., was therefore duly elected as a Knight to represent the county in Parliament. This election proceeded and terminated without drunkenness, and without disorder of any description whatever. The leaders and the priests said the word, and all was attention, calmness, and goodwill; no man of any party was molested.

## DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of June to the 25th of July, 1828.

June.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. Ct. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	211 12	88	—	95½	95½	—	19½	—	—	65 66p	88½ 89½
27	—	88½	—	95½	95½	—	—	—	—	64 66p	89
28	—	88½	—	95½	95½	—	19½ 13-16	—	102p	65 67p	89½
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	—	88	—	95½	95½	—	—	—	—	66 67p	88½ 89½
July											
1	210½ 11½	88	—	95½	95½	—	—	—	102 3p	67 70p	88½ 89
2	—	87½ 88½	—	95½	95½	—	19½ 11-16	—	102p	68 70p	88½ 89½
3	209½ 10	88	—	95½	95½	—	19 11-16	—	103p	68 70p	88½ 89½
4	209½ 10½	88	—	95½	95½	—	19½ 11-16	—	103p	67 69p	88½ 89½
5	—	88	—	—	95½	—	19½ 11-16	—	102 3p	68 69p	88½ 89½
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	—	88	87½	95½	95½	101½ 2	19½ ¾	—	104p	68 70p	88½ 89½
8	209½ 10	87½ 88	87	95½	95½	101½ 2	19½ 11-16	—	104p	68 70p	88½ 89½
9	—	87½ 88	86½ 87½	95½	95½	101½ 2	19½ 11-16	—	104p	69 70p	88½ 89½
10	—	86	86	94 95	94 95	100½ 1	19½ 11-16	24½	103 5p	69 70p	87½ 88½
11	—	81	85½	94	94	100½ 1	19½ 9-16	24½	103 5p	68 70p	87½ 88½
12	—	86	85½ 86½	—	94 95	100½ 1	19 9-16 11-16	24½	—	68 69p	87
13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	—	87	86½	95½	95½	101½ 2	19 11-16 ¾	—	104 5p	68 70p	88½ 89½
15	210½ 11½	87	86½	95½	95½	101½ 2	19 11-16	24½	104 5p	69 71p	88½ 89½
16	210½ 11½	87	87	95½	95½	101½ 2	19½ 13-16	—	104 5p	70 72p	88½ 89½
17	210½ 11½	87 88	87	95½	95½	101½ 2	19½ 13-16	—	105p	72 73p	88½ 89½
18	—	87½ 88	87½	95½	95½	101½ 2	19 13-16	—	105 6p	72 73p	88½ 89½
19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21	210½	87	86½	95½	95½	101½ 2	19 11-16 ¾	24½	107p	73 74p	88½ 89½
22	210 11½	87	86½	95½	95½	101½ 2	19 11-16 ¾	24½	—	73 74p	86½ 87½
23	210½ 11½	87	86½	95½	95½	101½ 2	19½ 13-16	—	—	73 74p	86½ 87½
24	210½ 11½	86	86½	95½	95	101½ 2	19 13-16 ¾	24½	111 12p	73 74p	86½ 87½
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. EVTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From June 20th to July 19th, 1828.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co. 50, High Holborn.

June.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			62	73	57	29 85	29 84	80	83	SW	W	Clo.		
21	33	☾	60	68	56	29 73	29 75	96	82	WNW	W	Rain	Clo.	Fine
22	47		57	75	55	29 70	29 65	87	82	SW	WSW	—	Fine	—
23			57	75	55	29 90	30 13	80	82	NW	NNW	Fine	—	—
24			67	72	88	29 13	30 13	83	76	N	N	—	—	—
25			71	75	61	29 15	30 18	81	77	WNW	NW	—	—	—
26			72	74	64	29 18	30 14	79	74	N	SW	—	—	—
27			74	80	60	29 10	30 18	87	78	SW	SE	—	—	—
28			74	79	60	29 94	29 90	90	75	E	E	Clo.	—	—
29		☉	72	77	61	29 83	29 81	100	76	ESE	SE	—	—	—
30			70	76	65	29 85	29 81	79	78	ESE	SW	Fine	—	—
July.														
1			72	75	56	29 80	29 77	83	80	W	WSW	—	—	—
2			71	76	74	29 75	29 73	96	47	W	W	Clo.	—	Clo.
3			76	79	72	29 76	29 77	51	45	W	W	—	—	Fine
4	18	☾	75	76	66	29 70	29 75	74	43	SSW	W	—	Rain	Clo.
5			72	74	77	29 72	29 71	46	45	W	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
6			70	70	60	29 73	29 72	43	46	W	NW	Clo.	Clo.	Fine
7			73	76	61	29 74	29 70	55	45	W	SE	—	Fine	—
8	47		76	78	62	29 60	29 78	66	48	ESE	SE	—	Show.	Show.
9	70		77	68	63	29 41	29 44	65	65	NW	N	Rain	Fine	Fine
10			72	70	61	29 50	29 50	58	50	N	W	—	Clo.	Clo.
11			68	73	68	29 83	29 72	60	55	WNW	SE	—	Rain	Rain
12	72	☉	73	65	55	29 44	29 40	66	51	NW	NNW	—	Rain	Fine
13			61	64	55	29 23	29 40	50	49	WNW	NNW	—	Clo.	Fine
14	20		64	67	56	29 42	29 40	49	47	W	WNW	Fine	Rain	Rain
15			61	66	55	29 35	29 45	47	48	W	W	Clo.	Clo.	Fine
16			64	72	59	29 61	29 64	48	49	NNW	W	Clo.	Fine	—
17	42		73	72	63	29 58	29 60	49	50	WSW	W	Rain	—	—
18			69	73	61	29 50	29 42	50	50	SW	WSW	Clo.	—	—
19			68	70	58	29 50	29 47	50	50	WNW	W	—	—	Fair

The Quantity of Rain fallen in the Month of June was 3 inches and 49-100ths.